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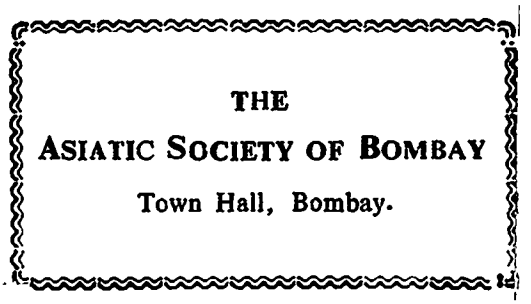

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LETTERS

FROM THE

HON. HORACE WALPOLE,

TO

97125

GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

FROM THE YEAR 1736, TO THE YEAR 1770.

NOW FIRST PUBLISHED FROM THE ORIGINALS,

IN THE POSSESSION OF THE EDITOR.

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The following letters are now published for the first time from the originals in possession of the Editor. By mistake of the printer, the letters are described in the work as a correspondence *between* the Hon. Horace Walpole, and George Montagu, esq. whereas they are only letters *from* the Hon. Horace Walpole to George Montagu, esq. as the title-page indicates. Unfortunately, this error was not discovered till it was too late for correction. George Montagu was the son of Brigadier-General Edward Montagu, and nephew to the second earl of Halifax. He was member of parliament for Northampton, usher of the black rod in Ireland during the lieutenancy of the earl of Halifax, ranger of Salsey Forest, private secretary to lord North when chancellor of the exchequer, and was the intimate friend of Horace Walpole.

LETTERS

BETWEEN

THE HONOURABLE HORACE WALPOLE

AND

GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

FROM THE YEAR 1736 TO THE YEAR 1770.

LETTER I.

DEAR SIR, King's Coll. May 2, 1736.

UNLESS I were to be married myself, I should despair ever being able to describe a wedding so well as you have done: had I known your talent before, I would have desired an epithalamium. I believe the princess[1] will have more beauties bestowed on her by the occasional poets, than even a painter would afford her. They will cook up a new Pandora, and in the bottom of the box inclose, Hope, that all they have said is true. A great many out of excess of good breeding, having heard it was rude to talk latin before women, propose complimenting her in english; which she will be much the better for. I doubt most of them, instead of fearing their compositions should not be understood, should fear they should: they write they don't know what, to be read by they don't know who. You have made me a very unreasonable request, which I will answer with another as extraordinary: you desire I would burn your letters; I desire you would keep mine. I know but of one

[1] Augusta, princess of Saxe-Gotha, married in April, 1736, to Frederick Lewis, prince of Wales.

way of making what I send you useful, which is, by sending you a blank sheet: sure you would not grudge three-pence for a half-penny sheet, when you give as much for one not worth a farthing. You drew this last paragraph on you by your exordium, as you call it, and conclusion; I hope for the future our correspondence will run a little more glibly, with dear George, and dear Harry; not as formally as if we were playing a game at chess in Spain and Portugal; and Don Horatio was to have the honour of specifying to Don Georgio by an epistle, whither he would move. In one point I would have our correspondence like a game at chess; it should last all our lives—but I hear you cry check; adieu!

Dear George, yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER II.

DEAR GEORGE, King's Coll. May 6, 1736.

I AGREE with you entirely in the pleasure you take in talking over old stories, but can't say but I meet every day with new circumstances, which will be still more pleasure to me to recollect. I think at our age 'tis excess of joy, to think, while we are running over past happinesses, that it is still in our power to enjoy as great. Narrations of the greatest actions of other people, are tedious, in comparison of the serious trifles, that every man can call to mind of himself, while he was learning those histories. Youthful passages of life are the chippings of Pitt's diamond set into little heart-rings, with mottos; the stone itself more worth, the filings more gentle and agreeable.—Alexander, at the head of the world, never tasted the true pleasure, that boys of his own age have enjoyed at the head of a school. Little intrigues, little schemes, and policies, engage their thoughts; and at the same time that they are laying the foundation for their middle age of life, the mimic republic they live in furnishes materials of conversation for their latter age; and old men

cannot be said to be children a second time with greater truth, from any one cause, than their living over again their childhood in imagination. To reflect on the season when first they felt the titillation of love, the budding passions, and the first dear object of their wishes! how unexperienced they gave credit to all the tales of romantic loves! Dear George, were not the playing fields at Eton food for all manner of flights? no old maid's gown, though it had been tormented into all the fashions from king James to king George, ever underwent so many transformations, as those poor plains have, in my idea. At first I was contented with tending a visionary flock, and sighing some pastoral name to the echo of the cascade under the bridge. How happy should I have been to have had a kingdom only for the pleasure of being driven from it, and living disguised in an humble vale.—As I got further into Virgil and Clelia, I found myself transported from Arcadia to the garden of Italy; and saw Windsor Castle in no other view than the *Capitoli immobile saxum*. I wish a committee of the House of Commons may ever seem to be the senate; or a bill appear half so agreeable as a billet-doux. You see how deep you have carried me into old stories; I write of them with pleasure, but shall talk of them with more to you. I can't say I am sorry I was never quite a school boy; an expedition against bargemen, or a match at cricket, may be very pretty things to recollect; but, thank my stars, I can remember things that are very near as pretty. The beginning of my Roman history was spent in the asylum, or conversing in Egerias' hallowed grove; not in thumping and pummelling king Amulius's herdsmen. I was sometimes troubled with a rough creature or two from the plough; one, that one should have thought, had worked with his head, as well as his hands, they were both so callous. One of the most agreeable circumstances I can recollect is the Triumvirate, composed of yourself, Charles,[1] and

Your sincere friend,

HOR. WALPOLE.

[1] Colonel Charles Montagu, afterwards lieutenant-general, and knight of the bath, and brother of George Montagu. He married Elizabeth Villiers, viscountess Grandison, daughter of the earl of Grandison.

LETTER III.

DEAR GEORGE, King's Coll. May 20, 1736.

You will excuse my not having written to you, when you hear I have been a jaunt to Oxford. As you have seen it, I shall only say I think it one of the most agreeable places I ever set my eyes on. In our way thither we stopped at the duke of Kent's[1] at Wrest.[2] On the great staircase is a picture of the dutchess;[3] I said it was very like; oh, dear sir! said Mrs. Housekeeper, it's too handsome for my lady dutchess; her grace's chin is much longer than that.

In the garden are monuments in memory of lord Harold,[4] lady Glenorchy,[5] the late dutchess,[6] and the present duke. At lord Clarendons,[7] at Combury,[8] is a prodigious quantity of Vandykes; but I had not time to take down any of their dresses. By the way, you gave me no account of the last masquerade. Coming back, we saw Eeston Neston, a seat of lord Pomfret, where in an old green-house is a wonderful fine statue of Tully, haranguing a numerous assembly of decayed emperors, vestal virgins with new hoses, Colossus's, Venus's; headless carcases, and carcaseless heads, pieces of tombs, and hieroglyphics. I saw Althrop[9]

[1] Henry de Grey, duke, marquis, and earl of Kent, son of Anthony earl of Kent, and Mary, daughter of lord Lucas.

[2] Wrest House in Bedfordshire.

[3] Lady Sophia Bentinck, second wife of the duke of Kent, and daughter to William earl of Portland.

[4] Anthony earl of Harold, eldest son of the duke of Kent.

[5] Annabella, eldest daughter of the duke of Kent, married to John Campbel, lord viscount Glenorchy, son of lord Brodalbin.

[6] Jemima, eldest daughter of lord Crewe, and first wife of the duke of Kent.

[7] Henry, earl of Clarendon and Rochester, son of Laurence earl of Rochester.

[8] In the county of Oxford.

[9] The seat of the earl of Sunderland.

the same day, where are a vast many pictures—some mighty good; a gallery with the Windsor beauties, and lady Bridgewater, who is full as handsome as any of them; a bouncing head of, I believe, Cleopatra, called there the dutchess of Mazarine. The park is enchanting. I forgot to tell you I was at Blenheim, where I saw nothing but a cross house-keeper, and an impertinent porter, except a few pictures; a quarry of stone that looked at a distance like a great house, and about this quarry, quantities of inscriptions in honour of the duke of Marlborough, and I think of her grace too.

Adieu! dear George,

Yours ever,

[*The verses are not yet published.*] HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER IV.

DEAR GEORGE, King's Coll. May 30, 1736.

You shew me in the prettiest manner how much you like Petronius Arbiter; I have heard you commend him, but I am more pleased with your tacit approbation of writing, like him, prose interspersed with verse: I shall send you soon in return some poetry interspersed with prose; I mean the Cambridge congratulation with the notes, as you desired. I have transcribed the greatest part of what was tolerable at the coffee-houses; but by most of what you will find, you will hardly think I have left any thing worse behind. There is lately come out a new piece, called a dialogue between Philemon and Hydaspes, on false religion, by one Mr. Coventry, A. M. and fellow, formerly fellow commoner of Magdalen. He is a young man, but 'tis really a pretty thing. If you cannot get it in town, I will send it with the verses. He accounts for

superstition in a new manner, and I think a just one; attributing it to disappointments in love. He don't resolve it all into that bottom; ascribes it almost wholly as the source of female enthusiasm; and I dare say there's ne'er a girl from the age of fourteen to four-and-twenty, but will subscribe to his principles, and own, if the dear man were dead that she loves, she would settle all her affection on heaven, whither he was gone.

Who would not be an Artemisia, and raise the stately mausoleum to her lord; then weep and watch incessant over it like the Ephesian matron?

I have heard of one lady, who had not quite so great a veneration for her husband's tomb, but preferred lying alone in one, to lying on his left hand; perhaps she had an aversion to the German custom of left-handed wives. I met yesterday with a pretty little dialogue on the subject of constancy; 'tis between a traveller and a dove.

LE PASSANT.
Que fais tu dans ce bois, plaintive Tourturelle?

LA TOURTURELLE.
Je gemis, j'ai perdu ma compagne fidelle.

LE PASSANT.
Ne crains tu pas que l'oiseleur
Ne te fasse mourir comme elle?

LA TOURTURELLE.
Si ce n'est lui, ce sera ma duoleur.

'Twould have been a little more apposite, if she had grieved for her lover. I have ventured to turn it to that view, lengthened it, and spoiled it, as you shall see.

P.—Plaintive turtle, cease your moan;
Hence away;
In this dreary wood alone
Why d'ye stay?

T.—These tears, alas! you see flow
For my mate!

P.—Dread you not from net or bow
His sad fate?

T.—If, ah! if they neither kill
Sorrow will.

You will excuse this gentle nothing, I mean mine, when I tell you, I translated it out of pure goodnature for the use of a disconsolate wood-pigeon in our grove, that was made a widow by the barbarity of a gun. She coos and calls me so movingly, 'twould touch your heart to hear her. I protest to you it grieves me to pity her. She is so allicholly as any thing. I'll warrant you now she's as sorry as one of us would be. Well, good man, he's gone, and he died like a lamb. She's an unfortunate woman, but she must have patience; 'tis what we must all come to, and so as I was saying,

Dear George, good bye t'ye,

Yours sincerely,

HOR. WALPOLE.

P. S. I don't know yet when I shall leave Cambridge.

LETTER V.

DEAR GEORGE, King's Coll. March 20, 1737.

THE first paragraph in my letter must be in answer to the last in yours; though I should be glad to make you the return you ask, by waiting on you myself. 'Tis not in my power, from more circumstances than one, which are needless to tell you, to accompany you, and lord Conway[1] to Italy: you add to the pleasure it would give me, by asking it so kindly. You I am infinitely obliged to, as I was capable, my dear George, of making you forget for a minute that you don't propose stirring from the dear place you are now in. Poppies indeed are the chief flowers in love nosegays, but they seldom bend towards the lady; at least not till the other flowers have been gathered. Prince Volscius's boots were made of love-leather, and honour-leather; instead of honour, some peoples are made of friendship: but since you have been so good to me as to draw on this, I can almost believe you are equipped for travelling farther than Rheims. 'Tis no little inducement to make me wish myself in France, that I hear gallantry is not left off there; that you may be polite, and not be thought awkward for it. You know the pretty men of the age in England use the women with no more deference than they do their coach-horses, and have not half the regard for them, that they have for themselves. The little freedoms, you tell me, you use, take off from formality, by avoiding which ridiculous extreme we are dwindled into the other barbarous one, rusticity. If you had been at Paris, I should have inquired about the new Spanish ambassadress, who, by the accounts we have thence, at her first audience of the queen, sat down with her at a distance, that suited respect and conversation.

Adieu, dear George,

Yours most heartily,

HOR. WALPOLE.

[1] Francis Seymour Conway, son of Francis Seymour, lord Conway, and Charlotte, daughter of John Shorter, esq. and sister to Catherine, wife of sir Robert Walpole.

LETTER VI.

THE Christopher. Lord! how great I used to think any body just landed at the Christopher! But here are no boys for me to send for—here I am like Noah just returned into his old world again, with all sorts of queer feels about me. By the way, the clock strikes the old cracked sound—I recollect so much, and remember so little—and want to play about—and am so afraid of my play-fellows—and am ready to shirk Ashton—and can't helping *making fun* of myself—and envy a dame over the way that has just locked in her boarders, and is going to sit down in a little hot parlour to a very bad supper, so comfortably! and I could be so jolly a dog if I did not *fat*, which by the way is the first time the word was ever applicable to me. In short I should be out of all *bounds*, if I was to tell you half I feel, how young again I am one minute, and how old the next. But do come and feel with me when you will—to-morrow—adieu! If I don't compose myself a little more before Sunday morning when Ashton is to preach, I shall certainly *be in a bill for laughing at church*; but how to help it, to see him in the pulpit, when the last time I saw him here, was standing up funking over against a conduit to be catechised.

Good night; yours,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER VII.

DEAR GEORGE, Arlington-street, May 18, 1745.

I AM very sorry to renew our correspondence upon so melancholy a circumstance, but when you have lost so near a friend as your bro-

ther,[1] 'tis sure the duty of all your other friends to endeavour to alleviate your loss, and offer all the increase of affection that is possible, to compensate it. This I do most heartily; I wish I could most effectually.

You will always find in me, dear sir, the utmost inclination to be of service to you; and let me beg that you will remember your promise of writing to me. As I am so much in town and in the world, I flatter myself with having generally something to tell you that may make my letters agreeable in the country: You, any where, make your's charming.

Be so good to say any thing you think proper from me to your sisters, and believe me,

Dear George,

Yours most sincerely,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER VIII.

DEAR GEORGE, Arlington-street, May 25, 1745.

I DON'T write to you now so much to answer your letter as to promote your diversion, which I am as much obliged to you for consulting me about, at least as much as about an affair of honour, or your marriage, or any other important transaction; any one of which you might possibly dislike more than diverting yourself. For my part I shall give you my advice on this point with as much reflection, as I should, if it

[1] Lieut. colonel Edward Montagu, killed at the battle of Fontenoy.

were necessary for me, like a true friend, to counsel you to displease yourself.

You propose making a visit at Englefield Green, and ask me, if I think it right? Extremely so. I have heard 'tis a very pretty place. You love a jaunt—have a pretty chaise, I believe, and I dare swear very easy; in all probability you will have a fine evening too: and added to all this, the gentleman you would go to see is very agreeable and good-humoured. He has some very pretty children, and a sensible, learned man that lives with him, one Dr. Thirlby, whom, I believe, you know. The master of the house plays extremely well on the bass-viol, and has generally other musical people with him. He knows a good deal of the private history of a late ministry, and, my dear George, you love memoires. Indeed, as to personal acquaintance with any of the court beauties, I can't say you will find your account in him; but to make amends, he is perfectly master of all the quarrels that have been fashionably on foot about Handel, and can give you a very perfect account of all the modern rival painters. In short, you may pass a very agreeable day with him; and if he does but take to you, as I can't doubt, who know you both, you will contract a great friendship with him, which he will preserve with the greatest warmth and partiality.

In short, I can think of no reason in the world against your going there but one: do you know his youngest brother? If you happen to be so unlucky, I can't flatter you so far as to advise you to make him a visit; for there is nothing in the world the baron of Englefield has such an aversion for, as for his brother.

Your most sincere friend,

HOR. WALPOLE.

P. S. Write to me soon, for I love your letters.

LETTER IX.

DEAR GEORGE, Arlington-street, June 25, 1745.

I HAVE been near three weeks in Essex at Mr. Rigby's, and had left your direction behind me, and could not write to you. 'Tis the charmingest place by nature and the most trumpery by art that ever I saw. The house stands on a high hill on an arm of the sea, which winds itself before two sides of the house. On the right and left, at the very foot of this hill, lie two towns; the one of market quality, and the other with a wharf where ships come up. This last was to have a church, but by a lucky want of religion in the inhabitants, who would not contribute to building a steeple, it remains an absolute antique temple, with a portico on the very strand. Cross this arm of the sea you see six churches and charming woody hills in Suffolk. All this parent nature did for this place; but its godfathers and godmothers, I believe, promised it should renounce all the pomps and vanities of this world, for they have patched up a square house, full of windows, low rooms, and thin walls; piled up walls wherever there was a glimpse of prospect; planted avenues that go no where, and dug fish ponds where there should be avenues. We had very bad weather the whole time I was there, but however I rode about and sailed, not having the same apprehensions of catching cold that Mrs. Kerwood had once at Chelsea, when I persuaded her not to go home by water, because it would be damp after rain.

The town is not quite empty yet. My lady Fitzwalter, lady Betty Germain,[1] lady Granville,[2] and the dowager Strafford, have their At-home's, and amass company. Lady B——n has done with her Sundays, for she is changing her house into Upper Brook Street. In

[1] Second daughter of the earl of Berkley, and married to sir John Germain.

[2] Daughter of Thomas, earl of Pomfret. She was lord Granville's second wife, and died in October of this year.

the mean time, she goes to Knightsbridge, and sir Robert to the woman he keeps at Scarborough: Winnington goes on with the Frasi, so my lady T—— is obliged only to lie of people. You have heard of the disgrace of the Archibald; and that in future scandal she must only be ranked with the lady Elizabeth L——y and madam Lucy W——rs, instead of being historically noble among the Clevelands, Portsmouths, and Yarmouths. 'Tis said, Miss Granville has the reversion of her coronet; others say, she won't accept the patent.

Your friend Jemmy L——y,—I beg pardon, I mean your kin, is not he? I am sure he is not your friend;—well, he has had an assembly, and he would write all the cards himself, and every one of them was to desire *he's* company and *she's* company with other pieces of curious orthography. Adieu, dear George; I wish you a merry farm, as the children say at Vauxhall. My compliments to your sisters.

Yours ever.

LETTER X.

DEAR GEORGE, Arlington-street, July 13, 1745.

We are all *Cabob'd* and *Cacofogoed*, as my lord D——h says. We, who formerly you know, could any one of us beat three Frenchmen, are now so degenerated that three Frenchmen[1] can evidently beat one Englishman. Our army is running away, all that is left to run, for half of it is picked up by three or four hundred at a time. In short, we must step out of the high pantoufles that were made by those cunning shoemakers

[1] Alluding to the success of the French army in Flanders, under the command of mareschal Saxe.

at Poitiers and Ramillies, and go clumping about, perhaps, in wooden ones. My lady Hervey, who you know doats upon every thing French, is charmed with the hopes of these new shoes, and has already bespoke herself a pair of pigeon wood. How did the tapestry at Blenheim look? Did it glow with victory, or did all our glories look overcast?

I remember a very admired sentence in one of my lord Chesterfield's speeches, when he was haranguing for this war; with a most rhetorical transition, he turned to the tapestry in the House of Lords, and said, with a sigh, he feared there were no historical looms at work now! Indeed, we have reason to bless the good patriots, who have been, for employing our manufactures so historically. The countess of that wise earl, with whose two expressive words I began this letter, says, she is very happy now that my lord had never a place upon the coalition, for then all this bad situation of our affairs would have been laid upon him.

Now I have been talking of remarkable periods in our annals, I must tell you what my lord Baltimore thinks one:—He said to the prince t'other day, "Sir, your royal highness's marriage will be an *area* in English history."

If it were not for the life that is put into the town now and then by very bad news from abroad, one should be quite stupified. There is nobody left but two or three solitary regents; and they are always whisking backwards and forwards to their villas; and about a dozen antediluvian dowagers, whose carcases have miraculously resisted the wet, and who every Saturday compose a very reverend catacomb at my old lady Strafford's. She does not take money at the door for shewing them, but you pay twelvepence a-piece under the denomination of card money. Wit and beauty indeed remain in the persons of lady Townshend and lady Caroline Fitzroy; but such is the want of taste of this age, that the former is very often forced to wrap up her wit in plain English before it can be understood; and the latter

is almost as often obliged to have recourse to the same artifices to make her charms be taken notice of.

Of beauty I can tell you an admirable story: one Mrs. Comyns, an elderly gentlewoman, has lately taken a house in St. James's-street; some young gentlemen went there t'other night:—"Well, Mrs. Comyns, I hope there won't be the same disturbances here that were at your other house in Air-street."—"Lord, sir, I never had any disturbances there: mine was as quiet a house as any in the neighbourhood, and a great deal of good company came to me: it was only the ladies of quality that envied me."—"Envied you! why your house was pulled down about your ears."—"Oh dear sir! don't you know how that happened?"—"No, pray how?"—"Why, dear sir, it was my lady ————, who gave ten guineas to the mob to demolish my house, because her ladyship fancied I got women for colonel C——y."

My dear George, don't you delight in this story? If poor Harry[1] comes back from Flanders, I intend to have infinite fun with his prudery about this anecdote, which is full as good as if it was true. I beg you will visit Mrs. Comyns when you come to town: she has infinite humour.

Adieu, dear George,

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

[1] The honourable Henry Seymour Conway.

LETTER XI.

DEAR GEORGE,

I CANNOT help thinking you laugh at me when you say such very civil things of my letters, and yet coming from you, I would fain not have it all flattery:

> So much the more, as from a little elf
> I've had a high opinion of myself;
> Though sickly, slender, and not large of limb.

With this modest prepossession, you may be sure I like to have you commend me, whom, after I have done with myself, I admire of all men living. I only beg that you will commend me no more; it is very ruinous, and praise, like other debts, ceases to be due on being paid. One comfort indeed is, that it is as seldom paid as other debts.

I have been very fortunate lately; I have met with an extreme good print of Monsieur de Grignan; I am persuaded very like, and then it has his *Touffe ebourifée;* I don't indeed know what that was, but I am sure it is in the print. None of the critics could ever make out what Livy's Patavinity is, though they are all confident it is in his writings. I have heard within these few days, what, for your sake, I wish I could have told you sooner, that there is in Belleisle's suite the Abbé Perrin, who published Madame Sevigné's letters, and who has the originals in his hands; how one should have liked to have known him! The marshal was privately in London last Friday. He is entertained to-day at Hampton court by the duke of G———n. Don't you believe it was to settle the binding the scarlet thread in the window, when the French shall come in unto the land to possess it? I don't at all wonder at any shrewd observations mthe arshal has made on our situation. The bringing him here at all—the sending him away now—in short the whole series of our conduct convinces me, that we shall soon see as silent a change as that in the rehearsal of king Usher and king Physician. It

may well be so, when the disposition of the drama is in the hands of the duke of N———. Those hands that are always groping, and sprawling, and fluttering, and hurrying on the rest of his precipitate person; but there is no describing them but as Monsieur Courcelle, a French prisoner, did t'other day. *Je ne sçais pas, dit il, je ne sçaurois m'exprimer, mais il a un certain tatillonage.* If one could conceive a dead body hung in chains always wanting to be hung somewhere else, one should have a comparative idea of him.

For my own part I comfort myself with the humane reflection of the Irishman in the ship that was on fire—I am but a passenger! If I were not so indolent, I think I should rather put in practice the late dutchess of Bolton's geographical resolution of going to China, when Whiston told her the world would be burnt in three years. Have you any philosophy? Tell me what you think. It is quite the fashion to talk of the French coming here. Nobody sees it in any other light, but as a thing to be talked of—not to be precautioned against. Don't you remember a report of the plague being in the city, and every body went to the house where it was to see it? You see I laugh about it, for I would not for the world be so un-english as to do otherwise. I am persuaded, that, when count Saxe with ten thousand men is within a day's march of London, people will be hiring windows at Charing-cross and Cheapside to see them pass by. 'Tis our characteristic to take dangers for sights, and evils for curiosities.

Adieu, dear George, I am laying in scraps of Cato against it may be necessary to take leave of one's correspondents *à la Romaine*, and before the play itself is suppressed by a *lettre de cachet* to the booksellers.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

P. S. Lord, 'tis the first of August, 1745, a holiday, that is going to be turned out of the almanack!

LETTER XII.

DEAR GEORGE, Arlington-street, Sept. 17, 1745.

How could you ask me such a question, as whether I should be glad to see you? Have you a mind I should make you a formal speech, with honour, and pleasure, and satisfaction &c.? I will not, for that would be telling you I should not be glad. However do come soon, if you should be glad to see me, for we, I mean we old folks that came over with the prince of Orange in eighty-eight, have had notice to remove by Christmas-day. The moment I have smugged up a closet or a dressing-room, I have always warning given me that my lease is out. Four years ago I was mightily at my ease in Downing-street, and then the good woman, Sandys, took my lodgings over my head, and was in such a hurry to junket her neighbours, that I had scarce time allowed me to wrap up my old china in a little hay. Now comes the pretender's boy, and promises all my comfortable apartments in the Exchequer and Custom-house to some forlorn Irish peer, who chuses to remove his pride and poverty out of some large old unfurnished gallery at St. Germain's. Why really Mr. Montagu this is not pleasant; I shall wonderfully dislike being a loyal sufferer in a thread-bare coat, and shivering in an anti-chamber at Hanover, or reduced to teach latin and english to the young princes at Copenhagen. The dowager Strafford has already written cards for my lady Nithisdale, my lady Tullibardine, the dutchess of Perth and Berwick, and twenty more revived peeresses to invite them to play at whisk, Monday three months: for your part, you will divert yourself with their old taffetys, and tarnished slippers, and their awkwardness, the first day they go to court in shifts and clean linen. Will you ever write to me at my garret at Herenhausen? I will give you a faithful account of all the promising speeches that prince George and prince Edward make whenever they have a new

sword, and intend to reconquer England. At least write to me, while you may with acts of parliament on your side: but I hope you are coming. Adieu!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER XIII.

DEAR GEORGE, Arlington-street, May 22, 1746.

AFTER all your goodness to me, don't be angry that I am glad I am got into brave old London again: though my cats don't pur like Goldwin, yet one of them has as good a heart as old Reynolds, and the tranquillity of my own closet makes me some amends for the loss of the library and *toute la belle compagnie celestine.* I don't know whether that expression will do for the azure ceilings; but I found it at my fingers' ends, and so it slipped through my pen. We called at Langley,[1] but did not like it, nor the Grecian temple at all; it is by no means gracious.

I forgot to take your orders about your poultry; the partlets have not laid since I went, for little chanticleer

> Is true to love, and all for recreation,
> And does not mind the work of propagation.

But I trust you will come yourself in a few days, and then you may settle their route.

[1] A seat of the duke of Marlborough.

I am got deep into the Sidney papers: there are old wills full of bequeathed *owches* and *goblets with fair enamel*, that will delight you; and there is a little pamphlet of sir Philip Sidney's in defence of his uncle Leicester, that gives me a much better opinion of his parts than his dolorous Arcadia, though it almost recommended him to the crown of Poland; at least I have never been able to discover what other great merit he had. In this little tract he is very vehement in clearing up the honour of his lineage; I don't think he could have been warmer about his family, if he had been of the blood of the *Cues.*[1] I have diverted myself with reflecting, how it would have entertained the town a few years ago, if my cousin Richard Hammond had wrote a treatise to clear up my father's pedigree, when the Craftsman used to treat him so roundly with being Nobody's son. Adieu! dear George!

Yours ever,

THE GRANDSON OF NOBODY.

LETTER XIV.

DEAR GEORGE, Arlington-street, June 5, 1746.

You may perhaps fancy that you are very happy in the country, and that because you commend every thing you see, you like every thing: you may fancy that London is a desert, and *that grass grows now where Troy stood;* but it does not, except just before my lord B——'s door, whom nobody will visit. So far from being empty, and dull, and dusty, the town is full of people, full of water, for it has rained this week, and as gay as a new German prince must make any place. Why, it rains

[1] Mr. Montagu used to call his own family the Cues.

princes: though some people are disappointed of the arrival of the pretender, yet the duke[1] is just coming, and the prince of Hesse come. He is tall, lusty, and handsome; extremely like lord Elcho in person, and to Mr. Hussey,[2] in what entitles him more to his freedom in Ireland, than the resemblance of the former does to Scotland. By seeing him with the prince of W——, people think he looks stupid; but I dare say in his own country he is reckoned very lively, for though he don't speak much, he opens his mouth very often. The king has given him a fine sword, and the prince a ball. He dined with the former the first day, and since with the great officers. Monday he went to Ranelagh, and supped in the house; Tuesday at the opera he sat with his court in the box on the stage next the prince, and went into theirs to see the last dance, and after it was over to the Venetian embassadress, who is the only woman he has yet noticed. To-night there is a masquerade at Ranelagh for him; a play at Covent-garden on Monday, and a ridotto at the Haymarket; and then he is to go. His amours are generally very humble, and very frequent; for he does not much affect our daughter. A little apt to be boisterous when he has drank. I have not heard, but I hope he was not rampant last night with lady M—— or Charlotte D——s. Men go to see him in the morning, before he goes to see the lions.

The talk of peace is blown over; nine or ten battalions were ordered for Flanders the day before yesterday, but they are again countermanded; and the operations of this campaign again likely to be confined within the precincts of Covent-garden, where the army surgeons give constant attendance. Major Johnson commands (I can't call it) the corps de *reserve* in Grosvenor-street. I wish you had seen the goddess of those purlieus with him t'other night at Ranelagh; you would have sworn it had been the divine Cucumber in person.

[1] William duke of Cumberland, third son of George II.

[2] Edward Hussey, afterwards earl of Beaulieu.

The fame of the Violetta increases daily; the sister countesses of B——n and T——t exert all their stores of sullen partiality in competition for her: the former visits her, and is having her picture, and carries her to Chiswick; and she sups at lady C——'s, and lies—— indeed I have not heard where, but I know not at —— House, where she is in great disgrace, for not going once or twice a week to take lessons of Denoyer, as he bid her: you know, that is politics in a court where dancing masters are ministers.

Adieu, dear George: my compliments to all at the farm. Your cocks and hens would write to you but they are dressing in haste for the masquerade: mind, I don't say that Ashton is doing any thing like that; but he is putting on an odd sort of a black gown: but, as D—— B——e says on her message cards, *mum for that.*

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER XV.

MY DEAR GEORGE, Arlington-street, June 12, 1746.

Don't commend me; you don't know what hurt it will do me; you will make me a pains-taking man, and I had rather be dull without any trouble. From partiality to me you won't allow my letters to be letters. If you have a mind I should write you news, don't make me think about it; I shall be so long turning my periods, that what I tell you will cease to be news.

The prince of Hesse had a most ridiculous tumble t'other night at the opera; they had not pegged up his box tight after the ridotto, and

down he came on all four; G. Selwyn says he carried it off with an *unembarrassed* countenance. He was to go this morning; I don't know whether he did or not. The duke is expected to-night by all the tallow candles and faggots in town.

Lady C——— F——y's match is settled to the consent of all parties; they are taking lady H——y's house in Brook-street; the Fairy Cucumber houses all lady C——'s out-pensioners; Mr. M——y is now on half-pay with her. Her major J——— is chosen at White's, to the great terror of the society. When he was introduced, sir Ch. Williams presented Dick Edgecumbe[1] to him, and said, "I have three favours to beg of you for Mr. E———e: the first is that you would not lie with Mrs. D——; the second, that you would not poison his cards; the third, that you would not kill him;" the fool answered gravely, "Indeed I will not."

The Good has borrowed old Bowman's house in Kent, and is retiring thither for six weeks; I tell her, she has lived so rakish a life, that she is obliged to go and take up. I hope you don't know any more of it, and that major Montagu is not to cross the country to her. There—I think you can't commend me for this letter; it shall not even have the merit of being long. My compliments to all your contented family.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

P. S. I forgot to tell you, that lord Lonsdale had summoned the peers to-day to address the king not to send the troops abroad in the present conjuncture. I hear he made a fine speech, and the duke of Newcastle a very long one in answer, and then they rose without a division. Lord Baltimore is to bring the same motion into our house.

[1] Richard Edgecumbe, second lord Edgecumbe.

LETTER XVI.

DEAR GEORGE, Arlington-street, June 17, 1746.

I WROTE to you on Friday night as soon as I could, after receiving your letter, with a list of the regiments to go abroad; one of which, I hear since, is your brother's. I am extremely sorry it is his fortune, as I know the distress it will occasion in your family.

For the politics, which you enquire after, and which may have given motion to this step, I can give you no satisfactory answer. I have heard that it is in consequence of an impertinent letter, sent over by Van Hoey in favour of the rebels, though at the same time I hear we are making steps towards a peace. There centre all my politics, all in peace. Whatever your cousin may think, I am neither busy about what does happen, nor making parties for what may. If he knew how happy I am, his intriguing nature would envy my tranquillity more than his suspicions can make him jealous of my practices. My books, my *virtu*, and my other follies and amusements take up too much of my time to leave me much leisure to think of other people's affairs; and of all affairs, those of the public are least my concern. You will be sorry to hear of Augustus Townshend's[1] death. I lament it extremely, not much for his sake, for I did not honour him, but for his poor sister Molly's, whose little heart, that is all tenderness, and gratitude, and friendship, will be broke with the shock. I really dread it, considering how delicate her health is. My lady T—— has a son with him. I went to tell it her. Instead of thinking of her child's distress, she kept me half an hour with a thousand histories of lady C—— F—— and major J——, and the new paymaster's *menage*, and twenty other things, nothing to me, nor to her, if she could drop the idea of the pay-office.

[1] Son of viscount Townshend and Dorothy, sister of sir Robert Walpole.

The serene hessian is gone. Little B——— is to be an earl. I went to bespeak him a Lilliputian coronet at Chenwix's.[1] Adieu! dear George.

LETTER XVII.

DEAR GEORGE, Arlington-street, June 24, 1746.

You have got a very bad person to tell you news, for I find I hear nothing before all the world has talked it over, and done with it. Till twelve o'clock last night I knew nothing of all the kissing hands that had graced yesterday morning; Arundel, for treasurer of the chambers; Legge, and your friend Welsh Campbell, for the treasury; lord Duncannon for the Admiralty; and your cousin Halifax (who is succeeded by his predecessor in the buck hounds) for chief justice in Eyre, in the room of lord Jersey.

They talk of new earls, lord Chancellor, lord Gower, lord Brook, and lord Clinton; but I don't know that this will be, because it is not past.

Tidings are every minute expected of a great sea-fight; Martin is got between the coast and the French fleet, which has sailed from Brest. The victory in Italy is extremely big; but as none of my friends are aid-de-camps there, I know nothing of the particulars, except that the French and Spaniards have lost ten thousand men.

All the inns about town are crowded with rebel prisoners, and people are making parties of pleasure, which you know is the English genius,

[1] A celebrated toy-shop.

to hear their trials. The Scotch, which you know is the Scotch genius, are loud in censuring the duke for his severities in the Highlands.

The great business of the town is Jack Spencer's will, who has left Althrop and the Sunderland estate in reversion to Pitt; after more obligations and more pretended friendship for his brother, the duke, than is conceivable. The duke is in the utmost uneasiness about it, having left the drawing of the writings for the estate to his brother and his grandmother, and without having any idea that himself was cut out of the entail.

I have heard nothing of A——s T———'s will; my lady, who you know hated him, came from the Opera t'other night, and on pulling off her gloves, and finding her hands all black, said immediately, "My hands are guilty, but my heart is free." Another good thing she said to the dutchess of Bedford,[1] who told her the duke was wind-bound at Yarmouth, "Lord! he will hate Norfolk as much as I do."

I wish, my dear George, you could meet with any man that could copy the beauties in the castle: I did not care if it were even in Indian ink. Will you inquire? Eckardt has done your picture excellently well. What shall I do with the original? Leave it with him till you come?

Lord B—— and lord S—— have had their pockets picked at Cuper's Gardens. I fancy it was no bad scene, the avarice and jealousy of their peeresses on their return. A terrible disgrace happened to earl C————y t'other night at Ranelagh. You know all the history of his letters to borrow money to pay for damask for his fine room at Richmond. As he was going in, in the crowd, a woman offered him roses—"*Right damask*, my Lord!" He concluded she had been put upon it. I was told, *a-propos*, a *bon-mot* on the scene in the Opera, where there

[1] Daughter of John earl Gower.

is a view of his new room, and the farmer comes dancing out and shaking his purse. Somebody said there was a tradesman had unexpectedly got his money.

I think I deal in *bon-mots* to-day. I'll tell you now another, but don't print my letter in a new edition of Joe Miller's jests. The duke has given brigadier Mordaunt the Pretender's coach, on condition he rode up to London in it. "That I will, Sir," said he, "and drive till it stops of its own accord at the Cocoa Tree."

Adieu, dear George.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER XVIII.

MY DEAR GEORGE, Arlington-street, July 3, 1746.

I WISH extremely to accept your invitation, but I can't bring myself to it. If I have the pleasure of meeting lord North oftener at your house next winter, I do not know but another summer I may have courage enough to make him a visit; but I have no notion of going to any body's house, and have the servants look on the arms of the chaise to find out one's name, and learn one's face from the Saracen's Head. You did not tell me how long you staid at Wroxton, and so I direct this thither. I have wrote one to Windsor since you left it.

The new earls have kissed hands, and keep their own titles. The world

reckon earl C—— obliged for his new honour to lord Granville, though they made the duke of N—— go in to ask for it.

Yesterday Mr. Hussey's friends declared his marriage with her grace of Manchester,[1] and said he was gone down to Englefield Green to take possession.

I can tell you another wedding more certain, and fifty times more extraordinary; it is lord Cooke with lady Mary Campbell, the dowager of Argyle's youngest daughter. It is all agreed, and was negociated by the countess of G——r and L——r. I don't know why they skipped over lady Betty, who, if there were any question of beauty, is I think as well as her sister. They drew the girl in to give her consent, when they first proposed it to her; but now *la Belle n'aime pas trop le Sieur Leandre.* She cries her eyes to scarlet. He has made her four visits, and is so in love that he writes to her every other day. 'Tis a strange match. After offering him to all the great lumps of gold in all the alleys of the city, they fish out a woman of quality at last with a mere twelve thousand pound. She objects his loving none of her sex but the four queens in a pack of cards, but he promises to abandon White's and both clubs for her sake.

A-propos to White's and cards, ——— ——— is shut up with the itch. The ungenerous world ascribe it to Mrs. D———: but he denies it; owning, however, that he is very well contented to have it, as nobody will venture on her. Don't you like being pleased to have the itch, as a new way to keep one's mistress to one's self?

You will be in town to be sure for the eight-and-twentieth. London will be as full as at a coronation: The whole form is settled

[1] Isabella, eldest daughter of John duke of Montagu, married in 1723 to William, second duke of Manchester, who died in 1739. She married afterwards Edward Hussey, Esq. who was created baron Beaulieu in 1762, and earl Beaulieu in 1784.

for the trials, and they are actually building scaffolds in Westminster hall.

I have not seen poor Miss Townshend yet; she is in town, and better, but most unhappy.

Adieu! dear George.

LETTER XIX.

DEAR GEORGE, Arlington-street, Aug. 2, 1746.

You have lost nothing by missing yesterday at the trials, but a little additional contempt for the ———; and even that is recoverable, as his long paltry speech is to be printed, for which, and for thanks for it, lord Lincoln moved the House of Lords. Some body said to sir Charles Windham, "Oh! you don't think lord ——'s speech good, because you have read lord Cowper's:"[1] "no," replied he, "but I do think it tolerable, because I heard serjeant Skinner's." Poor brave old Balmerino retracted his plea, asked pardon, and desired the lords to intercede for mercy. As he returned to the Tower, he stopped the coach at Charing-cross to buy honey-blobs, as the Scotch call gooseberries. He says he is extremely afraid lord Kilmarnock will not behave well. The duke said publicly at his levee, that the latter proposed murdering the English prisoners. His H——— was to have given Peggy Banks a ball last night, but was persuaded to defer it, as it would have rather looked like an insult on the prisoners the very day their sentence was passed.

[1] William Clavering, earl Cowper, son of earl Cowper, who was twice lord high chancellor of England.

George Selwyn says that he had begged sir William Saunderson to get him the ———'s wand, after it was broke, as a curiosity; but that he behaved so like an attorney the first day, and so like a pettyfogger the second, that he would not take it to light his fire with; I don't believe my lady ——— is so high minded.

Your cousin Sandwich[2] is certainly going on an embassy to Holland. I don't know whether it is to qualify him by new dignity for the head of the admiralty, or whether (which is more agreeable to present policy) to satisfy him instead of it. I know when lord Malton,[3] who was a young earl, asked for the garter, to stop his pretensions, they made him a marquis. When lord Brooke,[4] who is likely to have ten sons, though he has none yet, asked to have his barony settled on his daughters, they refused him with an earldom; and they professed making Pitt paymaster, in order to silence the avidity of his faction.

Dear George, I am afraid I shall not be in your neighbourhood, as I promised myself. Sir Charles Williams has let his house. I wish you would one day whisk over and look at Harley house. The inclosed advertisement makes it sound pretty, though I am afraid too large for me. Do look at it impartially; don't be struck at first sight with any *brave old windows;* but be so good to enquire the rent, and if I can have it for a year, and with any furniture. I have not had time to copy out the verses, but you shall have them soon.

Adieu, with my compliments to your sisters.

[2] John the fourth earl of Sandwich, son of Edward Richard, viscount Hinchingbrook. He signed the treaty of peace at Aix-la-Chapelle in 1748.

[3] Thomas Watson Wentworth, earl of Malton, created marquis of Rockingham 1746.

[4] Francis lord Brooke, created earl Brooke in 1746, and earl of Warwick in 1759.

LETTER XX.

DEAR GEORGE, Arlington-street, Aug. 5, 1746.

THOUGH I can't this week accept your invitation, I can prove to you that I am most desirous of passing my time with you, and therefore en attendant Harley house, if you can find me out any clean, small house in Windsor, ready furnished, that is not absolutely in the middle of the town, but near you, I should be glad to take it for three or four months. I have been about sir Robert Rich's, but they will only sell it. I am as far from guessing why they send Sandwich in embassy, as you are; and when I recollect of what various materials our late embassadors have been composed, I can only say, *ex quovis ligno fit Mercurius*. Murray has certainly been discovering, and warrants are out, but I don't yet know who are to be their prize. I begin to think that the ministry had really no intelligence till now. I before thought they had, but durst not use it. *A-propos* to not daring; I went t'other night to look at my poor favourite Chelsea, for the little Newcastle is gone to be dipped in the sea. In one of the rooms is a bed for her duke, and a press-bed for his footman; for he never dares lie alone, and, till he was married, had always a servant sit up with him. Lady Cromartie presented her petition to the king last Sunday. He was very civil to her, but would not at all give her any hopes. She swooned away as soon as he was gone. Lord Cornwallis told me that her lord weeps every time any thing of his fate is mentioned to him. Old Balmerino keeps up his spirits to the same pitch of gaiety. In the cell at Westminster he showed lord Kilmarnock how he must lay his head; bid him not winch, lest the stroke should cut his skull or his shoulders; and advised him to bite his lips. As they were to return, he begged they might have another bottle together, as they should never meet any more till ———, and then pointed to his neck. At getting into the coach, he said to the jailer, "take care, or you will break my shins with this damned axe."

I must tell you a *bon-mot* of George Selwyn's at the trial. He saw Bethel's sharp visage looking wistfully at the rebel lords; he said, "What a shame it is to turn her face to the prisoners till they are condemned."

If you have a mind for a true foreign idea, one of the foreign ministers said at the trial to another, "*vraiment cela est auguste.*" "*Oui,*" replied the other, "*cela est vrai, mais cela n'est pas royale.*"

I am assured that the old countess of Errol made her son lord Kilmarnock go into the rebellion on pain of disinheriting him. I don't know whether I told you that the man at the tennis-court protests he has known him dine with the man that sells pamphlets at Story's gate; "and," says he, "he would often have been glad if I would have taken him home to dinner." He was certainly so poor, that in one of his wife's intercepted letters she tells him she has plagued their steward for a fortnight for money, and can get but three shillings. Can one help pitying such distress? I am vastly softened too about Balmerino's relapse, for his pardon was only granted him to engage his brother's vote at the election of Scotch peers.

My lord chancellor has had a thousand pounds in present for his high stewardship, and has got the reversion of clerk of the crown (twelve hundred a-year) for his second son. What a long time it will be before his posterity are drove into rebellion for want like lord Kilmarnock.

The duke gave his ball last night to Peggy Banks at Vauxhall. It was to pique my lady R———d in return for the prince of Hesse. I saw the company get into their barges at Whitehall stairs, as I was going myself, and just then passed by two city companies in their great barges, who had been a swan hopping. They laid by and played "God save our noble king;" and altogether it was a mighty pretty show. When they came to Vauxhall, there were assembled about five-and-twenty hundred people, besides crowds without. They huzzaed, and surrounded him so,

that he was forced to retreat into the ball-room. He was very near being drowned t'other night going from Ranelagh to Vauxhall, by a politeness of lord Cathcart's, who, stepping on the side of the boat to lend his arm, overset it, and both fell into the water up to their chins.

I have not yet got sir Charles's ode; when I have, you shall see it: here are my own lines. Good night.

LETTER XXI.

DEAR GEORGE, Arlington-street, August 11, 1746.

I HAVE seen Mr. Jordan, and have taken his house at forty guineas a-year, but I am to pay taxes. Shall I now accept your offer of being at the trouble of giving orders for the airing of it? I have desired the landlord will order the key to be delivered to you, and Ashton will assist you. Furniture, I find, I have in abundance, which I shall send down immediately; but shall not be able to be at Windsor at the quivering dame's before to-morrow sennight, as the rebel lords are not to be executed till Monday. I shall stay till that is over, though I don't believe I shall see it. Lord Cromartie is reprieved for a pardon. If wives and children become an argument for saving rebels, there will cease to be a reason against their going into rebellion. Lady C——— F———'s execution is certainly to-night. I dare say she will follow lord Balmerino's advice to lord Kilmarnock, and not winch.

Lord Sandwich has made Mr. Keith his secretary. I don't believe the founder of your race, the great Quu of Habiculeo, would have chosen his secretary from California.

I would willingly return the civilities you laid upon me at Windsor. Do command me; in what can I serve you? Shall I get you an earldom? Don't think it will be any trouble; there is nothing easier or cheaper. Lord Hobart and lord Fitzwilliam are both to be earls to-morrow; the former of Buckingham, the latter by his already title. I suppose lord Malton will be a duke; he has had no new peerage this fortnight. Adieu! My compliments to the virtuous ladies, Arabella and Hounsibella Quus.

Yours ever.

P. S. Here is an order for the key.

LETTER XXII.

DEAR GEORGE, Arlington-street, August 16, 1746.

I SHALL be with you on Tuesday night, and since you are so good as to be my Rowland White, must beg my apartment at the quivering dame's may be aired for me. My caravan sets out with all my household stuff on Monday; but I have heard nothing of your sister's hamper, nor do I know how to send the bantams by it, but will leave them here till I am more settled under the shade of my own mulberry-tree.

I have been this morning at the Tower, and passed under the new heads at Temple Bar, where people make a trade of letting spying-glasses at a halfpenny a look. Old Lovat arrived last night. I saw Murray, lord Derwentwater, lord Traquair, lord Cromartie and his son, and the lord provost, at their respective windows. The other two wretched lords are in dismal towers, and they have stopped up one of

old Balmerino's windows, because he talked to the populace; and now he has only one, which looks directly upon all the scaffolding. They brought in the death-warrant at his dinner. His wife fainted. He said, "Lieutenant, with your damned warrant you have spoiled my lady's stomach." He has written a sensible letter to the duke to beg his intercession, and the duke has given it to the king; but gave a much colder answer to duke Hamilton, who went to beg it for lord Kilmarnock; he told him the affair was in the king's hands, and that he had nothing to do with it. Lord Kilmarnock, who has hitherto kept up his spirits, grows extremely terrified. It will be difficult to make you believe to what heights of affectation or extravagance my lady T——— carries her passion for my lord Kilmarnock, whom she never saw but at the bar of his trial, and was smitten with his falling shoulders. She has been under his windows, sends messages to him, has got his dog and his snuff-box, has taken lodgings out of town for to-morrow and Monday night; and then goes to Greenwich, forswears conversing with the bloody English, and has taken a French master. She insisted on lord Hervey's promising her he would not sleep a whole night for my lord Kilmarnock, "and in return," says she, "never trust me more if I am not as yellow as a jonquil for him." She said gravely t'other day, "Since I saw my lord Kilmarnock, I really think no more of sir Harry N———, than if there was no such man in the world." But of all her flights yesterday was the strongest. George Selwyn dined with her, and not thinking her affliction so serious as she pretends, talked rather jokingly of the execution. She burst into a flood of tears and rage, told him she now believed all his father and mother had said of him, and with a thousand other reproaches flung up stairs. George coolly took Mrs. Dorcas, her woman, and made her sit down to finish the bottle: "and pray, sir," said Dorcas, "do you think my lady will be prevailed upon to let me go see the execution? I have a friend that has promised to take care of me, and I can lie in the Tower the night before." My lady has quarrelled with sir Charles Windham for calling the two lords malefactors. The idea seems to be general, for 'tis said lord Cromartie is to be transported, which diverts me for the dignity of the peerage. The ministry really gave it

as a reason against their casting lots for pardon, that it was below their dignity. I did not know but that might proceed from Balmerino's not being an earl; and, therefore, now their hand is in, would have them make him one. You will see in the papers the second great victory at Placentia. There are papers pasted in several parts of the town, threatening your cousin Sandwich's head if he makes a dishonourable peace.

I will bring you down sir Charles Williams' new ode on the Manchester.[1] Adieu.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER XXIII.

DEAR GEORGE, Arlington-street, Nov. 3, 1746.

Do not imagine I have already broke through all my wholesome resolutions and country schemes, and that I am given up, body and soul, to London for the winter. I shall be with you by the end of the week; but just now I am under the maiden palpitation of an author. My epilogue will, I believe, be spoken to-morrow night; and I flatter myself I shall have no faults to answer for, but what are in it, for I have kept secret whose it is. It is now gone to be licensed; but, as the lord chamberlain[2] is mentioned, though rather to his honour, it is possible it may be refused.

[1] Isabella, dutchess of Manchester, married to Edward Hussey, Esq.

[2] The duke of Grafton.

Don't expect news, for I know no more than a newspaper. Ashton would have written it if there were any thing to tell you. Is it news that my lord R——— is an oaf? He has got a set of plate buttons for the birth-day clothes, with the duke's head in every one.

Sure my good lady carries her art too far to make him so great a dupe. How do all the comets? Has miss Harriet found out any more ways at *solitaire?* Has Cloe left off evening prayer on account of the damp evenings? How is Miss R———'s cold and coachman? Is Miss Granville better? Has Mrs. M——— made a brave hand of this bad season, and lived upon carcases like any vampire? Adieu! I am just going to see Mrs. Muscovy, and will be sure not to laugh if my old lady should talk of Mr. Draper's white skin, and tickle his bosom like queen Bess.

Yours ever.

LETTER XXIV.

DEAR GEORGE, Arlington-street, July 2, 1747.

Though we have no great reason to triumph, as we have certainly been defeated, yet the French have as certainly bought their victory dear: indeed, what would be very dear to us is not so much to them. However their least loss is twelve thousand men; as our least loss is five thousand. The truth of the whole is, that the duke was determined to fight at all events, which the French, who determined not to fight but at great odds, took advantage of. His royal highness's valour has shone extremely, but at the expense of his judgment. Harry Conway, whom nature always designed for a hero of a romance, and who is *deplacé* in ordinary life, did wonders; but was overpowered and flung

down, when one French hussar held him by the hair, while another was going to stab him: at that instant an English sergeant with a soldier came up, and killed the latter; but was instantly killed himself: the soldier attacked the other, and Mr. Conway escaped; but was afterwards taken prisoner; is since released on parole, and may come home to console his fair widow, whose brother, Harry Campbell, is certainly killed, to the great concern of all widows who want consolation. The French have lost the prince of Monaco, the Comte de Baviere, natural brother to the last emperor, and many officers of great rank. The French king saw the whole through a spying glass, from a Hampstead Hill, environed with twenty thousand men. Our guards did shamefully, and many officers. The king had a line from Huske in Zealand on the Friday night, to tell him we were defeated; of his son not a word: judge of his anxiety till three o'clock on Saturday! Lord S—— had a letter in his pocket all the while, and kept it there, which said the duke was well.

We flourish at sea, have taken great part of the Domingo fleet, and I suppose shall have more lords. The *countess* touched twelve thousand for sir J—— B——'s coronet.

I know nothing of my own election; but suppose it is over: as little of Rigby's, and conclude it lost. For franks, I suppose they don't begin till the whole is complete. My compliments to your brothers and sisters.

I am, dear George,

Yours most sincerely,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER XXV.

DEAR GEORGE, Arlington-street, Oct. 1, 1747.

I WISH I could have answered your invitation from the Tigress's with my own person, but it was impossible. I wish your farmer would answer invitations with the persons of more hens and fewer cocks; for I am raising a breed, and not recruits. The time before he sent two to one, and he has done so again. I had a letter from Mr. Conway, who is piteously going into prison again: our great secretary has let the time slip for executing the cartel, and the French have reclaimed their prisoners. The duke[1] is coming back. I fear his candles are gone to bed to admiral Vernon's! He has been ill; they say his head has been more affected than his body. Marshal Saxe sent him cardinal Polignac's Anti-Lucretius to send to lord Chesterfield. If he won't let him be a general, at least 'tis hard to reduce him to a courier.

When I saw you at *Kyk in de Pot*, I forgot to tell you that seven more volumes of the Journals are delivering: there's employment for Moreland. I go back to *Kyk in de Pot* to-morrow. Did you dislike it so much that you could not bring yourself to persuade your brother to try it with you for a day or two? I shall be there till the birth-day, if you will come.

George Selwyn says, people send to lord P—— to know how the bridge rested. You know George never thinks but *à la tete tranchèe*: he came to town t'other day to have a tooth drawn, and told the man that he would drop his handkerchief for the signal. My compliments to your family. I am,

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

[1] Duke of Cumberland.

LETTER XXVI.

May 18, 1748.

HERE I am with the poor Chutched,[1] who has put on a shoe but to-day for the first time. He sits at the receipt of custom, and one passes most part of the day here; the other part I have the misfortune to pass en Pigwiggin. The ceremony of dining is not over yet: I cannot say that either the prince or the princess look the comelier for what has happened. The town says, my lady —— has no chance for looking different from what she did before she was married: and they have a story of a gentleman going to the ——— to assure him, that if he gave his daughter to the admiral, he would be obliged hereafter to pronounce a sentence of dissolution of the marriage. The ——— replied, that his daughter had been taught to think of the union of the soul, not of the body: the gentleman then made the same confidence to the ———, and received much such an answer: that her daughter had been bred to submit herself to the will of God. I don't at all give you all this for true; but there is an ugly circumstance in his voyages of his not having the curiosity to see a beautiful captive, that he took on board a Spanish ship. There is no record of Scipio's having been in Doctor's Commons. I have been reading these voyages, and find them very silly and contradictory. He sets out with telling you that he had no soldiers sent with him but old invalids without legs or arms; and then in the middle of the book there is a whole chapter to tell you, what they would have done if they had set out two months sooner; and that was no less than conquering Peru and Mexico with this disabled army. At the end there is an account of the neglect he received from the viceroy of Canton, till he and forty of his sailors put out a great fire in that city, which the Chinese and five hundred firemen could not do, which he says pro-

[1] John Chute, Esq. of the Vine in Hampshire.

ceeded from their awkwardness; a new character of the Chinese! He was then admitted to an audience, and found two hundred men at the gate of the city, and ten thousand in the square before the palace, all new dressed for the purpose. This is about as true as his predecessor Gulliver —— out the fire at Lilliput. The —— is still wind-bound; the fashionable *bon mot* is, that the duke of N—— has tied a stone about his neck and sent him to sea. The city grows furious about the peace; there is one or two very uncouth Hanover articles, besides a persuasion of a pension to the Pretender, which is so very ignominious that I don't know how to persuade myself it is true. The duke of A—— has made them give him three places for life of a thousand and twelve hundred a-year for three of his court, to compensate for their making a man president of the session against his inclination. The princess of Wales has got a confirmed jaundice, but they reckon her much better. Sir H—— C—— is gone mad: he walked down Pall Mall t'other day with his red rib-band tied about his hair; said he was going to the king, and would not submit to be blooded till they told him the king commanded it.

I went yesterday to see marshal Wade's house, which is selling by auction: it is worse contrived on the inside than is conceivable, all to humour the beauty of the front. My lord Chesterfield said, that to be sure he could not live in it, but intended to take the house over against it to look at it. It is literally true, that all the direction he gave my lord Burlington was to have a place for a large cartoon of Rubens that he had bought in Flanders; but my lord found it necessary to have so many correspondent doors, that there was no room at last for the picture; and the marshal was forced to sell the picture to my father: it is now at Houghton.

As Windsor is so charming, and particularly as you have got so agreeable a new neighbour at Frogmore, to be sure you cannot wish to have the prohibition taken off of your coming to Strawberry-hill. However, as I am an admirable christian, and as I think you seem to repent of your errors, I will give you leave to be so happy as to come to me when

you like, though I would advise it to be after you have been at Roel,[1] which you would not be able to bear after my paradise. I have told you a vast deal of something or other, which you will scarce be able to read; for now Mr. Chute has the gout, he keeps himself very low and lives upon very thin ink. My compliments to all your people.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER XXVII.

Arlington-street, May 26, 1748.

Good b'ye to you! I am going to my Roel too. I was there yesterday to dine, and it looked so delightful, think what you will, that I shall go there to-morrow to settle, and shall leave this odious town to the ——, to the regency, and the dowagers; to my lady T——, who is not going to Windsor, to old C——, who is not going out of the world yet, and to the dutchess of R——, who does not go out with her twenty-fifth pregnancy: I shall leave too more disagreeable Ranelagh, which is so crowded, that going there t'other night in a string of coaches we had a stop of six-and-thirty minutes. Princess —— finding no marriage articles for her settled at the congress, has at last determined to be old and out of danger; and has accordingly ventured to Ranelagh, to the great improvement of the pleasures of the place. The prince has given a silver cup to be rowed for, which carried every body upon the Thames; and afterwards there was a great ball at Carlton House. There have two good events happened at that court: the town was alarmed t'other morning by the firing of guns, which proved to be only from a large

[1] A house of Mr. Montagu's in Gloucestershire.

merchantman come into the river. The city construed it into the king's return, and the peace broke; but chancellor B—— and the bishop of ——, who loves a labour next to promoting the cause of it, concluded the p——ss was brought to bed, and went to court upon it. B——, finding the p——ss dressed, said, "I have always heard, madam, that women in your country have very easy labours; but I could not have believed it was so well as I see." The other story is of prince ———. The ——— before he went away, sent Stainberg to examine the prince's children in their learning. The baron told prince ——— that he should tell the ——— what great proficiency his highness had made in his latin, but that he wished he would be a little more perfect in his german grammar, and that it would be of signal use to him. The child squinted at him, and said, german grammar! why any dull child can learn that. There, I have told you royalties enough!

My Pigwiggin dinners are all over, for which I truly say grace. I have had difficulties to keep my countenance at the wonderful clumsiness and uncouth nicknames that the duke has for all his offspring: Mrs. Hopefull, Mrs. Tiddle, Puss, Cat, and Toe, sound so strange in the middle of a most formal banquet! The day the peace was signed, his grace could find nobody to communicate joy with him: he drove home, and bawled out of the chariot to lady R——, "Cat, Cat!" She ran down, staring over the ballustrade; he cried, "Cat, Cat, the peace is made, and you must be very glad, for I am very glad."

I send you the only new pamphlet worth reading, and this is more the matter than the manner. My compliments to all your tribe. Adieu.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

P. S. The divine Ashton has got an ague, which he says prevents his coming amongst us.

LETTER XXIX.

DEAR GEORGE, Mistley, July 25, 1748.

I HAVE wished you with me extremely; you would have liked what I have seen. I have been to make a visit of two or three days to Nugent, and was carried to see the last remains of the glory of the old Aubrey de Veres, earls of Oxford. They were once masters of almost this entire county, but quite reduced even before the extinction of their house; the last earl's son died at a miserable cottage, that I was shewn at a distance; and I think another of the sisters, besides lady Mary Vere, was forced to live upon her beauty.

Henningham Castle, where Harry the seventh[1] was so sumptuously banquetted, and imposed that villanous fine for his entertainment, is now shrunk to one vast curious tower, that stands on a spacious mount raised on a high hill with a large fosse. It commands a fine prospect, and belongs to Mr. Ashurst, a rich citizen, who has built a trumpery new house close to it. In the parish church is a fine square monument of black marble of one of the earls, and there are three more tombs of the family at Earls Colne some miles from the castle. I could see but little of them, as it was very late, except that one of the countesses has a head-dress exactly like the description of mount Parnassus, with two tops. I suppose you have heard much of Eosfield, Nugent's seat. It is extremely in fashion, but did not answer to me, though there are fine things about it; but being situated in a country that is quite blocked up with hills upon hills, and even too much wood, it has not an inch of prospect. The park is to be sixteen hundred acres, and is bounded with a wood of five miles round; and the lake, which is very beautiful, is of seventy acres, directly in a line with the house, at the bottom of a fine lawn, and broke with very pretty groves, that fall down a slope

[1] Vide Hume's History of England, Vol. III. page 399.

into it. The house is vast, built round a very old court that has never been fine; the old windows and gateway left, and the old gallery, which is a bad narrow room, and hung with all the late patriots, but so ill done, that they look like caricatures done to expose them, since they have so much disgraced the virtues they pretended to. The rest of the house is all modernized, but in patches, and in the bad taste that came between the charming venerable gothic and pure architecture. There is a great deal of good furniture, but no one room very fine: no tolerable pictures. Her dressing-room is very pretty, and furnished with white damask, china, japan, loads of easy chairs, bad pictures, and some pretty enamels. But what charmed me more than all I had seen, is the library chimney, which has existed from the foundation of the house; over it is an alto-relievo in wood, far from being ill done, of the battle of Bosworth Field. It is all white, except the helmets and trappings, which are gilt, and the shields, which are properly blazoned with the arms of all the chiefs engaged. You would adore it. We passed our time very agreeably; both Nugent and his wife are very good-humoured, and easy in their house to a degree. There was nobody else but the marquis of Tweedale, his new marchioness,[1] who is infinitely good-humoured and good company, and sang a thousand French songs mighty prettily, a sister of Nugent's, who does not figure, and a Mrs. Elliot, sister to Mrs. Nugent, who crossed over and figured in with Nugent: I mean she has turned catholic, as he has protestant. She has built herself a very pretty small house in the park, and is only a daily visitor. Nugent was extremely communicative of his own labours; repeated us an ode of ten thousand stanzas to abuse Messieurs de la Gallerie, and read me a whole tragedy, which has really a great many pretty things in it; not indeed equal to his glorious ode on religion and liberty, but with many of those absurdities, which are so blended with his parts. We were overturned coming back, but thank you we were not at all hurt, and have been to-day to see a large house and a pretty park belonging to a Mr. Willlams; it is to be sold. You have seen in the pa-

[1] Daughter of the earl of Granville.

pers that dr. Bloxholme is dead. He cut his throat. He always was nervous and vapoured; and so good-natured, that he left off his practice from not being able to bear seeing so many melancholy objects. I remember him with as much wit as ever I knew: there was a pretty correspondence of latin odes that passed between him and Hodges.

You will be diverted to hear that the dutchess of Newcastle was received at Calais by Locheil's regiment under arms, who did duty himself while she staid. The duke of ———— is going to Scarborough; don't you love that endless backstair's policy? and at his time of life! This fit of ill health is arrived on the princes' going to shoot for a fortnight at Thetford, and his grace is afraid of not being civil enough or too civil.

Since I wrote my letter I have been fishing in Rapin for any particulars relating to the Veres, and have already found that Robert de Vere,[1] the great duke of Ireland, and favourite of Richard the second, is buried at Earls Colne, and probably under one of the tombs I saw there; I long to be certain that the lady with the strange coeffure is Lancerona the joiner's daughter, that he married after divorcing a princess of the blood for her. I have found too that king Stephen's queen died at Henningham, a castle belonging to Alberic de Vere:[2] in short I am just now Vere mad, and extremely mortified to have Lancerona and lady Vere Beauclerc's[3] Portuguese grandmother blended with this brave old blood. Adieu! I go to town the day after to-morrow, and immediately from thence to Strawberry-hill.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

[1] Robert de Vere, earl of Oxford, was the favourite of Richard the second, who created him marquis of Dublin and duke of Ireland, and transferred to him by patent the entire sovereignty of that island for life.

[2] Alberic de Vere was an earl in the reign of Edward the Confessor.

[3] Daughter of Thomas Chambers, Esq. and married to lord Vere Beauclerc, third son of the first duke of St. Albans by his wife Diana, daughter of Aubrey de Vere, earl of Oxford.

LETTER XXX.

Strawberry-hill, August 11, 1748.

I AM arrived at great knowledge in the annals of the House of Vere, but though I have twisted and twined their genealogy and my own a thousand ways, I cannot discover, as I wished to do, that I am descended from them any how but from one of their Christian names; the name of Horace having travelled from them into Norfolk by the marriage of a daughter of Horace lord Vere of Tilbury with a sir Roger Townshend, whose family baptized some of us with it. But I have made a really curious discovery; the lady with the strange dress at Earls Colne, which I mentioned to you, is certainly Lancerona, the Portuguese; for I have found in Rapin, from one of the old chronicles, that Anne of Bohemia, to whom she had been maid of honour, introduced the fashion of *piked horns*, or high heads, which is the very attire on this tomb, and ascertains it to belong to Robert de Vere the great earl of Oxford, made duke of Ireland by Richard II, who, after the banishment of this minister, and his death at Louvain occasioned by a boar at a hunting match, caused the body to be brought over, would have the coffin opened once more to see his favourite, and attended it himself in high procession to its interment at Earls Colne. I don't know whether the craftsman some years ago would not have found out that we were descended from this Vere, at least from his name and ministry: my comfort is, that Lancerona was earl Robert's second wife. But in this search I have crossed upon another descent, which I am taking great pains to verify (I don't mean a pun) and that a is probability of my being descended from Chaucer, whose daughter, the lady Alice, before her espousals with Thomas Montacute earl of Salisbury, and afterwards with William de la Pole the great duke of Suffolk, (another famous favourite) was married to a sir John Philips, who I hope to find was of Picton Castle, and had children by her; but I have not yet brought these matters to a consistency: Mr. Chute is persuaded I shall, for

he says any body with two or three hundred years of pedigree may find themselves descended from whom they please; and thank my stars and my good cousin, the present sir J. Philips,[1] I have a sufficient pedigree to work upon; for he drew us up one, by which *Ego et rex meus* are derived hand in hand from Cadwallader, and the english baronetage says from the emperor Maximus (by the Philips's, who are welsh, *s'entend.)* These Veres have thrown me into a deal of this old study: t'other night I was reading to Mrs. Leneve and Mrs. Pigot, who has been here a few days, the description in Hall's chronicle of the meeting of Harry VIII. and Francis I. which is so delightfully painted in your Windsor. We came to a paragraph, which I must transcribe, for though it means nothing in the world, it is so ridiculously worded in the old english that it made us laugh for three days:

And thē wer the twoo kynges serued with a banket and after mirthe, had communicacion in the banket tyme, and there shewed the one the other their pleasure.

Would not one swear that old Hal shewed all that is shewed in the tower? I am now in the act of expecting the house of Pritchard,[2] dame Clive,[2] and Mrs Metheglin to dinner. In the evening we go to a play at Kingston, where the places are two-pence a head. Our great company at Richmond and Twickenham has been torn to pieces by civil dissentions, but they continue acting. Mr. Lee, the ape of Garrick, not liking his part refused to play it, and had the confidence to go into the pit as spectator. The actress, whose benefit was in agitation, made her complaints to the audience, who obliged him to mount the stage; but since that he has retired from the company. I am sorry he was such a coxcomb, for he was the best.

You say, why won't I go to lady Mary's? I say, why won't you go to the Talbots? Mary is busied about many things, is dancing the Hays

[1] The grandmother of the hon. Horace Walpole was daughter of sir Erasmus Philips, of Picton Castle in Pembrokeshire.

[2] Two celebrated actresses.

between three houses; but I will go with you for a day or two to the Talbots if you like it, and you shall come hither to fetch me. I have been to see Mr. Hamilton's, near Cobham, where he has really made a fine place out of a most cursed hill. Esher I have seen again twice, and prefer it to all villas, even to Southcote's—Kent is Kentissime there. I have been laughing too at Claremont-house; the gardens are improved since I saw them: do you know that the pine apples are literally sent to Hanover by couriers? I am serious. Since the duke of N—— went, and upon the news of the duke of Somerset's illness, he has transmitted his commands through the ————, and by him through the Bedford to the university of Cambridge to forbid their electing any body, but the most ridiculous person they could elect, his grace of N———. The P—— hearing this, has written to them, that having heard his majesty's commands, he should by no means oppose them. This is sensible; but how do the two secretaries answer such a violent act of authority? Nolkejumskoi[1] has let down his dignity and his discipline, and invites continually all officers that are members of parliament. Doddington's sentence of expulsion is sealed; Lyttleton is to have his place (the second time he has tripped up his heels); lord Barrington is to go to the treasury, and Dick Edgecumbe into the admiralty.

Rigby is gone from hence to sir William Stanhope's to the Aylesbury races, where the Grenvilles and Peggy Banks design to appear and avow their triumph. Gray has been here a few days, and is transported with your story of madame Bentley's diving, and her white man, and in short with all your stories. Room for cuckolds—here comes my company—

August 12.

I had not time to finish my letter last night, for we did not return from the dismal play, which was in a barn at Kingston, till twelve o'clock at night. Our dinner passed off very well; the Clive was very good company; you know how much she admires Ashton's preaching.

[1] Vide note in lord Orford's Works, vol. V. p. 283.

She says, she is always vastly good for two or three days after his sermons; but by the time that Thursday comes, all their effect is worn out. I never saw more proper decent behaviour than Mrs. Pritchard's, and I assure you even Mr. Treasurer Pritchard was far better than I expected.

Yours ever,

CHAUCERIDES.

LETTER XXXI.

Strawberry-hill, Saturday night, Sept. 3, 1748.

All my sins to Mrs. Talbot you are to expiate; I am here quite alone, and want nothing but your fetching to go to her. I have been in town for a day just to see lord Bury, who is come over with the duke; they return next Thursday. The duke is fatter, and it is now not denied, that he has entirely lost the sight of one eye. This did not surprise me so much as a *bon mot* of his. Gumley, who you know is grown methodist, came to tell him, that as he was on duty, a tree in Hyde-park near the powder magazine had been set on fire; the duke replied, he hoped it was not by *the new light*. This nonsensical *new light* is extremely in fashion, and I shall not be surprised if we see a revival of all the folly and cant of the last age. Whitfield preaches continually at my lady Huntingdon's[1] at Chelsea; my lord Chesterfield, my lord Bath, my lady Townshend, my lady Thanet, and others have been to hear him. What will you lay that next winter he is not run after instead of Garrick?

[1] Daughter of Washington, earl Ferrers.

I am just come from the play at Richmond, where I found the dutchess of Argyle and lady Betty Campbell and their court. We had a new actress, a Miss Clough; an extremely fine tall figure, and very handsome; she spoke very justly and with spirit. Garrick is to produce her next winter, and a Miss Charlotte Ramsay, a poetess and deplorable actress. Garrick, Barry and some more of the players were there to see these new comedians; it is to be their seminary.

Since I came home I have been disturbed with a strange, foolish woman, that lives at the great corner house yonder; she is an attorney's wife, and much given to the bottle. By the time she has finished that and day-light, she grows afraid of thieves, and makes the servants fire minute guns out of the garret windows. I remember persuading Mrs. Kerwood that there was a great smell of thieves, and this drunken dame seems literally to smell it. The divine Ashton, whom I suppose you will have seen when you receive this, will give you an account of the astonishment we were in last night at hearing guns; I began to think that the duke had brought some of his defeats from Flanders.

I am going to tell you a long story, but you will please to remember that I don't intend to tell it well; therefore, if you discover any beauties in the relation where I never intended them, don't conclude, as you did in your last, that I know they are there. If I had not a great command of my pen, and could not force it to write whatever nonsense I had heard last, you would be enough to pervert all one's letters, and put one upon keeping up one's character; but as I write merely to satisfy you, I shall take no care but not to write well: I hate letters that are called good letters.

You must know then,—but did you know a young fellow that was called handsome T——y? He was walking in the park with some of his acquaintance, and overtook three girls; one was very pretty; they followed them, but the girls ran away, and the company grew tired of pursuing them, all but T——y. (There are now three more guns gone off;

she must be very drunk.) He followed to Whitehall gate, where he gave a porter a crown to dog them: the porter hunted them---he the porter. The girls ran all round Westminster, and back to the Haymarket, where the porter came up with them. He told the pretty one she must go with him, and kept her talking till T——y arrived, quite out of breath, and exceedingly in love. He insisted on knowing where she lived, which she refused to tell him; and after much disputing, went to the house of one of her companions, and T——y with them. He there made her discover her family, a butterwoman in Craven-street, and engaged her to meet him the next morning in the park; but before night he wrote her four love-letters, and in the last offered two hundred pounds a year to her, and a hundred a-year to Signora la Madre. Griselda made a confidence to a staymaker's wife, who told her that the swain was certainly in love enough to marry her, if she could determine to be virtuous and refuse his offers. "Aye," says she, "but if I should, and should lose him by it." However the measures of the cabinet council were decided for virtue; and when she met T——y the next morning in the park, she was convoyed by her sister and brother-in-law, and stuck close to the letter of her reputation. She would do nothing: she would go no where. At last, as an instance of prodigious compliance, she told him, that if he would accept such a dinner as a butterwoman's daughter could give him, he should be welcome. Away they walked to Craven-street; the mother borrowed some silver to buy a leg of mutton, and they kept the eager lover drinking till twelve at night, when a chosen committee waited on the faithful pair to the minister of May-fair. The doctor was in bed, and swore he would not get up to marry the king, but that he had a brother over the way, who perhaps would, and who did. The mother borrowed a pair of sheets, and they consummated at her house; and the next day they went to their own palace. In two or three days the scene grew gloomy; and the husband coming home one night, swore he could bear it no longer. "Bear! bear what?"—"Why to be teazed by all my acquaintance for marrying a butterwoman's daughter. I am determined to go to France, and will leave you a handsome allowance." —"Leave me! why you don't fancy you shall leave me? I will go with

you."—"What, you love me then?"—"No matter whether I love you or not, but you shan't go without me." And they are gone! If you know any body that proposes marrying and travelling, I think they cannot do it in a more commodious method.

I agree with you most absolutely in your opinion about Gray; he is the worst company in the world. From a melancholy turn, from living reclusely, and from a little too much dignity, he never converses easily; all his words are measured and chosen, and formed into sentences; his writings are admirable; he himself is not agreeable.

There are still two months to London; if you could discover your own mind for any three or four days of that space, I will either go with you to the Tygers, or be glad to see you here, but I positively will ask you neither one nor t'other any more. I have raised seven-and-twenty bantams from the patriarchs you sent me. Adieu!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER XXXII.

Strawberry-hill, Sept. 25, 1748.

I SHALL write you a very short letter, for I don't know what business we have to be corresponding when we might be together. I really wish to see you, for you know I am convinced of what you say to me. It is few people I ask to come hither, and if possible, still fewer that I wish to see here. The disinterestedness of your friendship for me has always appeared, and is the only sort that for the future I will ever

accept, and consequently I never expect any more friends. As to trying to make any by obligations, I have had such woeful success, that for fear of thinking still worse than I do of the world, I will never try more. But you are abominable to reproach me with not letting you go to Houghton; have not I offered a thousand times to carry you there? I mean since it was my brother's; I did not expect to prevail with you before, for you are so unaccountable, that you not only will never do a dirty thing, but you won't even venture the appearance of it. I have often applied to you in my own mind a very pretty passage, that I remember in a letter of Chillingworth; *you would not do that for preferment, that you would not do but for preferment.* You oblige me much in what you say about my nephews, and make me happy in the character you have heard of lord Malpas;[1] I am extremely inclined to believe he deserves it. I am as sorry to hear what a companion lord W—— has got: there has been a good deal of noise about him, but I had laughed at it, having traced the worst reports to his gracious mother, who is now sacrificing the character of her son to her aversion for her husband. If we lived under the Jewish dispensation, how I should tremble at my brothers' leaving no children by her, and its coming to my turn to raise him up issue!

Since I gave you the account of the dutchess of Ireland's piked horns among the tombs of the Veres, I have found a long account in Bayle of the friar, who, as I remember to have read somewhere, preached so vehemently against that fashion: it was called *Hennin*, and the monk's name was Thomas Conecte. He was afterwards burnt at Rome for censuring the lives of the clergy. As our histories say that Anne of Bohemia introduced the fashion here, it is probable that the French learnt it from us, and were either long before they caught it, or long in retaining the mode, for the duke of Ireland died in 1389, and Conecte was burnt at Rome in 1434. There were indeed several years between his preaching down *Hennins* and his death, but probably not near five-

[1] Eldest son of George, third earl of Cholmondeley, and grandson of sir Robert Walpole.

and-forty years, and half that term was a long duration for so outrageous a fashion. But I have found a still more entertaining fashion in another place in Bayle, which was, the women wearing looking-glasses upon their bellies: I don't conceive for what use. Adieu! don't write any more, but come.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER XXXIII.

Strawberry-hill, Oct. 20, 1748.

You are very formal to send me a ceremonious letter of thanks; you see I am less punctilious, for having nothing to tell you, I did not answer your letter. I have been in the empty town for a day: Mrs. Muscovy and I cannot devise where you have planted jasmine; I am all plantation, and sprout away like any chaste nymph in the metamorphosis.

They say the old monarch at ——— has got a new mistress; I fear he ought to have got * * * * * * *

Now I talk of getting, Mr. Fox has got the ten thousand pound prize; and the Violette,[1] as it is said, C———y for a husband. It is certain that at the fine masquerade, he was following her, as she was under the countess's arm, who, pulling off her glove, moved her wedding-ring up and down her finger, which it seems was to signify that no other terms would be accepted. It is the year for contraband marriages, though

[1] Mrs. Garrick.

I do not find Fanny Murray's is certain. I liked her spirit in an instance I heard t'other night: she was complaining of want of money; sir R—— A—— immediately gave her a twenty pound note; she said, "d——n your twenty pound, what does it signify?" clapped it between two pieces of bread and butter, and ate it. Adieu; nothing should make me leave off so shortly, but that my gardener waits for me, and you must allow that he is to be preferred to all the world.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER XXXIV.

DEAR GEORGE, Arlington-street, May 18, 1749.

WHATEVER you hear of the Richmond fireworks, that is short of the prettiest entertainment in the world, don't believe it; I really never passed a more agreeable evening. Every thing succeeded; all the wheels played in time; Frederick was fortunate, and all the world in good humour. Then for royalty—Mr. Anstis himself would have been glutted; there were all the Fitzes upon earth, the whole court of St. Germain's, the duke,[1] the duke of Modena, and two Anamaboes. The king and princess Emily bestowed themselves upon the mob on the river; and as soon as they were gone, the duke had the music into the garden, and himself, with my lady Lincoln, Mrs. Pitt, Peggy Banks, and lord Holderness, entertained the good subjects with singing God save the King to them over the rails of the terrace. The duke of Mo-

[1] The duke of Cumberland.

dena supped there, and the duke was asked, but he answered, it was impossible; in short, he could not adjust his dignity to a mortal banquet.

There was an admirable scene: lady Burlington brought the Violette, and the Richmonds had asked Garrick, who stood ogling and sighing the whole time, while my lady kept a most fierce look out. Sabbatini, one of the duke of Modena's court was asking me, who all the people were; and who is that? "*C'est mi lady Hartington,*[1] *la belle fille du duc de Devonshire;*" "*et qui est cette autre dame?*" It was a distressing question; after a little hesitation I replied, "*mais c'est mademoiselle Violette;*"—"*et comment mademoiselle Violette! j'ai connu une mademoiselle Violette par example.*"—I begged him to look at Miss Bishop.

In the middle of all these principalities and powers was the dutchess of ————, in her forlorn trim, a white apron, and white hood, and would make the duke swallow all her undress. T'other day she drove post to lady Sophia Thomas, at Parsons-green, and told her that she was come to tell her something of importance. "What is it?"—"Why take a couple of beef-steaks, clap them together, as if they were for a dumpling, and eat them with pepper and salt; it is the best thing you ever tasted: I could not help coming to tell you this:" and away she drove back to town. Don't a course of folly for forty years make one very sick?

The weather is so hot, and the roads so dusty, that I cant get to Strawberry; but I shall begin negociating with you now about your coming. You must not expect to find it in beauty. I hope to get my bill finished in ten days; I have scrambled it through the lords; but altogether, with the many difficulties and plagues, I am a good deal out

[1] Charlotte, daughter and heiress of Richard earl of Burlington and Corke, married in 1748 William marquis of Hartington, son of William the third duke of Devonshire.

of humour; my purchases hitch, and new proprietors start out of the ground, like the crop of soldiers in the Metamorphosis. I expect but an unpleasant summer; my indolence and inattention are not made to wade through leases and deeds. Mrs. Chenevix[1] brought me one yesterday to sign, and her sister Bertrand the toy woman of Bath for a witness. I shewed them my cabinet of enamels instead of treating them with white wine. The Bertrand said, "Sir, I hope you don't trust all sorts of ladies with this cabinet!" What an entertaining assumption of dignity! I must tell you an anecdote that I found t'other day in an old French author, which is a great drawback on beaux sentiments and romantic ideas. Pasquier, in his *Recherches de la France*, is giving an account of the queen of Scots' execution; he says, the night before, knowing her body must be stripped for her shroud, she would have her feet washed, because she used ointment to one of them which was sore. I believe I have told you, that in a very old trial of her, which I bought from lord Oxford's collection, it is said that she was a large lame woman. Take sentiments out of their pantoufles, and reduce them to the infirmities of mortality, what a falling off there is! I could not help laughing in myself t'other day, as I went through Holborn in a very hot day, at the dignity of human nature; all those foul old clotheswomen panting without handkerchiefs, and mopping themselves all the way down within their loose jumps. Rigby gave me as strong a picture of nature; he and Peter Bathurst t'other night carried a servant of the latter's, who had attempted to shoot him, before Fielding;[2] who, to all his other vocations, has, by the grace of Mr. Lyttleton, added that of Middlesex justice. He sent them word he was at supper, that they must come next morning. They did not understand that freedom, and ran up, where they found him banquetting with a blind man, a w——, and three Irishmen, on some cold mutton and a bone of ham, both in one dish, and the dirtiest cloth. He never stirred nor asked them to sit. Rigby, who had seen him so often come to beg a guinea of sir C. Williams and Bathurst,

[1] She kept a celebrated toy-shop.

[2] Henry Fielding, author of Joseph Andrews, Tom Jones, Amelia, &c.

at whose father's he had lived for victuals, understood that dignity as little, and pulled themselves chairs, on which he civilized.

Millar the bookseller has done very generously by him: finding Tom Jones, for which he had given him six hundred pounds, sell so greatly, he has since given him another hundred. Now I talk to you of authors, lord Cobham's West has published his translation of Pindar; the poetry is very stiff, but prefixed to it there is a very entertaining account of the olympic games, and that preceded by an affected inscription to Pitt and Lyttleton. The latter has declared his future match with Miss Rich; George Grenville has been married these two days to miss Windham. Your friend lord North is, I suppose you know, on the brink with the countess of Rockingham;[1] and I think your cousin Rice is much inclined to double the family alliance with her sister Furnese. It went on very currently for two or three days, but last night at Vauxhall his minionette face seemed to be sent to languish with lord R. B——'s.

Was not you sorry for poor Cucumber? I do assure you I was; it was shocking to be hurried away so suddenly, and in so much torment.

You have heard I suppose of lord Harry Beauclerc's resignation, on his not being able to obtain a respite till November, though the lowest officer in his regiment has got much longer leave. It is incredible how Nolkejumskoi has persecuted this poor man for these four years, since he could not be persuaded to alter his vote at a court martial for the acquittal of a man whom the duke would have had condemned. Lord Ossulston too has resigned his commission.

I must tell you a good story of Charles T——; you know his political propensity and importance; his brother George was at supper at the King's Arms with some more young men. The conversation some how or other rambled into politics, and it was started that the national

[1] Daughter of sir Robert Furnese, and widow of Lewis earl of Rockingham.

debt was a benefit. "I am sure it is not," said Mr. T——, "I can't tell why, but my brother Charles can, and I will send to him for arguments." Charles was at supper at another tavern, but so much the dupe of this message, that he literally called for ink and paper, wrote four long sides of arguments, and sent word that when his company broke up, he would come and give them more, which he did at one o'clock in the morning. I don't think you will laugh much less at what happened to me; I wanted a print out of a booth, which I did not care to buy at Osborn's shop; the next day he sent me the print, and begged that when I had any thing to publish, I would employ him.

I will now tell you, and finish this long letter, how I shocked Mr. M——e inadvertently at Vauxhall; we had supped there a great party, and coming out, Mrs. More, who waits at the gate, said, "gentlemen and ladies will you walk in and hear the surprising alteration of voice;" I forgetting M——e's connexions, and that he was formerly of the band, replied "no, I have seen patriots enough."

I intend this letter shall last you till you come to Strawberry-hill; one might have rolled it out into half a dozen. My best compliments to your sisters.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER XXXV.

DEAR GEORGE, Mistley, July 5, 1749.

I HAVE this moment received your letter, and it makes me very unhappy. You will think me a brute for not having immediately told

you how glad I should be to see you and your sisters; but I trust that you will have seen Mrs. Boscawen, by whom I sent you a message to invite you to Strawberry-hill, when we should be returned from Roel and Mistley. I own my message had rather a cross air, but as you have retrieved all your crimes with me by your letter, I have nothing to do, but to make myself as well with you as you are with me. Indeed I am extremely unlucky, but I flatter myself that Messrs. Montagu's will not drop their kind intention, as it is not in my power to receive it now: they will give me infinite pleasure by a visit; I stay there till Monday se'nnight; will that be too late to see you before your journey to Roel? You must all promise at least to be engaged to me at my return. If the least impediment happens afterwards, I shall conclude my brother has got you from me; you know jealousy is the mark of my family.

Mr. Rigby makes you a thousand compliments, and wishes you would ever think his Roel worth your seeing: you cannot imagine how he has improved it! You have always heard me extravagant in the praises of the situation. He has demolished all his paternal intrenchments of walls and square gardens, opened lawns, swelled out a bow window, erected a portico, planted groves, stifled ponds, and flounced himself with flowering shrubs, and Kent fences. You may imagine that I have a little hand in all this. Since I came hither, I have projected a colonade to join his mansion to the offices, have been the death of a tree, that intercepted the view of a bridge, for which too I have drawn a white rail, and shall be an absolute travelling Jupiter at Baucis and Philemon's, for I have persuaded him to transform a cottage into a church, by exalting a spire upon the end of it, as Talbot has done. By the way I have dined at the Vineyard.[1] I dare not trust you with what I think, but I was a little disappointed. To-morrow we go to the ruins of the Abbey of St. Osyth; it is the seat of the Rochford's, but I never chose to go there while they were there. You will probably hear from Mr. L—— (if in any pause of love he rests) that I am going to be first

[1] Mr. Chute's.

minister to the prince: in short I have occasioned great speculation, and diverted myself with the important mysteries that have been alembicked out of a trifle. In short, he had seen my *Ædes Walpolianæ* at sir Luke Schaubs, and sent by him to desire one. I sent him one bound quite in coronation robes, and went last Sunday to thank him for the honour. There were all the new knights of the garter. After the ——— had whispered through every curl of lord G——'s perriwig, he turned to me, and said such a crowd of civil things, that I did not know what to answer: commended the style and the quotations, said I had sent him back to his Livy, in short that there were but two things he disliked; one, that I had not given it to him of my own accord, and the other, that I had abused his friend Andrea del Sarto; and that he insisted when I came to town again, I should come and see two very fine ones, that he has lately bought, of that master. This drew on a very long conversation on painting, every word of which I suppose will be reported at the other court as a plan of opposition for the winter. Prince ——— was not there; when he went to receive the riband, the prince carried him to the closet door, where the duke of Dorset received and carried him. A———h, or N———t, or some of the genius's had taught him a speech; the child began it, the ——— cried "no, no;" when the boy had a little recovered his fright, he began again, but the same tremendous sounds were repeated, and the oration still-born.

I believe that soon I shall have a pleasanter tale to tell you; it is said my lady ———, not content with the profession of absurdities she utters, (by the way one of her sayings, and extremely in the style of Mr. L——n's making love, was, as she sat down to play at brag at the corner of a square table; lady F——r said she was sorry she had not better room; "oh! madam," said my lady ———, "I can sit like a nightingale with my breast against a thorn)" in short, that not content with so much wit, she proposes to entertain the town to the tune of Doctors Commons. She does not mince her disappointments; here is an epigram that has been made on the subject.

As ——— his voyage to my lady was reading,
And recounting his dangers; thank God she's not breeding!
He came to the passage, where, like the old Roman,
He stoutly withstood the temptation of woman.
The baroness smiled; when continuing, he said,
"Think what terror must there fill the poor lovers head."
"Alack," quoth my lady, he had nothing to fear,
Were that Scipio as harmless as you are my dear."

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER XXXVI.

Strawberry-hill, July 20, 1749.

I AM returned to my Strawberry and find it in such beauty, that I shall be impatient till I see you and your sisters here. They must excuse me if I don't marry for their reception, for it is said the D——s have impeached fifteen more damsels, and till all the juries of matrons have finished their inquest, one shall not care to make one's choice: I was going to say, *throw one's handkerchief*, but at present that term would be a little equivocal.

As I came to town I was extremely entertained with some excursions I made out of the road in search of antiquities. At Layer Marney is a noble old remnant of the palace of the lords of Marney, with three very good tombs in the church well preserved. At Messing I saw an extreme fine window of painted glass in the church; it is the duties prescribed in the gospel of visiting the sick and prisoners, &c. I mistook, and

called it the seven deadly sins. There is a very old tomb of sir Robert Messing, that built the church. The hall-place is a fragment of an old house belonging to lord Grimston;[1] lady Luckyn his mother, of fourscore and six, lives in it with an old son and daughter. The servant who shewed it told us much history of another brother that had been parson there: this history was entirely composed of the anecdotes of the doctor's drinking, who, as the man told us, had been *a blood.* There are some Scotch arms taken from the rebels in the fifteen, and many old coats of arms on glass brought from Newhall, which now belongs to Olmius. Mr. Conyers bought a window[2] there for only a hundred pounds, on which was painted Harry the eighth and one of his queens at full length: he has put it up at Copt-hall, a seat which he has bought that belonged to lord North and Grey. You see I persevere in my heraldry. T'other day the parson of Rigby's parish dined with us; he has conceived as high an opinion of my skill in genealogies, as if I could say the first chapter of Matthew by heart. R. drank my health to him, and that I might come to be garter king at arms; the poor man replied with great zeal, "*I wish he may with all my heart.*" Certainly I am born to preferment; I gave an old woman a penny once, who prayed that I might live to be lord mayor of London! What pleased me most in my travels was Dr. Sayer's parsonage at Witham, which, with Southcote's help, whose old roman catholic father lives just by him, he has made one of the most charming villas in England. There are sweet meadows falling down a hill, and rising again on t'other side of the prettiest little winding stream you ever saw.

You did not at all surprise me with the relation of the keeper's brutality to your family, or of his master's to the dowager's handmaid. His savage temper increases every day. George B——n is in a scrape with him by a court martial, of which he is one; it was appointed on a young poor soldier, who to see his friends had counterfeited a furlough

[1] Sir Samuel Grimston, bart. left an heiress, who married sir Capel Luckyn, bart. Their son changed his name to Grimston, and was created a baron and a viscount.

[2] This window is now in St. Margaret's Church, Westminster.

only for a day. They ordered him two hundred lashes; but Nolkejumskoi, who loves blood like a leach, insisted it was not enough—has made them sit three times (though every one adheres to the first sentence), and swears they shall sit these six months till they increase the punishment. The fair Mrs. P——t has been mobbed in the park and with difficulty rescued by some gentlemen, only because this bashaw is in love with her. You heard I suppose of his other amour with the Savoyard girl. He sent her to Windsor and offered her a hundred pounds, which she refused because he was a heretic; he sent her back on foot. Inclosed is a new print on this subject, which I think has more humour than I almost ever saw in one of that sort.

Should I not condole with you upon the death of the head of the Cues?[1] If you have not heard his will, I will tell you. The settled estate of eight thousand a-year is to go between the two daughters, out of which is a jointure of three thousand a-year to the dutchess dowager,[2] and to that he has added a thousand more out of the unsettled estate, which is nine thousand. He gives, together with his blessing, four thousand per annum rent charge to the dutchess of Manchester in present, provided she will contest nothing with her sister, who is to have all the rest, and the reversion of the whole after lady Cardigan[3] and her children; but in case she disputes, lady Hinchingbrook and her's are in the entail next to the Cardigans, who are to take the Montagu name and livery. I don't know what Mr. Hussey will think of the blessing, but they say his dutchess will be inclined to mind it; she always wanted to be well with her father, but hated her mother. There are two codicils, one in favour of his servants, and the other of his dogs, cats, and creatures, which was a little unnecessary, for lady Cardigan has exactly his turn for saving every thing's life. As he was making the codicil, one

[1] John duke of Montagu.

[2] The youngest daughter of the great duke of Marlborough, and mother to Isabella dutchess of Manchester and to lady Cardigan.

[3] Wife of George Brudenell earl of Cardigan, afterwards created duke of Montagu.

of his cats jumped on his knee; "*what,*" says he, "*have you a mind to be a witness too! You can't for you are a party concerned.*"

Lord S——d is going to send his poor wife with one maid and one horse to a farm house in Shropshire for ever. The Mirepoix's are come, but I have not yet seen them. A thousand compliments to your sisters.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER XXXVII.

DEAR GEORGE, Strawberry-hill, August 26, 1749.

I FLATTER myself that you are quite recovered of your disorder, and that your sisters will not look with an evil eye on Strawberry-hill. Mr. Chute and I are returned from our expedition miraculously well, considering all our distresses. If you love good roads, conveniences, good inns, plenty of postillions and horses, be so kind as never to go into Sussex. We thought ourselves in the northest part of England; the whole country has a saxon air, and the inhabitants are savage, as if king George the second was the first monarch of the East Angles. Coaches grow there no more than balm and spices; we were forced to drop our post-chaise, that resembled nothing so much as harlequin's calash, which was occasionally a chaise or a baker's cart. We journeyed over alpine mountains, drenched in clouds, and thought of harlequin again, when he was driving the chariot of the sun through the morning clouds, and so was glad to hear the *aqua vitæ* man crying a dram. At last we got to Arundel-castle, which was visibly built for defence in an imprac-

ticable country. It is now only a heap of ruins, with a new indifferent apartment clapt up for the Norfolks, when they reside there for a week or a fortnight. Their priest shewed us about. There are the walls of a round tower where a garrison held out against Cromwell; he planted a battery on the top of the church, and reduced them. There is a gloomy gateway and dungeons, in one of which I conclude is kept the old woman, who, in the time of the late rebellion, offered to shew lord R. Sutton where arms were hidden at Worksop.[1] The dutchess complimented him into dining before his search, and in the mean time the woman was spirited away, and adieu the arms. There are fine monuments of the old Fitzalans, earls of Arundel, in the church. Mr. Chute, whom I have created *Strawberry king at arms*, has had brave sport *à la chasse aux armes*.

We were charmed with the magnificence of the park at Petworth,[2] which is Percy to the back bone; but the house and garden did not please our antiquarian spirit. The house is entirely new fronted in the style of the Tuilleries, and furnished exactly like Hampton-court. There is one room gloriously flounced all round whole length pictures with much the finest carving of Gibbins that ever my eyes beheld. There are birds absolutely feathered, and two antique vases with bas relieves, as perfect and beautiful, as if they were carved by a grecian master. There is a noble Claude Lorrain, a very curious picture of the haughty Anne Stanhope, the protector's wife, pretty, but not giving one an idea of her character, and many old portraits; but the housekeeper was at London, and we did not learn half. The chapel is grand and proper. At the inn we entertained ourselves with the landlord, whom my lord H——y had cabinetted, when he went to woo one of the lady S———rs.

[1] A seat of the duke of Norfolk in Nottinghamshire.

[2] A seat of sir Charles Wyndham, who succeeded to the title of earl of Egremont on the death of his uncle Algernon duke of Somerset.

Our greatest pleasure was seeing Cowdry, which is repairing; lord Montacute[1] will at last live in it. We thought of old Margaret of Clarence, who lived there; one of her accusations was built on the bulls found there. It was the palace of her great uncle, the marquis Montacute. I was charmed with the front, and the court, and the fountain; but the room called Holbein's, except the curiosity of it, is wretchedly painted, and infinitely inferior to those delightful stories of Harry the eighth in the private apartment at Windsor. I was much pleased with a whole-length picture of sir Anthony Brown in the very dress, in which he wedded Anne of Cleves by proxy. He is in blue and white, only his right leg is entirely white, which was certainly robed for the act of putting into bed to her; but when the king came to marry her, he only put his leg into bed to kick her out of it.

I have set up my staff, and finished my pilgrimages for this year. Sussex is a great damper of curiosity. Adieu! my compliments to your sisters.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER XXXVIII.

Strawberry-hill, Sept. 28, 1749.

I AM much obliged to you, dear sir, and agree with your opinion about the painting of prince Edward, that it cannot be original and authentic, and consequently not worth copying. Lord C———y is in-

[1] Anthony, the sixth viscount Montagu, descended from Anthony Brown, created viscount Montagu in 1554, being descended from John Neville, marquis of Montagu.

deed an original; but who are the wise people that build for him? Sir Philip H——y seems to be the only person likely to be benefited by this new extravagance. I have just seen a collection of tombs like those you describe; the house of Russel robed in alabaster and painted: there are seven monuments in all; one is immense, in marble, cherubim'd and seraphim'd, crusted with bas-reliefs and titles, for the first duke of Bedford and his dutchess.[1] All these are in a chapel of the church at Cheneys, the seat of the first earls. There are but piteous fragments of the house remaining, now a farm, built round three sides of a court. It is dropping down in several places without a roof, but in half the windows are beautiful arms in painted glass. As these are so totally neglected, I propose making a push, and begging them of the duke of Bedford. They would be magnificent for Strawberry-castle. Did I tell you that I have found a text in Deuteronomy to authorize my future battlements? *When thou buildest a new house, then shalt thou make a battlement for thy roof, that thou bring not blood upon thy house, if any man fall from thence.*

I saw Cheneys at a visit I have been making to Harry Conway at Latimers. This house, which they have hired, is large, and bad, and old, but of a bad age; finely situated on a hill in a beech wood, with a river at the bottom, and a range of hills and woods on the opposite side belonging to the duke of Bedford. They are fond of it; the view is melancholy. In the church at Cheneys Mr. Conway put on an old helmet we found there; you cannot imagine how it suited him, how antique and handsome he looked; you would have taken him for Rinaldo. Now I have dipped you so deep in heraldry and genealogies, I shall beg you to step into the church of Stoke; I know it is not asking you to do a disagreeable thing to call there; I want an account of the tomb of the first earl of Huntingdon, an ancestor of mine, who lies there. I asked Gray, but he could tell me little about it. You know how out of humour Gray has been about our diverting ourselves with pedigrees, which is at least

[1] Anne daughter of Robert Carr, earl of Somerset.

as wise, as making a serious point of haranguing against the study; I believe neither Mr. Chute nor I ever contracted a moment's vanity from any of our discoveries, or ever preferred them to any thing but brag and whist. Well, Gray has set himself to compute, and has found out that there must go a million of ancestors in twenty generations to every body's composition.

I dig and plant till it is dark; all my works are revived and proceeding. When will you come and assist? You know I have an absolute promise, and shall now every day expect you. My compliments to your sisters.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER XXXIX.

Arlington-street, May 15, 1750.

THE high bailiff, after commending himself and his own impartiality for an hour this morning, not unlike your cousin P——m, has declared lord Trentham.[1] The mob declare they will pull his house down to shew their impartiality. The princess has luckily produced another boy, so sir George Vandeput may be recompensed with being godfather. I stand to-morrow, not for member, but for godfather to my sister's girl, with Mrs. Selwyn and old Dunch; were ever three such dowagers? when shall three such meet again! If the babe has not a most sentimentally yellow complexion after such sureties, I will burn my books, and never answer for another skin.

[1] Lord viscount Trentham, son of John earl of Gower, and married to lady Louisa Egerton, sister of the duke of Bridgewater.

You have heard, I suppose, that N——— must answer a little more seriously for lady L———'s child. Why, she was as ugly as Mrs. N———, had had more children, and was not so young. The pleasure of wronging a woman, who had bought him so dear, could be the only temptation.

Adieu! I have told you all I know, and as much is scandal, very possibly more than is true. I go to Strawberry on Saturday, and so shall not know even scandal.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER XL.

DEAR GEORGE, Arlington-street, June 23, 1750.

As I am not V——k'd, I have been in no hurry to thank you for your congratulation, and to assure you, that I never knew what solid happiness was till I was married. Your Trevors and Rices dined with me last week at Strawberry-hill, and would have had me answer you upon the matrimonial tone, but I thought I should imitate cheerfulness in that style as ill as if I were really married. I have had another of your friends with me here some time, whom I adore, Mr. Bentley;[1] he has more sense, judgment, and wit, more taste, and more misfortunes than sure ever met in any man. I have heard that Dr. Bentley, regretting his want of taste for all such learning as his, which is the very want of taste, used to sigh and say, "Tully had

[1] Only son of Dr. Bentley, the celebrated commentator.

his Marcus." If the sons resembled, as much as the fathers did, at least in vanity, I would be the modest, agreeable Marcus. Mr. Bentley tells me that you press him much to visit you at Hawkhurst. I advise him, and assure him he will make his fortune under you there; that you are an agent from the board of trade to the smugglers, and wallow in contraband wine, tea, and silk handkerchiefs. I found an old newspaper t'other day, with a list of outlawed smugglers; there were John Price, alias Miss Marjoram, Bob Plunder, Bricklayer Tom, and Robin Cursemother, all of Hawkhurst, in Kent. When Miss Harriot is thoroughly hardened at Buxton, as I hear she is by lying in a public room with the whole wells, from drinking waters, I conclude she will come to sip nothing but new brandy.

As jolly and as abominable a life as she may have been leading, I defy all her enormities to equal a party of pleasure that I had t'other night. I shall relate it to you to shew you the manners of the age, which are always as entertaining to a person fifty miles off, as to one born an hundred and fifty years after the time. I had a card from lady C——— P——— to go with her to Vauxhall. I went accordingly to her house, and found her and the little Ashe, or the pollard Ashe, as they call her; they had just finished their last layer of red, and looked as handsome as crimson could make them. On the cabinet-door stood a pair of Dresden candlesticks, a present from the virgin hands of sir J—— B——; the branches of each formed a little bower over a cock and hen * * * *; yes, literally. We issued into the mall to assemble our company, which was all the town, if we could get it; for just so many had been summoned, except Harry Vane, whom we met by chance. We mustered the duke of K———, whom lady C——— says she has been trying for these seven years; but, alas! his beauty is at the fall of the leaf; lord March, Mr. Whithead, a pretty Miss Beauclerc, and a very foolish Miss Sp——e. These two damsels were trusted by their mothers for the first time of their lives to the matronly care of lady C———. As we sailed up the mall with all our colours flying, lord P———, with his hose

and legs twisted to every point of crossness, strode by us on the outside, and repassed again on the return. At the end of the mall she called to him: he would not answer; she gave a familiar spring, and between laugh and confusion ran up to him, "my lord, my lord, why you don't see us!" We advanced at a little distance, not a little awkward in expectation how all this would end, for my lord never stirred his hat, or took the least notice of any body; she said, "do you go with us, or are *you going any where else?*" "I don't go with you, I am going *somewhere else;*" and away he stalked, as sulky as a ghost that nobody will speak to first. We got into the best order we could, and marched to our barge with a boat of french horns attending, and little Ashe singing. We paraded some time up the river, and at last debarked at Vauxhall: there, if we had so pleased, we might have had the vivacity of our party increased by a quarrel; for a Mrs. L——d, who is supposed to be married to lord H———, seeing the two girls following lady P——— and Miss ———, said aloud, "poor girls, I am sorry to see them in such bad company." Miss Sp——e, who desired nothing so much as the fun of seeing a duel; a thing which, though she is fifteen, she has never been so lucky to see, took due pains to make lord ——— resent this: but he, who is very lively and agreeable, laughed her out of this charming frolic with a great deal of humour. Here we picked up lord G———, arrived very drunk from Jenny's whim, where, instead of going to old ———'s catacombs to make honourable love, he had dined with lady F———y, and left her and eight other women and four other men playing at brag. He would fain have made over his honourable love upon any terms to poor Miss B———, who is very modest, and did not know at all what to do with his whispers or his hands. He then addressed himself to the Sp———e, who was very well disposed to receive both, but the tide of champagne turned, he hiccupped at the reflection of his marriage (of which he is wondrous sick), and only proposed to the girl to shut themselves up and rail at the world for three weeks. If all the adventures don't conclude as you expect in the beginning of a paragraph, you must not wonder, for I am not making a history, but relating one strictly as it happened, and I think with full entertainment enough to content you.

At last we assembled in our booth, lady C——— in the front, with the vizor of her hat erect, and looking gloriously jolly and handsome. She had fetched my brother Orford from the next box, where he was enjoying himself with his *petite partie*, to help us to mince chickens. We minced seven chickens into a china dish, which lady C——— stewed over a lamp with three pats of butter and a flagon of water, stirring, and rattling, and laughing, and we every minute expecting to have the dish fly about our ears. She had brought Betty the fruit girl with hampers of strawberries and cherries from Rogers's, and made her wait upon us, and then made her sup by us at a little table. The conversation was no less lively than the whole transaction. There was a Mr. O'Brien arrived from Ireland, who would get the dutchess[1] of Manchester from Mr. Hussey, if she were still at liberty. I took up the biggest hautboy in the dish, and said to lady C———, "*madam, Miss Ashe desires you would eat this O'Brien strawberry;*" she replied immediately, "*I won't, you hussey.*" You may imagine the laugh this reply occasioned. After the tempest was a little calmed, the Pollard said, "now how any body would spoil this story that was to repeat it, and say, I won't you jade!" In short, the whole air of our party was sufficient, as you will easily imagine, to take up the whole attention of the garden; so much so, that from eleven o'clock till half an hour after one we had the whole concourse round our booth: at last they came into the little gardens of each booth on the sides of ours, till Harry V——took up a bumper, and drank their healths, and was proceeding to treat them with still greater freedom. It was three o'clock before we got home. I think I have told you the chief passages. Lord G——'s temper had been a little ruffled the night before: the——— had invited him and D—— L———n to Kew, where he won eleven hundred pounds of the latter, and eight of the former, then cut, and told them he would play with them no longer, for he saw they played so idly, that they were capable of *losing more than they would like.*

[1] Isabella dutchess of Manchester, married to Mr. Hussey.

Adieu! I expect in return for this long tale, that you will tell me some of your frolics with Robin Cursemother, and some of Miss Marjoram's bon mots.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

P. S. Dr. Middleton called on me yesterday; he is come to town to consult his physician for a jaundice, and swelled legs, symptoms, which the doctor tells him, and which he believes, can be easily cured; I think him visibly broke, and near his end. He lately advised me to marry, on the sense of his own happiness; but if any body had advised theirs to the contrary, at his time of life, I believe he would not have broke so soon.

LETTER XLI.

Strawberry-hill, September 10, 1750.

You must not pretend to be concerned at having missed one here, when I had repeatedly begged you to let me know what day you would call; and even after you had learnt that I was to come the next day, you paraded by my house with all your matrimonial streamers flying, without even saluting the future castle. To punish this slight, I shall accept your offer of a visit on the return of your progress; I shall be here and Mrs. Leneve will not.

I feel for the poor Handasyde. If I wanted examples for to deter one from making all the world happy, from obliging, from being always in good humour and spirits, she should be my memento. You find long wise faces every day, that tell you riches cannot make one happy. No,

can't they? What pleasantry is that poor woman fallen from! and what a joyous feel must Vanneck have expired in, who could call and think the two Schutzs his friends, and leave five hundred pounds a piece to their friendship: nay, riches made him so happy, that in the overflowing of his satisfaction, he has bequeathed a hundred pounds a piece to eighteen fellows, whom he calls his good friends, that favoured him with their company on Fridays. He took it mighty kind that captain James de Normandie, and twenty such names, that came out of the Minories, would constrain themselves to live upon him once a week.

I should like to visit the castles and groves of your old welsh ancestors with you; by the draughts I have seen, I have always imagined that Wales preserved the greatest remains of ancient days, and have often wished to visit Picton castle, the seat of my Philipps-progenitors.

Make my best compliments to your sisters, and with their leave make haste to this side of the world; you will be extremely welcome hither as soon and for as long as you like; I can promise you nothing very agreeable, but that I will try to get our favourite Mr. Bentley to meet you.—Adieu,

Yours very sincerely,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER XLII.

Arlington-street, May 30, 1751.

Mrs. Boscawen says I ought to write to you. I don't think so: you desired I would, if I had any thing new to tell you; I have not. Lady C——— and Miss Ashe, had quarrelled about reputations before you went out of town. I suppose you would not give a straw to know all

the circumstances of a Mr. Paul killing a Mr. Dalton, though the town, who talks of any thing, talks of nothing else. Mrs. F——h and her J——y are parted again. Lady Orford and Shirley married; they say she was much frightened.

My evening yesterday was employed, how wisely do you think? in trying to procure for the dutchess of Portland a scarlet spider from admiral Boscawen. I had just seen her collection, which is indeed magnificent, chiefly composed of the spoils of her fathers, and the Arundel collections. The gems of all sorts are glorious. I was diverted with two relics of St. Charles the martyr; one the pearl, you see in his pictures, taken out of his ear after his foolish head was off; the other the cup, out of which he took his last sacrament. They should be given to that nursery of nonsense and bigotry, Oxford.

I condole with you on your journey, am glad Miss Montagu is in better health, and am

Yours sincerely,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER XLIII.

Arlington-street, June 13, 1751.

You have told me that it is charity to write you news into Kent; but what if my news should shock you! Won't it rather be an act of cruelty to tell you, your relation, Sandwich,[1] is immediately to be re-

[1] John Montagu, fourth earl of Sandwich.

moved, and that the duke of B——d, and all the G——s will resign to attend him. Not quite all the G——s, for the earl himself keeps the privy seal and plays on at brag with lady Catherine P——m, to the great satisfaction of the Staffordshire jacobites, who desire, at least expect no better diversion, than a division in that house. Lord Trentham does resign. Lord Hartington is to be master of the horse and called up to the house of peers. Lord Granville is to be president; if he should resent any former resignations and insist on victims, will lord H—— assure the menaced that they shall not be sacrificed.

I hear your friend lord N—— is wedded; somebody said it is very hot weather to marry so fat a bride; George Selwyn replied, "oh! she was kept in ice for three days before."

The first volume of Spencer is published with prints, designed by Kent; but the most execrable performance you ever beheld. The graving not worse than the drawing; awkward knights, scrambling Unas, hills tumbling down themselves, no variety of prospect, and three or four perpetual spruce firs.

Our charming Mr. Bentley is doing Gray as much more honour as he deserves than Spencer. He is drawing vignettes for his odes; what a valuable MS. I shall have! Warburton publishes his edition of Pope next week, with the famous piece of prose on lord H——y, which he formerly suppressed at my uncle's desire, who had got an abbey from cardinal Fleury for one Southcote, a friend of Pope's. My lord H——y pretended not to thank him. I am told the edition has waited, because Warburton has cancelled above a hundred sheets (in which he had inserted notes) since the publication of the canons of criticism. The new history of Christina is a most wretched piece of trumpery, stuffed with foolish letters and confutations of mademoiselle de Montpensier and madame de Motteville. Adieu,

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER XLIV.

Daventry, July 22, 1751.

You will wonder in what part of the county of Twicks lies this Daventry. It happens to be in Northamptonshire. My letter will scarce set out till I get to London, but I choose to give it its present date lest you should admire, that Mr. Usher of the exchequer, the lord treasurer of pen, ink, and paper, should write with such coarse materials. I am on my way from Ragley,[1] and if ever the waters subside and my ark rests upon dry land again, I think of stepping over to Tonghes: but your journey has filled my postchaise's head with such terrible ideas of your roads, that I think I shall let it have done raining for a month or six weeks, which it has not done for as much time past, before I begin to grease my wheels again, and lay in a provision of french books, and tea, and blunderbusses for my journey.

Before I tell you a word of Ragley you must hear how busy I have been upon Grammont. You know I have long had a purpose of a new edition with notes and cuts of the principal beauties and heroes, if I could meet with their portraits. I have made out all the people at all remarkable except *mi lord Janet*, whom I cannot divine unless he be *Thanet*. Well, but what will entertain you is, that I have discovered the *philosophe Whitnell;* and what do you think his real name was? Only Whetenhall! Pray do you call cousins?[2] Look in Collins's Baronets, and under the article *Bedingfield* you will find that he was an *ingenious gentleman*, and *la blanche* Whitnell, *though one of the greatest beauties of the age, an excellent wife.* I am persuaded the Bedingfields crowded in these characters to take off the ridicule in Grammont: they have suc-

[1] The seat of the earl of Hertford.

[2] A sister of Mr. Montagu's, was married to Nathaniel Wnetenhall, Esq.

ceeded to a miracle. Madame de Mirepoix told me t'other day, that she had known a daughter of the countess de Grammont, an abbess in Lorrain, who, to the embassadress's great scandal, was ten times more vain of the blood of Hamilton than of an equal quantity of that of Grammont. She had told her much of her sister my lady Stafford,[1] whom I remember to have seen when I was a child. She used to live at Twickenham when lady Mary Wortley[2] and the duke of Wharton lived there; she had more wit than both of them. What would I give to have had Strawberry-hill twenty years ago! I think any thing but twenty years. Lady Stafford used to say to her sister, "well, child, I have come without my wit to-day;" that is, she had not taken her opium, which she was forced to do if she had any appointment, to be in particular spirits. This rage of Grammont carried me a little while ago to old Marlborough's[3] at Wimbledon, where I had heard there was a picture of lady Denham; it is a charming one. The house you know stands in a hole, or as the whimsical old lady said, seems to be making a curtsey. She had directed my lord Pembroke not to make her go up any steps; "*I won't go up steps;*"—and so he dug a saucer to put it in, and levelled the first floor with the ground. There is a bust of admiral Vernon, erected I suppose by J—— S——, with as many lies upon it as if it was a tombstone; and a very curious old picture up stairs that I take to be Louis Sforza the moor, with his nephew Galeazzo. There are other good pictures in the house, but perhaps you have seen them. As I have formerly seen Oxford and Blenheim, I did not stop till I came to Stratford-upon-Avon, the wretchedest old town I ever saw, which I intended for Shakspeare's sake to find snug, and pretty, and antique, not old. His tomb, and his wife's, and John à Combes, are in an agreeable church, with several other monuments; as one of the earl of Totness, and another of sir Edward Walker the memoirs writer. There are

[1] Claude Charlotte, countess of Stafford, wife of Henry earl of Stafford, and daughter of Philibert, count of Grammont, and Elizabeth Hamilton his wife.

[2] Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, daughter of the duke of Kingston.

[3] Sarah, dutchess of Marlborough.

quantities of Cloptons too; but the bountiful corporation have exceedingly bepainted Shakspeare and the principal personages.

I was much struck with Ragley; the situation is magnificent; the house far beyond any thing I have seen of that bad age: for it was begun, as I found by an old letter in the library from lord Ranelagh to earl Conway, in the year 1680. By the way, I have had and am to have the rummaging of three chests of pedigrees and letters to that secretary Conway, which I have interceded for and saved from the flames. The prospect is as fine, as one destitute of a navigated river can be, and hitherto totally unimproved; so is the house, which is but just covered in, after so many years. They have begun to inhabit the naked walls of the attic story; the great one is unfloored and unceiled; the hall is magnificent, sixty by forty, and thirty-eight high. I am going to pump Mr. Bentley for designs. The other apartments are very lofty, and in quantity, though I had suspected that this Leviathan hall must have devoured half the other chambers.

The Hertfords carried me to dine at lord Archer's,[1] an odious place. On my return I saw Warwick, a pretty old town, small, and thinly inhabited, in the form of a cross. The castle is enchanting; the view pleased me more than I can express; the river Avon tumbles down a cascade at the foot of it. It is well laid out by one Brown, who has set up on a few ideas of Kent and Mr. Southcote. One sees what the prevalence of taste does; little B——, who would have chuckled to have been born in an age of clipt hedges and cockle-shell avenues, has submitted to let his garden and park be natural. Where he has attempted gothic in the castle, he has failed; and has indulged himself in a new apartment, that is paltry. The chapel is very pretty, and smugged up with tiny pews, that look like etuis for the earl and his diminutive countess. I shall tell you nothing of the glorious chapel of the Beauchamps in St. Mary's church, for you know it is in Dugdale; nor how ill the

[1] Amberslade, near Stratford-upon-Avon.

fierce bears and ragged staves are succeeded by puppets and corals. As I came back another road, I saw lord Pomfret's,[1] by Towcester, where there are a few good pictures, and many masked statues; there is an exceeding fine Cicero, which has no fault, but the head being modern. I saw a pretty lodge just built by the duke of Grafton in Whittleberry-forest; the design is Kent's, but, as was his manner, too heavy. I ran through the gardens at Stowe,[2] which I have seen before, and had only time to be charmed with the variety of scenes. I do like that Albano glut of buildings, let them be ever so much condemned.

Adieu, yours,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER XLV.

Arlington-street, Oct. 8, 1751.

So you have totally forgot that I sent you the pedigree of the Crouches, as long ago as the middle of last August, and that you promised to come to Strawberry-hill in October. I shall be there some time in next week, but as my motions neither depend on resolutions nor almanacks, let me know before hand when you intend me a visit; for though keeping an appointment is not just the thing you ever do, I suppose you know you dislike being disappointed yourself as much, as if you were the most punctual person in the world to engagements.

[1] Easton Neston.

[2] The seat of earl Temple.

I came yesterday from Woburn, where I have been a week. The house is in building, and three sides of the quadrangle finished. The park is very fine, the woods glorious, and the plantations of evergreens sumptuous; but upon the whole, it is rather what I admire than like—I fear that is what I am a little apt to do at the finest places in the world where there is not a navigable river. You would be charmed, as I was, with an old gallery, that is not yet destroyed. It is a bad room, powdered with little gold stars, and covered with millions of old portraits. There are all the successions of earls and countesses of Bedford and all their progenies. One countess is a whole-length drawing in the drollest dress you ever saw; and another picture of the same woman leaning on her hand, I believe by Cornelius Johnson, is as fine a head as ever I saw. There are many of queen Elizabeth's worthies, the Leicesters, Essexs, and Philip Sidneys, and a very curious portrait of the last Courtney, earl of Devonshire, who died at Padua. Have not I read somewhere that he was in love with queen Elizabeth, and queen Mary with him? He is quite in the style of the former's lovers, red bearded, and not comely. There is Essex's friend, the earl of Southampton, his son the lord treasurer, and madame l'Empoisonneuse,[1] that married Carr,[2] earl of Somerset—she is pretty. Have not you seen a copy Vertue has made of Philip and Mary? That is in this gallery too, but more curious than good. They shewed me two heads, who, according to the tradition of the family, were the originals of Castalio and Polidore. They were sons to the second earl of Bedford, and the eldest, if not both, died before their father. The eldest has vipers in his hand, and in the distant landscape appears in a maze, with these words, *Fata viam invenient.* The other has a woman behind him, sitting near the sea, with strange monsters surrounding her. I don't pretend to decypher this, nor to describe half the entertaining morsels I found

[1] Lady Frances Howard, daughter of the earl of Suffolk, and married to the earl of Essex, from whom she was divorced. She then married her lover, the earl of Somerset. She poisoned sir Thomas Overbury, because he had endeavoured to dissuade his friend the earl of Somerset from this alliance. She was tried and condemned, but was pardoned by king James.

[2] Robert Carr, a favourite of king James the first, who created him viscount Rochester, and earl of Somerset.

here; but I can't omit, as you know I am Grammont-mad, that I found *le vieux Roussel, qui étoit le plus fier danseur d'Angleterre.* The portrait is young, but has all the promise of his latter character. I am going to send them a head of a countess of Cumberland,[1] sister to Castalio and Polidore, and mother of a famous countess of Dorset,[2] who afterwards married the earl of Pembroke,[3] of Charles the first's time. She was an authoress, and immensely rich. After the restoration, sir Joseph Williamson, the secretary of state, wrote to her to chuse a courtier at Appleby: she sent him this answer: "I have been bullied by an usurper, I have been ill-treated by a court, but I won't be dictated to by a subject; your man shall not stand. Anne Dorset Pembroke and Montgomery." Adieu! if you love news a hundred years old, I think you can't have a better correspondent. For any thing that passes now, I shall not think it worth knowing these fifty years.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER XLVI.

THE ST. JAMES'S EVENING POST,

THURSDAY, JAN. 9, 1752.

MONDAY being the twelfth day, —— ———— according to annual custom offered myrrh, frankincense, and a small bit of gold; and at night, in commemoration of the three *kings* or *wise men*, the ——

[1] Margaret, countess of Cumberland, daughter of Francis Russel, second earl of Bedford, and married to George Clifford, third earl of Cumberland.

[2] Anne Clifford, daughter of George earl of Cumberland, first married to Richard Sackville, earl of Dorset, and afterwards to Philip earl of Pembroke.

[3] Philip earl of Pembroke, son of Henry second earl of Pembroke. He was chamberlain to Charles the first.

and ——— family played at hazard for the benefit of a prince of the blood. There were above eleven thousand pounds upon the table; his most sacred ———— won three guineas, and his R. H. the duke three thousand four hundred pounds.

On Saturday was landed at the Custom-house a large box of truffles, being a present to the earl of Lincoln from Theobald Taaffe, Esq. who is shortly expected home from his travels in foreign parts.

To-morrow the new-born son of the earl of E———— is to be baptized, when his ————, and the earl of G———e (if he is able to stand) and the dutchess dowager of Somerset are to be sponsors.

We are assured that on Tuesday last, the surprising strong woman was exhibited at the countess of H————'s, before a polite assembly of persons of the first quality: and some time this week, the two dwarfs will play at brag at madam Holman's. N. B. The strong man, who was to have performed at Mrs. N———'s, is indisposed.

There is lately arrived at the lord Carpenter's, a curious male chimparozee, which had had the honour of being shewn before the ugliest princes in Europe, who all expressed their approbation; and we hear that he intends to offer himself a candidate to represent the city of Westminster at the next general election. Note: he wears breeches, and there is a gentlewoman to attend the ladies.

Last night the hon. and rev. Mr. James B——— was admitted a doctor of opium in the ancient university of Whites, being received ad eundem by his grace the rev. father in chess the duke of ————, president, and the rest of the senior fellows. At the same time the lord Robert B——— and colonel B———n were rejected, on account of some deficiency of formality in their testimonials.

Letters from Grosvenor-street mention a dreadful apparition, which

has appeared for several nights at the house of the countess T———, which has occasioned several of her ladyship's domestics to leave her service, except the coachman, who has drove her sons and nephews for several years, and is not afraid of spectres. The coroner's inquest have brought in their verdict lunacy.

Last week the lord D——— received at the treasury the sum of a hundred kisses from the auditor of the exchequer, being the reward for shooting at a highwayman.

On Tuesday the operation of shaving was happily performed on the upper lip of her grace the dutchess of N———, by a celebrated artist from Paris, sent over on purpose by the earl of A———. The performance lasted but one minute and three seconds, to the great joy of that noble family; and in consideration of his great care and expedition, his grace has settled four hundred pounds a year upon him for life. We hear that he is to have the honour of shaving the heads of the lady C——— P———, the dutchess of Q———, and several other persons of quality.

By authority, on Sunday next will be opened the romish chapel at N——— house; no persons will be admitted, but such as are known well wishers to the present happy establishment.

Mass will begin exactly when the english liturgy is finished.

At the theatre royal in the house of lords, the Royal Slave, with Lethe.

At the theatre in St. Stephen's chapel, the Fool in Fashion.

The jews are desired to meet on the 20th inst. at the sign of Fort L'Eveque in Pharoah-street, to commemorate the noble struggle made by one of their brethren in support of his property.

Deserted—Miss Ashe.

Lost—an opposition.

To be let—an embassador's masquerade, the gentleman going abroad.

To be sold—the whole nation.

Lately published, the analogy of political and private quarrels, or the art of healing family-differences by widening them; on these words, *do evil that good may ensue;* a sermon preached before the right hon. H——— P———, and the rest of the society for propagating christian charity, by W——— L———, chaplain to her R. H. the princess ———; and now printed at the desire of several of the family.

For capital weaknesses, the duke of N———'s true spirit of crocodiles.

Given gratis at the turn-stile, the corner of Lincoln's-inn-fields, Anodyne Stars and Garters.

LETTER XLVII.

Arlington-street, May 12, 1752.

You deserve no charity, for you never write but to ask it. When you are tired of yourself and the country, you think over all London, and consider who will be proper to send you an account of it. Take notice, I won't be your gazetteer; nor is my time come for being a dowager, a maker of news, a day labourer in scandal. If you care for nobody but for what they can tell you, you must provide yourself else-

where. The town is empty, nothing in it but flabby mackarel, and wooden gooseberry tarts, and a hazy east wind. My sister is gone to Paris; I go to Strawberry-hill in three days for the summer, if summer there will ever be any.

If you want news, you must send to Ireland, where there is almost a civil war, between the lord lieutenant and primate on one side (observe, I don't tell you what *side* that is), and the speaker on the other, who carries questions by wholesale in the house of commons against the castle; and the teterrima belli causa is not the common one.

Reams of scandalous verses and ballads are come over, too bad to send you, if I had them, but I really have not. What is more provoking for the duke of Dorset, an address is come over directly to the king (not as usual through the channel of the lord lieutenant), to assure him of their great loyalty and apprehensions of being misrepresented. This is all I know, and you see, most imperfectly.

I was t'other night to see what is now grown the fashion, mother Midnight's oratory. It appeared the lowest buffoonery in the world even to me, who am used to my uncle Horace. There is a bad oration to ridicule, what it is too like, orator Henley; all the rest is perverted music; there is a man, who plays so nimbly on the kettle-drum, that he has reduced that noisy instrument to an object of sight; for, if you don't see the tricks with his hands, it is no better than ordinary; another plays on a violin and trumpet together; another mimics a bagpipe with a German flute, and makes it full as disagreeable. There is an admired dulcimer, a favourite salt-box, and a really curious jew's-harp. Two or three men intend to persuade you that they play on a broomstick, which is drolly brought in, carefully shrouded in a case, so as to be mistaken for a bassoon or bass-viol; but they succeed in nothing but the action. The last fellow imitates ——— curtseying to a French horn. There are twenty medley overtures, and a man who speaks a prologue and epilogue, in which he counterfeits all the actors and singers upon earth;

in short, I have long been convinced, that what I used to imagine the most difficult thing in the world, mimicry, is the easiest; for one has seen for these two or three years, at Foote's and the other theatres, that when they lost one mimic, they called odd man, and another came and succeeded just as well.

Adieu! I have told you much more than I intended, and much more than I could conceive I had to say, except how does Miss Montagu?

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

P.S. Did you hear captain Hotham's *bon-mot* on sir Th. Robinson's making an assembly from the top of his house to the bottom? He said, he wondered so many people would go to sir Thomas's, as he treated them all *de haut en bas*.

LETTER XLVIII.

Strawberry-hill, June 6, 1752.

I HAVE just been in London for two or three days, to fetch an adventure, and am returned to my hill and my castle. I can't say I lost my labour, as you shall hear. Last Sunday night, being as wet a night as you shall see in a summer's day, about half an hour after twelve, I was just come home from White's, and undressing to step into bed, I heard Harry, who you know lies forwards, roar out, "Stop thief!" and run down stairs. I ran after him. Don't be frightened; I have not lost one enamel, nor bronze, nor have been shot through the head again. A gentlewoman, who lives at go-

vernor Pitt's, next door but one to me, and where Mr. Bentley used to live, was going to bed too, and heard people breaking into Mr. Freeman's house, who like some acquaintance of mine in Albemarle-street, goes out of town, locks up his doors, and leaves the community to watch his furniture. N. B. It was broken open but two years ago, and I and all the chairmen vow they shall steal his house away another time, before we will trouble our heads about it. Well, madam called out "watch;" two men, who were centinels, ran away, and Harry's voice after them. Down came I, and with a posse of chairmen and watchmen found the third fellow in the area of Mr. Freeman's house. Mayhap you have seen all this in the papers, little thinking who commanded the detachment. Harry fetched a blunderbuss to invite the thief up. One of the chairmen, who was drunk, cried, "*Give me the blunderbuss, I'll shoot him!*" But as the general's head was a little cooler, he prevented military execution, and took the prisoner without bloodshed, intending to make his triumphal entry into the metropolis of Twickenham with his captive tied to the wheels of his post-chaise. I find my style rises so much with the recollection of my victory, that I don't know how to descend to tell you that the enemy was a carpenter, and had a leather apron on. The next step was to share my glory with my friends. I dispatched a courier to White's for George Selwyn, who, you know, loves nothing upon earth so well as a criminal, except the execution of him. It happened very luckily, that the drawer, who received my message, has very lately been robbed himself, and had the wound fresh in his memory. He stalked up into the club-room, stopped short, and with a hollow trembling voice said, "*Mr. Selwyn! Mr. Walpole's compliments to you, and he has got a house-breaker for you!*" A squadron immediately came to reinforce me, and having summoned Moreland with the keys of the fortress, we marched into the house to search for more of the gang. Col. Seabright, with his sword drawn went first, and then I, exactly the figure of Robinson Crusoe, with a candle and lanthorn in my hand, a carbine upon my shoulder, my hair wet and about my ears, and in a linen night-gown and slippers. We found the kitchen shutters forced, but not finished; and in the area a tremendous bag of tools, a hammer large enough for

the hand of a Joel, and six chissels! All which *opima spolia*, as there was no temple of Jupiter Capitolinus in the neighbourhood, I was reduced to offer on the altar of sir Thomas Clarges.

I am now, as I told you, returned to my plough with as much humility and pride as any of my great predecessors. We lead quite a rural life, have had a sheep-shearing, a haymaking, a syllabub under the cow, and a fishing of three gold fish out of Poyang,[1] for a present to madam Clive. They breed with me excessively, and are grown to the size of small perch. Every thing grows, if tempests would let it, but I have had two of my largest trees broke to-day with the wind, and another last week. I am much obliged to you for the flower you offer me, but by the description, it is an Austrian rose, and I have several now in bloom. Mr. Bentley is with me, finishing the drawings for Gray's odes; there are some mandarin-cats fishing for gold fish, which will delight you; *au reste*, he is just where he was; he has heard something about a journey to Haughton, to the great Cu[2] of Haticuleo, but it don't seem fixed; unless he hears farther. Did he tell you the Prices and your aunt Cosby had dined here from Hampton-court? The mignionette beauty looks mighty well in his grandmother's jointure. The memoires of last year are quite finished, but I shall add some pages of notes, that will not want anecdotes. Discontents of the nature of those about Windsor-park, are spreading about Richmond. Lord B———, who has taken the late dutchess of Rutland's at Petersham, asked for a key; the answer was, (mind it, for it was tolerably mortifying to an earl,) *that the princess had already refused one to my lord* ———.

By the way, you know that reverend head of the law is frequently shut up here with my lady ————, who is as rich, and as tipsy, as

[1] Mr. Walpole called his gold-fish pond, Poyang.

[2] The earl of Halifax.

Cacafogo in the comedy. What a jumble of avarice, * * * * * * * *, dignity,—and claret?

You will be pleased with a story of lord Bury,[1] that is come from Scotland: he is quartered at Inverness: the magistrates invited him to an entertainment with fire-works, which they intended to give on the morrow for the duke's birth-day. He thanked them, assured them he would represent their zeal to his royal highness; but he did not doubt but it would be more agreeable to him, if they postponed it to the day following, the anniversary of the battle of Culloden. They stared, said they could not promise on their own authority, but would go and consult their body. They returned, told him it was unprecedented, and could not be complied with. Lord Bury replied, he was sorry they had not given a negative at once, for he had mentioned it to his soldiers, who would not bear a disappointment, and was afraid it would provoke them to some outrage upon the town. This did;—they celebrated Culloden.

Adieu! my compliments to Miss Montagu.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER XLIX.

DEAR GEORGE, Twickenham, Thursday

SINCE you give me leave to speak the truth, I must own it is not quite agreeable to me to undertake the commission you give me; nor

[1] Eldest son of William—Anne, earl of Albemarle.

do I say this to assume any merit in having obeyed you, but to prepare you against my solicitation miscarrying, for I cannot flatter myself with having so much interest with Mr. Fox as you think. However, I have wrote to him as pressingly as I could, and wish most heartily it may have any effect. Your brother I imagine will call upon him again; and Mr. Fox will naturally tell him whether he can do it or not at my request.

I should have been very glad of your company, if it had been convenient. You would have found me an absolute country gentleman: I am in the garden, planting as long as it is light, and shall not have finished, to be in London, before the middle of next week.

My compliments to your sisters and to the colonel, and what so poor a man as Hamlet is, may do to express his love and friending to him, God willing shall not lack. Adieu!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER L.

Strawberry-hill, July 20, 1752.

You have threatened me with a messenger from the secretary's office to seize my papers; who would ever have taken you for a prophet? If goody Compton, your colleague, had taken upon her to foretell, there was enough of the witch and prophetess in her person and mysteriousness to have made a superstitious person believe she might be a cousin of Nostradamus, and heiress of some of her visions; but how came you by

second sight? Which of the Cues matched in the highlands? In short, not to keep you in suspence, for I believe you are so far inspired as to be ignorant how your prophecy was to be accomplished, as we were sitting at dinner t'other day, word was brought that one of the king's messengers was at the door. Every drop of ink in my pen ran cold; algernon Sidney danced before my eyes, and methought I heard my lord chief justice Lee, in a voice as dreadful as Jefferies, mumble out, *scribere est agere.* How comfortable it was to find, that Mr. Amyand, who was at table, had ordered this appanage of his dignity to attend him here for orders! However, I have buried the memories under the oak in my garden, where they are to be found a thousand years hence, and taken perhaps for a runic history in rhyme. I have part of another valuable MS. to dispose, which I shall beg leave to commit to your care, and desire it may be concealed behind the wainscot in Mr. Bentley's gothic house, whenever you build it. As the great person is living to whom it belonged, it would be highly dangerous to make it public; as soon as she is in disgrace, I don't know whether it will not be a good way of making court to her successor, to communicate it to the world, as I propose doing under the following title: "The Treasury of Art and Nature, or a collection of inestimable receipts, stolen out of the cabinet of madame de Pompadour, and now first published for the use of his fair countrywomen, by a true born englishman and philomystic."

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So the pretty Miss Bishop,[1] instead of being my niece, is to be Mrs. Bob Brudenel. What foolish birds are turtles, when they have scarce a hole to roost in! Adieu.

[1] Daughter of sir Cecil Bishop.

LETTER LI.

Strawberry-hill, Aug. 28, 1752.

WILL you never have done jigging at Northampton with that old harlotry major C——? Peggy T——— told me, she had sent you a mandate to go thither. Shall I tell you how I found Peggy, that is, not Peggy, but her sister Muscovy? I went, found a bandage upon the knocker, an old woman and child in the hall, and a black boy at the door. Lord, thinks I, this can't be Mrs. ————'s; however Pompey let me up; above were fires blazing, and a good old gentlewoman, whose occupation easily spoke itself to be midwifery: "dear Madam I fancy I should not have come up." "Las-a-day sir, no, I believe not, but I'll step and ask." Immediately out came old F———, looking like an ancient fairy, who has just been uttering a malediction over a new-born prince; and told me forsooth, that madame Muscovy was but just brought to bed, which Peggy T——— soon came and confirmed. I told them, I would write you my adventure. I have not thanked you for your travels, and the violent curiosity you have given me to see Welbeck. Mr. Chute and I have been a progress too, but it was in a land you know full well, the county of Kent. I will only tell you that we broke our necks twenty times to your health, and had a distant glimpse of Hawkhurst from that Sierra Morena, Silver-hill. I have since been with Mr. Conway at Park-place,[1] where I saw the individual, Mr. Cooper, a banker, and lord of the manor of Henley, who had those two extraordinary forfeitures from the executions of the Misses Blandy and Jefferies, two fields from the former, and a malt-house from the latter. I had scarce credited the story, and was pleased to hear it confirmed by the very person; though it was not quite so re-

[1] Mr. Conway's seat.

markable, as it was reported, for both forfeitures were in the same manor.

Mr. Conway has brought lady Ailesbury from Minorca, but originally from Africa, a *Jeribo*: to be sure you know what that is; if you don't, I will tell you, and then I believe you will scarce know any better. It is a composition of a squirrel, a hare, a rat, and a monkey, which altogether looks very like a bird. In short, it is about the size of the first, with much such a head, except that the tip of the nose seems shaved off, and the remains are like a human hare-lip; the ears and its timidity are like a real hare. It has two short little feet before like a rat, but which it never uses for walking, I believe never but to hold its food. The tail is naked like a monkey's, with a tuft of hair at the end; striped black and white in rings. The two hind legs are as long as a G————'s, with feet more like a bird, than any other animal, and upon these it hops so immensely fast and upright, that at a distance you would take it for a large thrush. It lies in cotton, is brisk at night, eats wheat, and never drinks; it would, but drinking is fatal to them. Such is a jeribo!

Have you heard the particulars of the speaker's quarrel with a young officer, who went to him, on his landlord refusing to give his servant the second best bed in the inn? He is a young man of eighteen hundred a year, and passionately fond of the army. The speaker produced the mutiny bill to him. "*Oh sir, said the lad, but there is another act of parliament which perhaps you don't know of?*" The *person of dignity*, as the newspapers call him, then was so ingenious as to harangue on the dangers of a standing army. The boy broke out, "don't tell me of your privileges, what would have become of you and your privileges in the year forty-five, if it had not been for the army?—and pray, why do you fancy I would betray my country? I have as much to lose as you have!" In short, this abominable young Hector treated the speaker's *oracular decisions* with a familiarity, that quite shocks *me* to think of!

The Poemata-Grayo-Bentleiana, or Gray's odes, better illustrated than ever odes were by a Bentley, are in great forwardness, and I trust will appear this winter. I shall tell you one little anecdote about the authors, and conclude. Gray is in love to distraction with a figure of melancholy, which Mr. Bentley has drawn for one of the odes, and told him he must have something of his pencil: Mr. Bentley desired him to choose a subject. He chose *Theodore and Honoria!*—don't mention this, for we are shocked. It is loving Melancholy till it is not strong enough, and he grows to dram with Horror. Good night; my compliments to Miss Montagu: did you receive my recipes?

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER LII.

White's, December 14, 1752.

I SHALL be much obliged to you for the passion flower, notwithstanding it comes out of a garden of Eden, from which Eve, my sister-in-law, long ago gathered passion-fruit. I thank you too for the offer of your Roman correspondences, but you know I have done with virtu, and deal only with the Goths and Vandals.

You ask a very improper person, why my lord[1] H————t re-

[1] On the death of the prince of Wales in 1751, his eldest son, prince George, was committed to the care of the earl of H———t as governor.

signed. My lord C———y says it is the present great arcanum of government, and you know I am quite out of the circle of secrets. The town says, that it was finding S———e is a jacobite; and it says too, that the whigs are very uneasy. My lord E———— says the whigs can't be in danger, for then my lord H———— would not be gone a hunting. Every body is as impatient as you can be, to know the real cause, but I don't find that either lord or bishop[2] are disposed to let the world into the true secret. It is pretty certain that one Mr. C———t has abused both of them without ceremony, and that the solicitor-general[3] told the bishop in plain terms that my lord ———— was a cypher, and was put in to be a cypher: an employment that, considering it is a sinecure, seems to hang unusually long upon their hands. They have so lately quarrelled with poor lord ———— for playing at blindman's buff at Tunbridge, that it will be difficult to give him another place only because he is fit to play at blindman's buff; and yet it is much believed that he will be the governor, and your cousin his successor. I am as improper to tell you why the governor of Nova Scotia is to be at the head of the Independents. I have long thought him one of the greatest dependents, and I assure you I have seen nothing since his return to make me change my opinion. He is too busy in the bedchamber to remember me.

Mr. F——— said nothing about your brother; if the offer was ill-designed from one quarter, I think you may make the refusal of it have its weight in another.

It would be odd to conclude a letter from White's without a bon mot of George Selwyn's; he came in here t'other night, and saw James Jeffries playing at piquet with sir Everard Falkener,

[2] The bishop of Norwich, who was preceptor to prince George.

[3] Mr. Murray, afterwards earl of Mansfield, and lord chief justice of England.

"oh!" says he, "now he is robbing the mail." Good night, when do you come back?

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER LIII.

Strawberry-hill, May 22, 1753.

You may very possibly be set out for Greatworth, but what house Greatworth is, or whose, or how you came to have it, is all a profound secret to us: your transitions are so Pindaric, that without notes, we do not understand them, especially as neither Mr. Bentley nor I have seen any of the letters, which I suppose you have written to your family, in the intervals of your journeyings from sir Jonathan Cope's to Roel, and from Roel to Greatworth. Mr. Bentley was just ready to send you down a packet of gothic, and brick and mortar, and arched windows, and taper columns to be erected at Roel——no such matter, you have met with some brave chambers belonging to sir Jonathan somebody in Northamptonshire, and are unloading your camels and caravans, and pitching your tents among your own tribe. I cannot be quite sorry, for I shall certainly visit you at Greatworth, and it might have been some years before the curtain had drawn up at Roel. We emerge very fast out of shavings and hammerings, and pastings; the painted glass is full blown in every window, and the gorgeous saints, that were brought out for one day on the festival of Saint George Montagu, are fixed for ever in the tabernacles they are to inhabit. The castle is not the only beauty: the garden is at the height of all its sweets; and to-day we had

a glimpse of the sun, as he passed by, though I am convinced the summer is over; for these two last years, we have been forced to compound for five hot days in the pound.

News, there is none to tell you. We have had two days in the house of commons, that had something of the air of parliament; there has been a marriage-bill, invented by my lord B——, and cooked up by the chancellor,[1] which was warmly opposed by the duke of Bedford in the lords, and with us by Fox[2] and Nugent:[3] the latter made an admirable speech last week against it, and Charles Townshend[4] another very good one yesterday, when we sat till near ten o'clock, but were beat, we minority, by 165 to 84.

I know of nothing else but elopements: I have lost my man Henry, who is run away for debt, and my lord B——— his only son, who is run away from thirty thousand pounds a year, which in all probability would have come to him in six months. There had been some great fracas about his marriage; the stories are various on the *Why;* some say his father told Miss N—— that his son was a very worthless young man; others, that the earl could not bring himself to make tolerable settlements; and a third party say, that the countess has blown up a quarrel in order to have his son in her power, and at her mercy. Whatever the cause was, this ingenious young man, who you know has made my lady T—— his everlasting enemy, by repeating her histories of Miss C———h to that *Miss*, of all counsellors in the world, picked out my lady T——— to consult on his domestic grievances: she, with all the goodnature and charity imaginable, immediately advised him to be disinherited. He took her advice, left two dutiful letters for his parents, to notify his disobedience, and went off last Friday night to France.

[1] The earl of Hardwicke.

[2] Henry Fox, afterwards created lord Holland.

[3] Robert Nugent, afterwards created earl Nugent.

[4] Second son of the marquis of Townshend.

The earl is so angry, that he could almost bring himself to give Mr. ——, and twenty other people, their estates again. Good night—here is the Goth, Mr. Bentley, wants to say a word to you.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

DEAR SIR,

I WROTE you a supernumerary letter on Saturday, but as I find you have shifted your quarters, since I heard from you, imagine it may not have reached you yet. If you want to know what made me so assiduous, it was to tell you sir Danvers Osborn has kissed hands for New York, that's all.

I am

Sincerely yours,

B. BENTLEY.

P. S. I wish you would write a line to him mentioning me, that's more.

LETTER LIV.

Strawberry-hill, June 11, 1753.

You will think me very fickle, and that I have but a slight regard to the castle I am building, of my ancestors, when you hear that I have been these last eight days in London amid dust and stinks, instead of

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seringa, roses, battlements and niches; but you, perhaps, recollect that I have another gothic passion, which is for squabbles in the Wittenagemot.[1] I can't say that the contests have run so high in either house, as they have sometimes done in former days; but this age has found out a new method of parliamentary altercations. The commons abuse the barons, and the barons return it; in short, Mr. Fox attacked the chancellor violently on the marriage-bill, and when it was sent back to the lords, the chancellor made the most outrageous invective on Fox that ever was heard. But what offends still more, I don't mean offends Fox more, was the chancellor describing the chief persons, who had opposed his bill in the commons, and giving reason why he *excused* them. As the speaker[2] was in the number of the *excused*, the two maces are ready to come to blows. The town says that Mr. Fox is to be dismissed, but I can scarce think it will go so far.

My lord Cornwallis is made an earl, lord Bristol's sisters have the rank of earl's daughters, Damer is lord Milton in Ireland, and the new lord Barnard is, I hear, to be earl of Darlington.

Poor lady Caroline Brand is dead of a rheumatic fever, and her husband as miserable a man as ever he was a cheerful one: I grieve much for her, and pity him; they were infinitely happy, and lived in the most perfect friendship I ever saw.

You may be assured that I will pay you a visit sometime this summer, though not yet, as I cannot leave my workmen, especially as we have a painter, who paints the paper on the staircase under Mr. Bentley's direction. The armoury bespeaks the ancient chivalry of the lords of the castle; and I have filled Mr. Bentley's gothic lanthorn with painted glass, which casts the most venerable gloom on the stairs that ever was seen since the days of Abelard. The lanthorn itself, in which I have

[1] The name of the Saxon great council, the supposed origin of parliaments.

[2] Arthur Onslow.

stuck a coat of the Veres, is supposed to have come from Castle Henningham. Lord and lady Veres were here t'other day, and called cousins with it, and would very readily have invited it to Hanworth, but her *portuguese* blood has so *blackened* the true stream, that I could not bring myself to offer so fair a gift to their chapel.

I shall only tell you a bon-mot of Keith's, the marriage-broker, and conclude. "G—d d—n the bishops," said he, (I beg Miss Montagu's pardon) "so they will hinder my marrying. Well, let 'em, but I'll be revenged: I'll buy two or three acres of ground, and by G—d, I'll under-bury them all." Adieu.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER LV.

DEAR SIR, Strawberry-hill, July 17, 1753.

You are so kind, that I am peevish with myself for not being able to fix a positive day for being with you; as near as I can guess it will be some of the very first days of the next month: I am engaged to go with lady Ailesbury and Mr. Conway to Stowe, the 28th of this month, if some little business, which I have here, does not prevent me; and from thence I propose to meet Mr. Chute at Greatworth. If this should at all interfere with your schemes, tell me so; especially, I must beg that you would not so far depend on me, as to stay one minute from doing any thing else you like, because it is quite impossible for me to be sure

that I can execute just at the time I propose such agreeable projects. Meeting Mrs. Trevor will be a principal part of my pleasure; but the summer shall certainly not pass, without my seeing you.

You will I am sure be concerned to hear that your favourite, Miss Brown, the pretty catholic, who lived with madame D'Acunha, is dead at Paris, by the ignorance of the physician. Tom H———, who always obliges the town with a quarrel in a dead season, has published a delightful letter to sir William B———y, full of madness and wit. He had given the Dr. a precedent for a clergyman's fighting a duel, and I furnished him with another story of the same kind, that diverted him extremely. A Dr. Suckling, who married a niece of my father, quarrelled with a country squire, who said, "*Doctor, your gown is your protection.*" "*Is it so?*" replied the parson, "*but by God it shall not be yours,*" pulled it off, and thrashed him—I was going to say *damnably*, at least, *divinely*. Do but think, my lord C——— and Tom H——— are both bound to the peace, and are always going to fight together; how comfortable for their sureties!

My lord Pomfret is dead; George Selwyn says, *that my lord A——— is not more glad to get into the parks*, than lord F——— *is to get out of them.* You know he was forced to live in a privileged place.

Jack Hill is dead too, and has dropped about a hundred legacies; a thousand pound to the dowager of Rockingham; as much with all his plate and china to her sister Bel. I don't find that my uncle has got so much as a case of knives and forks: he always paid great court, but Mary Magdalen, my aunt, undid all by scolding the man, and her spouse durst not take his part.

Lady A——— P———'s daughter, is eloped with a country clergyman. The dutchess of A——— harangues against the marriage-bill not taking place immediately, and is persuaded that all the girls will go off before next lady-day.

Before I finish, I must describe to you the manner, in which I overtook monsieur le duc de Mirepoix t'other day, who lives at lord Dunkeron's house at Turnham-green. It was seven o'clock in the evening, of one of the hottest and most dusty days of this summer. He was walking slowly in the *beau milieu* of Brentford town, without any company, but with a brown lap-dog with long ears, two pointers, two pages, three footmen, and a vis-a-vis following him. By the best accounts I can get, he must have been to survey the ground of the battle of Brentford, which I hear he has much studied, and harangues upon.

Adieu! I inclose a World[1] to you, which by a story I shall tell you, I find is called mine. I met Mrs. Clive two nights ago, and told her I had been in the meadows, but would walk no more there, for there was all the world. "*Well,*" says she, "*and don't you like the World? I hear it was very clever last Thursday.*"—All I know is, that you will meet some of your acquaintance there. Good night, with my compliments to Miss Montagu.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER LVI.

Strawberry-hill, Aug. 16, 1753.

Don't you suspect that I have not only forgot the pleasure I had at Greatworth and Wroxton,[2] but the commissions you gave me too? It looks a little ungrateful not to have vented a word of thanks; but I

[1] A periodical paper.

[2] The seat of lord Guildford.

staid to write till I could send you the things, and when I had them, I staid to send them by Mr. Chute, who tells you by to-night's post when he will bring them. The butter-plate is not exactly what you ordered, but I flatter myself you will like it as well. There are a few seeds; more shall follow at the end of the autumn. Besides T—— H——'s letter, I have sent you maps of Oxfordshire and Northamptonshire, having felt the want of them, when I was with you. I found the road to Stowe above twelve miles, very bad, and it took me up two hours and a half: but the formidable idea I conceived of the breakfast and way of life there by no means answered. You was a prophet; it was very agreeable. I am ashamed to tell you that I laughed half an hour yesterday at the sudden death of your new friend sir Harry Danvers, *after a morning's airing*, the news call it; I suspect it was after a negus. I found my garden brown and bare, but these rains have recovered the greenth. You may get your pond ready as soon as you please; the gold fish swarm: Mr. Bentley carried a dozen to town t'other day in a decanter. You would be entertained with our fishing; instead of nets and rods and lines and worms, we use nothing but a pail and a basin and a tea-strainer, which I persuade my neighbours is the Chinese method. Adieu! my best compliments to Miss Montagu.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

P. S. Since writing my letter, I have received your twin dispatches. I am extremely sensible of the honour my lord Guilford does me, and beg you to transmit my gratitude to him: if he is ever at Wroxton when I visit Greatworth, I shall certainly wait upon him and think myself happy in seeing that charming place again. As soon as I go to town, I shall send for Moreland and harbour your wardrobe with great pleasure. I find I must beg your pardon for laughing in the former part of my letter about your baronet's death; but his *wine and water a little warm* had

left such a ridiculous effect upon me, that even his death could not efface it. Good night.

Mr. Miller told me at Stowe, that the chimney-piece (I think from Steane) was he believed at Banbury, but he did not know exactly. If it lies in your way to inquire, on so vague a direction, will you? Mr. Chute may bring me a sketch of it.

LETTER LVII.

Arlington-street, Dec. 6, 1753.

I HAVE at last found a moment to answer your letter; a possession of which, I think, I have not been master these ten days. You must know that I have an uncle dead; a sort of event that could not possibly have been disagreeable to me, let his name have been what it would; and to make it still less unpleasant, here am I one of the heirs at law to a man worth thirty thousand pounds. One of the heirs you must construe, one of five. In short, my uncle Erasmus is dead, and I think at last we may depend on his having made no will. If a will should appear, we are but where we were; if it does not, it is not uncomfortable to have a little sum of money drop out of the clouds, to which one has as much right as any body, for which one has no obligation and paid no flattery. This death and the circumstances have made extreme noise, but they are of an extent impossible to tell you within the compass of any letter, and I will not raise your curiosity when I cannot satisfy it, but by a narration, which I must reserve till I see you. The only event I know besides within this atmosphere, is the death of lord Burlington, who, I have just heard, has

left every thing in his power to his relict. I tell you nothing of jew bills and jew motions, for I dare to say you have long been as weary of the words as I am. The only point that keeps up any attention, is expectation of a mail from Ireland, from whence we have heard, by a side wind, that the court have lost a question by six; you may imagine one wants to know more of this.

The opera is indifferent; the first man has a finer voice than Monticelli, but knows not what to do with it. Ancient Visconti does so much with her's that it is intolerable. There is a new play of Glover's, in which Boadicea the heroine rants as much as Visconti screams; but happily you hear no more of her after the end of the third act, till in the last scene somebody brings a card with her compliments, and she is very sorry she cannot wait upon you, but she is dead. Then there is a scene between lord Sussex and lord Cathcart, two captives, which is most incredibly absurd; but yet the parts are so well acted, the dresses so fine, and two or three scenes pleasing enough, that it is worth seeing.

There are new young lords, fresh and fresh: two of them are much in vogue; lord Huntingdon and lord Stormont. I supped with them t'other night at lady Caroline Petersham's;[1] the latter is most cried up; but he is more reserved, seems sly, and to have sense; but I should not think extreme: yet it is not fair to judge on a silent man at first. The other is very lively and very agreeable. This is the state of the town you inquire after, and which you do inquire after as one does after Mr. Somebody that one used to see at Mr. Such-a-one's formerly: do you never intend to know more of us? or do you intend to leave me to wither upon the hands of the town, like Charles Stanhope and Mrs. Dunch? My cotemporaries seem to be all retiring to their proprieties. If I must too, positively I will go no farther than Strawberry-hill! You are very good to lament *our* gold fish: their whole history consists in their being stolen *à deux reprises*, the very week after I came to town.

[1] Daughter of the duke of Grafton.

Mr. B. is where he was, and well, and now and then makes me as happy as I can be, having lost him, with a charming drawing. We don't talk of his abode, for the Hecate his wife endeavours to discover it. Adieu! my best compliments to Miss Montagu.

I am,

Most truly yours,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER LVIII.

Arlington-street, March 19, 1754.

You *will* live in the country; and then you are amazed that people use you ill. Don't mistake me: I don't mean that you deserve to be ill-treated for living in the country; at least only by those who love and miss you; but if you inhabited the town a little, you would not quite so much expect uprightness, nor be so surprised at ingratitude and neglect. I am far from disposed to justify the great Cû; but when you had declined being *his* servant, do you wonder, that he will not serve *your* friends! I will tell you what, if the news of to-day holds at all, which is what no one piece of news of this last fortnight has done, you may be worse used by your cousin as soon as you please, for he is one of the first upon the list, for secretary of state, in the room of the duke of Newcastle. Now again are you such a rusticated animal as to suppose, that the duke is dismissed for inability, on the death of his brother. So far from it, it is already certainly known, that it was he who supported Mr. Pelham, and the impediments and rubs, thrown in the way of absolute power long ago, were the effects of the latter's timidity and irresolution. The duke, freed from that clog, has declared

himself sole minister, and the ——— has kissed his hand upon it. Mr. Fox, who was the only man in England that objected to this plan, is to be sent to a prison, which is building on the coast of Sussex, after the model of Fort l'Eveque, under the direction of Mr. T——e.

Harry Legge is to be chancellor of the exchequer; but the declared favour rests on lord Duplin.[1] Sir George Lyttleton is to be treasurer of the navy. The parliament is to be dissolved on the fourth of next month, till when, I suppose none of the changes will take place. These are the politics of the day; but as they are a little fluctuating, notwithstanding the steadiness of the new first minister, I will not answer that they will hold true to Greatworth: nothing lasts now but the bad weather.

I went two days ago, with lady Ailesbury, and Mr. Conway, and Miss Anne, to hear the rehearsal of Mrs. Clive's new farce, which is very droll, with very pretty music.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER LX.

Arlington-street, May 21, 1754.

I DID not intend to write to you till after Thursday, when all your Boscawens, Rices, and Trevors are to dine at Strawberry-hill; but an event has happened, of which I cannot delay giving you the instant

[1] Son of the earl of Kinnoul.

pleasurable notice: now will you, according to your custom, be guessing; and according to your custom, guessing wrong; but lest you should from my spirits make any undutiful or disloyal conjectures for me, know, that the great Cû[1] of the vine is dead, and that John the first was yesterday proclaimed undoubted monarch. Nay, champion Dimmock himself shall cut the throat of any Tracy, Atkins, or Harrison, who shall dare to gainsay the legality of his title. In short, there is no more will, than was left by the late Erasmus Shorter of particular memory.

I consulted madam Rice, and she advised my directing to you at Mrs. Whettenhall's; to whom I beg as many compliments as if she wrote herself "*La blanche Whitnell.*" As many to your sister Harriot and to your brother, who I hear is with you.

I am sure, though both you and I had reason to be peevish with the poor Tigress, that you grieve with me for her death. I do most sincerely, and for her Bessy; the man Tiger will be so sorry, that I am sure he will marry again to comfort himself. I am so tired with letters I have written on this event, that I can scarce hold the pen. How we shall wish for you on Thursday—*and shan't you be proud to cock your tail at the Vine?* Adieu.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

[1] Mr. Chute.

LETTER LXI.

Strawberry-hill, Saturday, June 8, 1754.

By my computation you are about returned to Greatworth: I was so afraid of my letters missing you on the road, that I deferred till now telling you how much pleasure I shall have in seeing you and the colonel at Strawberry. I have long been mortified that for these three years you have seen it only in winter: it is now in the heighth of its greenth, blueth, gloomth, honey-suckle, and seringahood. I have no engagement till Wednesday se'nnight, when I am obliged to be in town on law business. You will have this to-morrow night; if I receive a letter, which I beg you will direct to London, on Tuesday or Wednesday, I will meet you here whatever day you will be so good as to appoint. I thank the colonel a thousand times, I cannot write a word more, for I am getting into the chaise to whisk to the Vine for two days, but shall be in town on Tuesday night. Adieu.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER LXII.

Strawberry-hill, June 29, 1754.

I shall take care to send your letter the first time I write to Mr. Bentley. It is above a fortnight since I heard from him. I am much disappointed at not having seen you yet; I love you should execute your intentions, while you intend them, because you are a little apt to

alter your mind, and as I have set mine on your seeing Strawberry-hill this summer, while it is in its beauty, you will really mortify me by changing your purpose.

It is in vain that you ask for news: I was in town two days ago but heard nothing; indeed, there were not people enough either to cause or make news. Lady Caroline Petersham had scraped together a few foreigners, after her christening; but I cannot say that the party was much livelier than if it had met at Madame Montandres'. You must let me know a little beforehand, when you have fixed your time for coming, because, as I am towards flying about on my summer expeditions, I should be unhappy not to be here just when you would like it. Adieu.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

P. S. I supped at White's the other night with the great Cû, and he was by far more gracious, both on your topic and my own, than ever I knew him.

LETTER LXIII.

Strawberry-hill, Aug. 29, 1754.

You may be sure that I shall always be glad to see you whenever you like to come hither, but I cannot help being sorry that you are determined not to like the place, nor to let the colonel like it; a conclusion I may very justly make, when I think for these four years you have contrived to visit it only when there is not a leaf upon the trees.

Villas are generally designed for summer: you are the single person, who think they look best in winter. You have still a more unlucky thought; which is, to visit the Vine in October. When I saw it in the middle of summer, it was excessively damp; you will find it a little difficult to persuade me to accompany you thither on stilts, and I believe Mr. Chute will not be quite happy that you prefer that season; but for this I cannot answer at present, for he is at Mr. Morris's in Cornwall. I shall expect you and the colonel here at the time you appoint. I engage for no farther, unless it is a very fine season indeed. I beg my compliments to Miss Montagu, and am,

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER LXIV.

Arlington-street, Nov. 16, 1754.

You are overgood to me, my dear sir, in giving yourself the trouble of telling me you was content with Strawberry-hill. I will not however tell you, that I am content with your being there, till you have seen it, in all its greenth and blueth. Alas! I am sorry I cannot insist upon as much with the colonel.

Mr. Chute I believe was so pleased with the tenebræ in his own chapel, that he has fairly buried himself in it. I have not even had so much as a burial card from him since.

The town is as full as I believe you thought the room was at your

ball at Waldershare. I hear of nothing but the parts and merit of lord North. Nothing has happened yet, but sure so many *english* people cannot be assembled long without committing something extraordinary!

I have seen and conversed with our old friend Cope; I find him grown very old; I fear he finds me so too; at least as old as I ever intend to be. I find him very grave too, which I believe he does not find me.

Solomon and Hesther, as my lady T—— calls Mr. Pelham and lady Hesther Grenville, espouse one another to day. I know nothing more but a new fashion which my lady H——— has brought from Paris. It is a tin funnel covered with green ribbon, and holds water, which the ladies wear to keep their bouquets fresh. I fear lady C——— and some others will catch frequent colds and sore throats with overturning this reservoir.

A propos, there is a match certainly in agitation, which has very little of either Solomon or Hesther in it. You will be sorry when I tell you, that lord W——— certainly dis-Solomon's himself with the D——. Adieu, my dear sir, I congratulate Miss Montagu on her good health, and am

Ever yours,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER LXV.

Arlington-street, Jan. 7, 1755.

I IMAGINED by your letter the colonel[1] was in town, and was shocked at not having been to wait on him; upon inquiry, I find he is not; and now, can conceive how he came to tell you, that the town has been entertained with a paper of mine; I send it you, to shew you that this is one of the many fabulous histories, which have been spread in such quantities, and without foundation.

I shall take care of your letter to Mr. Bentley. Mr. Chute is at the Vine, or I know he would, as I do, beg his compliments to Miss Montagu. You do not wish me joy on the approaching nuptials of Mr. H——s and our Miss Anne. He is so amorous, that whenever he sits by her, (and he cannot stand by her) my lady T———, by a very happy expression, says, *he is always setting his dress.* Have you heard of a countess Chamfelt, a Bohemian, rich and hideous, who is arrived here, and is under the protection of lady —— ———? She has a great facility at languages, and has already learned, *d—n you, and kiss me*; I beg her pardon, I believe she never uses the former, but upon miscarriage of the latter: in short, as Doddington says, she has had the honour of performing at most courts in Europe. Adieu!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

[1] Charles Montagu, brother to Mr. Montagu.

LETTER LXVI.

Arlington-street, May 4, as they call it, but the weather and the almanack of my feelings affirm it is December.

I WILL answer your questions as well as I can, though I must do it shortly, for I write in a sort of hurry.

Osborn could not find lord Cutts, but I have discovered another, in an auction, for which I shall bid for you. Mr. Müntz[1] has been at Strawberry these three weeks, tight at work, so your picture is little advanced, but as soon as he returns it shall be finished. I have chosen the marbles for your tomb; but you told me you had agreed on the price, which your steward now says I was to settle. Mr. Bentley still waits the conclusion of the session, before he can come amongst us again: every thing has passed with great secrecy: one would think the devil was afraid of being tried for his life, for he has not even directed madame Bentley to the Old Bailey. Mr. Mann does not mend, but how should he in such weather?

We wait with impatience for news from Minorca. Here is a prince of Nassau Welbourg, who wants to marry princess Caroline of Orange; he is well-looking enough, but a little too tame to cope with such blood. He is established at the duke of Richmond's with a large train, for two months. He was last night at a great ball at my lady T———, whose Audrey will certainly get lord G—— L———. George Selwyn t'other night, seeing lady Euston with lady —— ————, said, "there's my lady Euston, and my lady *us'd to't.*" Adieu!

Yours ever,

[I inclose you a print of the arms.] HOR. WALPOLE.

[1] A painter, recommended to Mr. Walpole by Mr. Bentley.

LETTER LXVII.

Arlington-street, May 13, 1755.

It is very satisfactory to me, to hear that Miss Montagu was pleased with the day she passed at Strawberry-hill; but does not it silently reproach you, who will never see it but in winter?—Does she not assure you that there are leaves, and flowers, and verdure? And why will you not believe, that with those additions, it might look pretty, and might make you some small amends for a day or two purloined from Great-worth? I wish you would visit it, when in its beauty, and while it is mine! You will not, I flatter myself, like it so well, when it belongs to the *Intendant* of Twickenham, when a cockle-shell walk is made across the lawn, and every thing without doors is made regular, and every thing *riant* and modern; for this must be its fate! Whether its next master is already on board the Brest fleet, I do not pretend to say; but I scarce think it worth my while to dispose of it by my will, as I have some apprehensions of living to see it granted away *de par le Roy*. My lady Hervey dined there yesterday with the Rochfords. I told her, that as she is just going to France, I was unwilling to let her see it, for if she should like it, she would desire mademoiselle, with whom she lives, to beg it for her. Adieu!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER LXVIII.

May 19.

It is on the stroke of eleven, and I have but time to tell you that the king of Prussia has gained the greatest victory[1] that ever was, except the

[1] On the banks of the Moldaw near Prague.

arch-angel Michael's—king Frederick has only demolished the dragoness. He attacked her army in a strong camp on the 6th; suffered in the beginning of the action much, but took it, with all the tents, baggage, &c. &c. two hundred and fifty pieces of cannon, six thousand prisoners, and they say Prague since. The Austrians have not stopped yet; if you see any man scamper by your house, you may venture to lay hold on him, though he should be a Pandour. Marshal Schwerin was killed. Good night.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER LXIX.

Strawberry-hill, July 17, 1755.

HAVING done with building and planting, I have taken to farming; the first fruits of my proficience in that science I offer to you, and have taken the liberty to send you a couple of cheeses. If you will give yourself the trouble to inquire at Brackley for the coach, which set out this morning, you will receive a box and a roll of paper. The latter does not contain a cheese, only a receipt for making them. We have taken so little of the French fleet, that I fear none of it will come to my share, or I would have sent you part of the spoils. I have nothing more to send you, but a new ballad, which my lord Bath has made on this place; you remember the old burden of it, and the last lines allude to Billy Bristowe's having fallen in love with it—

1.

Some talk of Gunnersbury,
For Sion some declare;
And some say, that with Chiswick house,
No villa can compare.

But all the beaux of Middlesex,
Who know the country well,
Say that Strawb'ry-hill, that Strawberry,
Does bear away the bell.

2.

Though Surrey boast its Oatlands,
And Claremont kept so gim;
And though they talk of Southcote's,
It's but a dainty whim.
For ask the gallant Bristow,
Who does in taste excel,
If Srawb'ry-hill, if Strawberry
Don't bear away the bell,

I am a little pleased to send you this, to shew you, that in summer we are a little pretty, though you will never look at us but in our ugliness. My best compliments to Miss Montagu, and my service to whatever baronet breakfasts with you on négus. Have you heard that poor lady Browne is so unfortunate as to have lost her last daughter; and that Mrs. Barnett is so lucky as to have lost her mother-in-law, and is baroness Dacre of the South? I met the great Cû t'other day, and he asked me if I ever heard from you; that he never did: I told him that I did not neither; did not I say true?

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER LXX.

Strawberry-hill, July 26, 1755.

WHO would not turn farmer, when their very first essay turns to so good account? Seriously, I am quite pleased with the success of my mystery, and infinitely obliged to you for the kind things you say about my picture. You must thank Mrs. Whetenhall too for her prepossession about my cheeses; I fear a real manufacturer of milk at Strawberry-hill, would not have answered quite so well as our old commodities of paint and copper-plates.

I am happy for the recovery of Miss Montagu, and the tranquillity you must feel after so terrible a season of apprehension. Make my compliments to her, and if you can be honest on so tender a topic, tell her, that she will always be in danger, while you shut her up in Northamptonshire, and that with her delicate constitution she ought to live nearer friends and help; and I know of no spot so healthy or convenient for both, as the county of Twicks.

[1] Charles Townshend is to be married next month; as the lady had a very bad husband before, she has chosen prudently, and has settled herself in a family of the best sort of people in the world, who will think of nothing but making her happy. I don't know whether the bridegroom won't be afraid of getting her any more children, lest it should prejudice those she has already! they are a wonderful set of people for goodnatured considerations!

You know, to be sure, that Mr. Humberston is dead, and your neighbouring Brackley likely to return under the dominion of its old masters. [2] Lady Dysart is dead too.

[1] Son of viscount Townshend, married lady Dalkeith, daughter of the duke of Argyll.

[2] Daughter of the earl of Granville.

Mr. Chute is at the Vine. Your poor Cliquetis is still a banished man. I have a scheme for bringing him back, but can get Mrs. Tisiphone into no kind of terms, and without tying her up from running him into new debts, it is in vain to recover him.

I believe the declaration of war has been stopped at the Custom-house, for one hears nothing of it. You see I am very paragraphical, and in reality have nothing to say; so good night!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER LXXI.

MY DEAR SIR, Arlington-street, October 7, 1755.

NOBODY living feels more for you than I do: nobody knows better either the goodness and tenderness of your heart, or the real value of the person you have lost. I cannot flatter myself that any thing I could say would comfort you under an affliction so well founded; but I should have set out and endeavoured to share your concern, if Mrs. Trevor had not told me that you were going into Cheshire. I will only say, that if you think change of place can contribute at all to divert your melancholy, you know where you would be most welcome, and whenever you will come to Strawberry-hill, you will at least, if you do not find a comforter, find a most sincere friend that pities your distress, and would do any thing upon earth to alleviate your misfortune. If you can listen yet to any advice, let me recommend to you, to give up all thoughts of Greatworth; you will never be able to support life there any

more: let me look out for some little box for you in my neighbourhood. You can live no where, where you will be more beloved; and you will there always have it in your power to enjoy company or solitude, as you like. I have long wished to get you so far back into the world; and now it is become absolutely necessary for your health and peace. I will say no more, lest too long a letter should be either troublesome, or make you think it necessary to answer; but do not, till you find it more agreeable to vent your grief this way, than in any other.

I am, my good sir,

With hearty concern and affection,

Yours most sincerely,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER LXXII.

MY DEAR SIR, Strawberry-hill, November 8, 1755.

You oblige me extremely by giving me this commission; and though I am exceedingly unlike Solomon in every thing else, I will at least resemble him in remembering you to the Hiram, from whom I obtained my cedars of Libanus. He is by men called Christopher Gray, nurseryman at Fulham. I mention cedars first, because they are the most beautiful of the evergreen race, and because they are the dearest; half a guinea a-piece in baskets. The arbutus are scarce a crown a-piece, but they are very beautiful; the lignum-vitæ I would not recommend to you; they stink abominably if you touch them, and never make a handsome tree: the chinese arbor-vitæ is very beautiful. I have a small nursery myself,

scarce bigger than *one of those pleasant gardens* which Solomon describes, and which if his *fair one* meant *the church*, I suppose must have meant the *church-yard*. Well, out of this little *parsley-bed* of mine, I can furnish you with a few plants, particularly three chinese arbor-vitæs, a dozen of the New England or lord Weymouth's pine, which is that beautiful tree, that we have so much admired at the duke of Argyle's for its clean straight stem, the lightness of its hairy green, and for being feathered quite to the ground; they should stand in a moist soil, and care must be taken every year to clear away all plants and trees round them, that they may have free air and room to expand themselves. Besides these I shall send you twelve stone or italian pines, twelve pinasters, twelve black spruce firs, two Caroline cherries, thirty evergreen cytisus, a pretty shrub that grows very fast, and may be cut down as you please; fifty spanish brooms, and six acacias, the genteelest tree of all, but you must take care to plant them in a first row, and where they will be well sheltered, for the least wind tears and breaks them to pieces. All these are ready, whenever you will give me directions, how, and where to send them. They are exceedingly small, as I have but lately taken to propagate myself; but then they will travel more safely, will be more sure of living, and will grow faster than larger. Other sorts of evergreens, that you must have, are silver and scotch firs; Virginia cedars, which should stand forwards and have nothing touch them; and above all cypresses, which, I think, are my chief passion; there is nothing so picturesque, where they stand two or three in a clump, upon a little hillock, or rising above low shrubs, and particularly near buildings. There is another bit of picture, of which I am fond, and that is a larch or a spruce fir planted behind a weeping willow, and shooting upwards as the willow depends. I think for courts about a house, or winter gardens, almond trees mixed with evergreens, particularly with scotch firs, have a pretty effect, before any thing else comes out; whereas almond trees, being generally planted among other trees, and being in bloom before other trees have leaves, have no ground to shew the beauty of their blossoms. Gray at Fulham sells cypresses in pots at half a crown a-piece; you turn them out of the pot with all their mould, and they never fail. I

think this is all you mean; if you have any more garden-questions or commissions, you know you command my little knowledge.

I am grieved that you have still any complaints left. Dissipation, in my opinion, will be the best receipt; and I do not speak merely for my own sake, when I tell you, how much I wish to have you keep your resolution of coming to town before Christmas. I am still more pleased with the promise you make to Strawberry, which you have never seen in its green coat, since it cut its teeth. I am here all alone, and shall stay till Tuesday, the day after the birth-day. On Thursday begins our warfare, and, if we may believe signs and tokens, our winter will be warlike; I mean at home, I have not much faith in the invasion. Her royal highness[1] and his royal highness[2] are likely to come to an open rupture.

His grace of ———, who, I think, has gone under every nick-name, waits I believe to see to which he will cling.

There have been two Worlds by my lord Chesterfield lately, very pretty, the rest very indifferent.

I beg my best compliments to Mrs. Whetenhall, and am, with great wishes for your health and tranquillity,

Yours most sincerely,

HOR. WALPOLE.

[1] The princess dowager.
[2] The duke of Cumberland.

LETTER LXXIII.

Arlington-street, November 25, 1755.

I HAVE been so hurried since I came to town, and so inclosed in the house of commons, that I have not been able to write a line sooner. I now write, to notify that your plants will set out according to your direction next Monday, and are ordered to be left at Namptwich.

I differ with the doctors about planting evergreens in spring; if it happens to be wet weather, it may be better than exposing them to a first winter; but the cold dry winds, that generally prevail in spring, are ten times more pernicious. In my own opinion, the end of September is the best season, for then they shoot before the hard weather comes. But the plants I send you are so very small, that they are equally secure in any season, and would bear removing in the middle of summer; a handful of dung will clothe them all for the whole winter.

There is a most dreadful account of an earthquake in Lisbon, but several people will not believe it. There have been lately such earthquakes and waterquakes, and rocks rent, and other strange phenomena, that one would think the world exceedingly out of repair. I am not prophet enough to believe that such convulsions relate solely to the struggles between Mr. Pitt and Mr. Fox, or even portend any between the Georges and James's. You have already heard, I suppose, that Pitt, Legge, and George Grenville, are dismissed, and that sir George Lyttleton is chancellor of the exchequer. My lord T—— says that sir G—— L—— said he would quit his place when they did, and that he has kept his word! The world expects your cousin to resign; but I believe all efforts are used to retain him. *Joan, the fair maid of Saxe-Gotha*, did not speak to Mr. Fox or sir George, when they kissed her hand last Sunday. No more places are vacated or filled up yet.

It is an age since I have heard from Mr. Bentley; the war, or the weather, have interrupted all communication. Adieu! let me know, at your leisure, when one is likely to see you.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER LXXIV.

Arlington-street, December 20, 1755.

I AM very much pleased that you are content with what are to be trees a thousand years hence, though they were the best my Libanus afforded. I was afraid you would think I had sent you a bundle of pick-tooths, instead of pines and firs; may you live to chat under their shade! I am still more pleased to hear that you are to be happy in some good fortune to the colonel: he deserves it; but, alas! what a claim is that! Whatever makes him happy, makes you so, and consequently me.

A regular opposition, composed of immense abilities, has entertained us for this month. George Grenville, Legge, a Dr. Hay, a Mr. Elliot, have shone; Charles Townshend lightened, Pitt has rode in the whirlwind, and directed the storm with abilities beyond the common reach of the genii of a tempest. As soon as that storm has a little spent its fury, the dew of preferments begins to fall and fatten the land. Moses and Aaron differ indeed a little, in which shall dispense the manna, and both struggle for their separate tribes. Earl Gower is privy seal, the lords Darlington and Duplin joint paymasters, lord Gage paymaster of the pensions, Mr. O'Brien in the treasury. That old rag of a dish-clout ministry, ——— ———, is to be the other lord. Lord Bateman and

Dick Edgecumbe[1] are the new admirals; Rigby, Soame Jennings, and Talbot the welsh judge, lords of trade; the duke of Leeds cofferer, lord Sandwich chief justice in Eyre, Ellis and lord ——— (*autre* dish-clout) divide the half of the treasury of Ireland, George Selwyn paymaster of the board of works, Arundel is to have a pension in Ireland, and lord Hilsborough succeeds him as treasurer of the chambers, though I thought he was as fond of his white staff as my lord Hobart will be, who is to have it. There, if you love new politics! You understand, to make these vacancies, that Charles Townshend and John Pitt are added to the dismissed and dead!

My lord Townshend is dying; the young lord Pembroke marries the charming lady Betty Spenser.[2] The french are thought to have *passed Eldest* as to England, and to intend *to take in* Hanover * * * * * * * * * * * Adieu! I have sent your letter; make my compliments, and come to town.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER LXXV.

Arlington-street, Dec. 30, 1755.

As I know how much you are my friend and take part in my joy, I cannot help communicating to you an incident, that has given much pleasure. You know how much I love Mr. Mann—well, I won't enter into that, nor into a detail of many hardships, that he has suffered lately,

[1] Lord Edgecumbe.

[2] Daughter of the duke of Marlborough.

which made me still more eager to serve him. As some regiments have been just given away, I cast my eyes about to see if I could not help him to clothing. Among the rest, there was one new colonel, whom I could not assume enough to call my friend, but who is much connected with one that is so. As the time passed, I did not stay to go round about, but addressed myself directly to the person himself—but I was disappointed—the disaster was, that he had left his quarters and was come to town. Though I immediately gave it up in my own mind, knew how incessantly he would be pressed from much more powerful quarters, concluded he would be engaged, I wrote again; that letter was as useless as the first, and from what reason do you think? Why this person, in spite of all solicitations, nay previous to any, had already thought of Mr. Mann, had recollected it would oblige me and my friend in the country, and had actually given his clothing to Mr. Mann, before he received either of my letters. Judge how agreeably I have been surprised, and how much the manner has added to my obligation! You will be still more pleased, when you hear the character of this officer, which I tell you willingly, because I know you country gentlemen are apt to contract prejudices, and to fancy that no virtues grow out of your own shire; yet by this one sample, you will find them connected with several circumstances, that are apt to nip their growth. He is of as good a family, as any in England, yet in this whole transaction, he has treated me with as much humility, as if I was of as good a family, and as if I had obliged him, not he me. In the next place, I have no power to oblige him; then, though he is young and in the army, he is as good, as temperate, as meek, as if he was a curate on preferment; and yet with all these meek virtues, nobody has distinguished themselves by more personal bravery—and what is still more to his praise, though he has so greatly established his courage, he is as regular in his duty, and submits as patiently to all the tedious exiles and fatigues of it, as if he had no merit at all—but I will say no more, lest you imagine that the present warmth of my gratitude makes me exaggerate.—No, you will not, when you know that all I have said relates to your own brother, colonel Charles Montagu. I did not think he could have added still to

my satisfaction; but he has, by giving me hopes of seeing you in town next week—till then adieu! Yours as entirely, as is consistent with my devotedness to your brother.

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER LXXVI.

Arlington-street, April 20, 1756.

YOUR steward called on me just as I was going to keep my Newmarket at Strawberry-hill; he promised to leave me the direction to the statuary, but as I have not heard from him, I wish you would send it me.

The cold and the wet have driven me back to London, empty London! where we are more afraid of the deluge than of the invasion. The French are said to be sailed for Minorca, which I hold to be a good omen of their not coming hither; for if they took England, Port-Mahon, I should think, would scarcely hold out.

Pray don't die, like a country body, because it is the fashion for gentlefolks to die in London; it is the bon ton now to die; one can't shew one's face without being a death's head. Mrs. Bethel and I are come strangely into fashion; but true critics in mode object to our having underjaws, and maintain that we are not dead *comme il faut*. The young lady Exeter[1] died almost suddenly, and has handsomely confirmed her father's will, by leaving her money to her lord only for his life, and then to Th. Townshend. Sir William Lowther has made a

[1] Daughter and heir of Horatio, son of the first viscount Townshend.

charming will and been as generous at his death, as he was in his short life; he has left thirteen legacies of five thousand pounds each to friends; of which you know by sight, Reynolds, Mrs. Brudenel's son, and young Turner. He has given seventeen hundred pounds a year; that is, I suppose, seventeen hundred pounds to old Mrs. Lowther—what an odd circumstance!, a woman passing an hundred years to receive a legacy from a man of twenty-seven: after her it goes to lord George Cavendish. Six hundred pounds per year he gives to another Mrs. Lowther, to be divided afterwards between lord Frederick and lord John. Lord Charles, his uncle, is residuary legatee. But what do you think of young Mr. James Lowther, who not of age becomes master of one or two and forty thousand pounds a year. England will become a heptarchy, the property of six or seven people! The duke of B——d is fallen to be not above the fourth rich man in the island.

Poor lord Digby is likely to escape happily at last, after being cut for the stone, and bearing the preparation and execution, with such heroism, that waking with the noise of the surgeons, he asked if that was to be the day? "yes;" "how soon will they be ready?" "not for some time:" "then let me sleep till they are." He was cut by a new instrument of Hawkins, which reduces an age of torture to but one minute.

The duke had appeared in form on the causeway in Hyde-park with my lady ———; it is the new office, where all lovers now are entered. How happy she must be with Billy and Bully! I hope she will not mistake, and call the former by the nickname of the latter. At a great supper, t'other night at lord Hertford's, if she was not the best humoured creature in the world, I should have made her angry; she said in a very vulgar accent, if she drank any more, she should be *muckibus*;—"Lord!" said lady Mary C——, "what is that?" "Oh! it is Irish for *sentimental*."

There is a new Morocco embassador, who declares for lady C—— P——, preferably to lady C——. Lady C—— P—— says he is the best bred of all the foreign ministers, and at one dinner said more obliging

things than Mirepoix[1] did during his whole embassy. He is so fashionable that George Selwyn says he is sure my lady —— will ogle him instead of Haslang.

I shall send you soon the fruits of my last party to Strawberry; Dick Edgcumbe, George Selwyn, and Williams were with me; we composed a coat of arms for the two clubs at Whites, which is actually engraving from a very pretty painting of Edgcumbe, whom Mr. Chute, as Strawberry king at arms, has appointed our chief herald painter; here is the blazon;

Vert (for card table) between three paroli's proper, on a chevron table (for hazard table) two rouleaus in saltire between two dice, proper in a canton, sable, a white ball (for election) argent.

Supporters. An old knave of *clubs*, on the dexter; a young knave on the sinister side, both accoutred proper.

Crest. Issuing out of an earl's coronet (lord D——) an arm shaking a dice box, all proper.

Motto. (Alluding to the crest) *cogit amor nummi.* The arms incircled by a claret bottle ticket, by way of order.

By the time I hope to see you at Strawberry-hill, there will be a second volume of the Horatiana ready for the press; or a full and true account of the bloody civil wars of the house of Walpole, being a narrative of the unhappy differences between Horatio and Horace Walpoles; in short, the old ——, who aspires to be one of the heptarchy, and who I think will live as long as old Mrs. Lowther, has accomplished such a scene of abominable avarice and dirt, that I, notwithstanding my desire to veil the miscarriages of my race, have been obliged to drag him and all his doings into light—but I won't anticipate. Adieu! Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

[1] Duc de Mirepoix, french embassador.

LETTER LXXVII.

May 12.

Don't imagine I write to you for any thing but form; there is nothing like news, except the Prussian victories, which you see in the papers: by next courier we expect he will send us at least a leg or an arm of the empress queen.

Our domestic politics are far from settled. The king is gone to Kensington, and when any ministry can be formed, it is to be sent after him. The parliament draggles on, till any two of the factions can unite.

I have not got my tickets yet, but will certainly reserve what you want. Adieu!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER LXXVIII.

Arlington-street, May 19, 1756.

Nothing will be more agreeable to me than to see you at Strawberry-hill; the weather does not seem to be of my mind, and will not invite you.—I believe the french have taken the sun. Among other captures, I hear the king has taken another english mistress, a Mrs. Pope, who took her degrees in gallantry some years ago. She went to Versailles with the famous Mrs. Quon; the king took notice of them; he was told they were not so rigid as *all* other english women are—mind, I don't give you any part of this history for authentic; you know we can have no news from

France, but what we run. I have rambled so, that I forgot what I intended to say; if ever we can have spring, it must be soon; I propose to expect you any day you please after Sunday-sen'night, the 30th; let me know your resolution, and pray tell me in what magazine is the Strawberry ballad? I should have proposed an earlier day to you, but next week the prince of Nassau is to breakfast at Strawberry-hill, and I know your aversion to clashing with grandeur.

As I have already told you one mob story of a king, I will tell you another; *they say*, that the night the Hanover troops were voted, *he* sent * * * * * for his German cook, and said, "get me a very good supper; get me all de varieties; I don't mind expence."

I tremble lest his Hanoverians should be encamped at Hounslow; Strawberry would become an inn, all the misses would breakfast there, to go and see the camp!

My lord D———h is going to marry a fortune, I forget her name: my lord G———s asked him how long the honey-moon would last? he replied, "don't tell me of the honey-moon; it is harvest moon with me." Adieu!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER LXXIX.

June 18.

THE two drawings of the vine and strawberry, which you desired, are done and packed up in a box; tell me how I must send them. The confusion about the ministry is not yet settled; at least it was not at noon to day; but, for fear that confusion should ever finish, all the three factions are likely to come into place together. Poor Mr. Chute has had another bad fit; he took the air yesterday for the first time. I came to town but last night, and return to my *chateau* this evening, knowing nothing but that we are on the crisis of battles and ministries.

Adieu!

HOR. WALPOLE.

P.S. I just hear that your cousin Halifax has resigned, on Pitt's not letting him be secretary of state for the West Indies.

LETTER LXXX.

Strawberry-hill, July 12, 1756.

WHEN I have told you that Mr. Müntz has finished the drapery of your picture, and the copy of it, and asked you whither and how they must be sent, I think I have done all the business of my letter; except telling you, that if you think of conveying them through Moreland, he is

gone a soldiering. All the world is going the same road, except Mr. Müntz, who had rather be knocked of the head for fame, than paint for it. He goes to-morrow to Kingston, to see the great drum pass by to Cobham, as women go to take a last look of their captains. The duke of Marlborough and his grandfather's triumphal car are to close the procession. What would his grandame, if she were alive, say to this pageant? if the war lasts, I think well enough of him to believe he will earn a sprig, but I have no passion for trying on a crown of laurel, before I had acquired it. The French are said to be embarked at Dunkirk—lest I should seem to know more than any minister, I will not pretend to guess whither they are bound. I have been but one night in town, and my head sung ballads about admiral Byng all night, as one is apt to dream of the masquerade minuet: the sheets swarm so with lampoons, that I began to fancy myself a minister's son again.

I am going to-morrow to Park-place; and the first week in August into Yorkshire. If I hear that you are at Greatworth, that is, if you will disclose your motions to me for the first fortnight of that month, I will try if I cannot make it in my road either going or coming. I know nothing of roads, but lord Strafford is to send me a route, and I should be glad to ask you how you do for one night—but don't expect me, don't be disappointed about me, and of all things don't let so uncertain a scheme derange the least thing in the world that you have to do.

There are going to be as many camps and little armies, as when England was a heptarchy. Adieu.

Yours faithfully,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER LXXXI.

Arlington-street, August 28, 1756.

As you were so kind as to interest yourself about the issue of my journey, I can tell you that I did get to Strawberry on Wednesday night, but it was half an hour past ten first—besides floods the whole day, I had twenty accidents with my chaise, and once saw one of the postillions with the wheel upon his body; he came off with making his nose bleed. My castle, like a little ark, is surrounded with many waters, and yesterday morning I saw the Blues wade half way up their horses through Teddington-lane.

There is nothing new but what the pamphlet shops produce; however it is pleasant to have a new point or ballad every day—I never had an aversion to living in a *Fronde*. The inclosed cards are the freshest treason; the portraits by G——e T——d are droll—the other is a dull obscure thing as can be. The Worlds are by Lord Chesterfield on decorum, and by a friend of yours and mine, who sent it before he went to Jersey; but this is a secret: they neglected it till now, so preferable to hundreds they have published—I suppose Mr. Moore finds, what every body else has found long, that he is a-ground. I saw Lovel to-day; he is very far advanced, and executes to perfection; you will be quite satisfied; I am not discontent with my own design, now I see how well it succeeds. It will certainly be finished by Michaelmas, at which time I told him he might depend on his money, and he seemed fully satisfied. My compliments to your brother, and adieu.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER LXXXII.

Strawberry-hill, October 14, 1756.

I SHALL certainly not bid for the chariot for you; do you estimate an old dowager's new machine but at ten pound? you could scarce have valued herself at less! it is appraised here at fifty. There are no family pictures but such as you might buy at any sale, that is, there are three portraits without names. If you had offered ten pounds for a set of P——m's, perhaps I should not have thought you had underpriced them.

You bid me give you some account of myself; I can in a very few words: I am quite alone; in the morning I view a new pond I am making for gold fish, and stick in a few shrubs or trees, wherever I can find a space, which is very rare: in the evening I scribble a little; all this mixed with reading; that is, I can't say I read much, but I pick up a good deal of reading. The only thing I have done that can compose a paragraph, and which I think you are whig enough to forgive me, is, that on each side of my bed I have hung MAGNA CHARTA, and the warrant for king Charles's execution, on which I have written Major Charta, as I believe without the latter, the former by this time would be of very little importance. You will ask where Mr. Bentley is; confined with five sick infantas, who live in spite of the epidemic distemper, and as if they were infantas, and in bed himself with a fever and the same sore throat, though he sends me word he mends.

The king of Prussia has sent us over a victory, which is very kind, as we are not likely to get any of our own—not even by the secret expedition, which you apprehend, and which I believe still less than I did the invasion—perhaps indeed there may be another port on the coast of France, which we hope to discover, as we did one in the last war. By degrees, and somehow or other, I believe, we shall be fully acquainted

with France. I saw the German letter you mention, think it very mischievous, and very well written for the purpose.

You talk of being better than you have been for many months; pray, which months were they, and what was the matter with you? Don't send me your fancies; I shall neither pity nor comfort you. You are perfectly well, and always were ever since I knew you, which is now—— I won't say how long, but within this century. Thank God you have good health, and don't call it names.

John and I are just going to Garrick's with a grove of cypresses in our hands, like the Kentish men at the conquest. He has built a temple to his master Shakspeare, and I am going to adorn the outside, since his modesty would not let me decorate it within, as I proposed, with these mottoes:—

Quod spiro et placeo, si placeo, tuum est.

That I spirit have and nature,
That sense breathes in ev'ry feature,
That I please, if please I do,
Shakspeare, all I owe to you.

Adieu;

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER LXXXIII.

Twickenham, Monday.

You are desired to have business to hinder you from going to Northampton, and you are desired to have none to hinder you from coming to

Twickenham. The autumn is in great beauty; my lord R——'s baby houses lay eggs every day, and promises new swarms; Mrs. C——r ——, but don't lay, and the neighbouring dowagers order their visiting coaches before sunset—can you resist such a landscape? only send me a line that I may be sure to be ready for you, for I go to London now and then to buy coals.

I believe there cannot be a word of truth in lord G——'s going to Berlin; by the clumsiness of the thought, I should take it for ministerial wit—and so, and so.

The Twickenham Alabouches say that L—— is to marry the eldest Pelhamine infanta; he loves a minister's daughter—I shall not wonder if he intends it, but can the parents! Mr. Conway mentioned nothing to me but of the prisoners of the last battle, and I hope it extends no farther, but I vow I don't see why it should not. Adieu!

LETTER LXXXIV.

Arlington-street, Oct. 28, 1756.

CAN you recommend one a first minister? We want one so much, that we do not insist upon his having a character from his last place: there will be good vails.—But I forget; one ought to condole with you; the duke of Newcastle is your cousin, and as I know by experience how much one loves one's relations, I sympathize with you! But, alas! all first ministers are mortal; and, as sir Jonathan Swift said, crowned heads and cane heads, good heads and no heads at all, may all come to disgrace. My father, *who had no capacity*, and the duke of Newcastle, *who has so much*, have equally experienced the mutability of this world. Well-a-day, well-a-day! his grace is gone! He has bid adieu

to courts, retires to a hermitage, and will let his beard grow as long as his ———.

And so you are surprised! and the next question you will ask will be, who succeeds? Truly that used to be a question the easiest in the world to be resolved upon change of ministers. It is now the most unanswerable. I can only tell you that all the atoms are dancing, and as atoms always do, I suppose, will range themselves into the most durable system imaginable.

Beyond the past hour I know not a syllable; a good deal of the preceding hours—a volume would not contain it. There is some notion that the duke of B——— and your cousin Halifax are to be the secretaries of state—as Witwoud says, they will sputter at one another like roasted apples.

The dutchess of Hamilton has brought her beauty to London at the only instant when it will not make a crowd. I believe we should scarce stare at the king of Prussia, so much are we engrossed by this ministerial ferment.

I have been this morning to see your monument; it is not put together, but the parts are admirably executed: there is a helmet that would tempt one to enlist. The inscription suits wonderfully, but I have overruled the gold letters, which not only are not lasting, but would not do at all, as they are to be cut in statuary marble. I have given him the arms, which certainly should be in colours: but a shield for your sister's would be barbarous tautology. You see how arbitrary I am, as you gave me leave to be.

Adieu!

Ever yours,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER LXXXV.

Arlington-street, Nov. 6, 1756.

After an interministerium of seventeen days, Mr. Pitt has this morning accepted the government as secretary of state; the duke of Newcastle and Mr. Fox being both excluded. The duke of Devonshire is to be at the head of the treasury; the chancellor[1] retires, the seals to be in commission. Remnants of both administrations must be preserved, as Mr. Pitt has not wherewithal to fill a quarter of their employments. Did you ever expect to see a time when he would not have cousins enough? It will take some days to adjust all that is to follow. You see that unless Mr. Pitt joins with either Fox or Newcastle, his ministry cannot last six months; I would bet that the *lightness* of the latter emerged first. George Selwyn, hearing some people at Arthur's t'other night lamenting the distracted state of the country, joined in the discourse with the whites of his eyes and his prim mouth, and fetching a deep sigh, said, "yes, to be sure it is terrible! there is the duke of Newcastle's faction, and there is Fox's faction, and there is Leicester house! between two factions and one faction we are torn to pieces!"

Thank you for your exchequer-ward wishes for me; but I am apt to think that I have enough from thence already: don't think my horns and hoofs are growing, when I profess indifference to my interest. Disinterestedness is no merit in me; it happens to be my passion. It certainly is not impossible that your two young lords may appear in the new system. Mr. Williams is just come from his niece, lady North's, and commends her husband exceedingly. He tells me that the plump countess is in terrors lest lord C——— should get a divorce from his wife, and lord B——— should marry her—'tis a well-imagined panic!

[1] Lord Hardwicke.

Mr. Mann,[1] I trust, does not grow worse; I wish I could think he mended. Mr. B. is sitting in his chimney corner literally with five girls; I expect him to meet me to-morrow at Strawberry. As no provision is made for the great Cû in this new arrangement, it is impossible but he may pout a little. My best compliments to your brothers and sisters. Adieu; will this find you at Greatworth?

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER LXXXVI.

Arlington-street, November 25, 1756.

You must tell me what or whose the verses are, that you demand; I know of none. I could send you reams of *tests*, *contests*, and such stupid papers, and bushels of more stupid cards. I know of nothing good; nor of any news, but that the committee of creations is not closed yet. Mr. O'Brien was yesterday created Irish earl of Thomond. Mr. Pitt is to be wrapped up in flannel, and brought to town to-morrow to see King George the second; and I believe, to dissolve the new ministry, rather than to cement it. Mr. Fox has commenced hostilities, and has got the borough of Stockbridge from under Dr. Hay, one of the new admiralty; this enrages extremely the new ministers, who having neither members nor boroughs enough, will probably recur to their only resource, popularity.

[1] Galfridus Mann, brother to sir Horace Mann, the envoy at Florence.

I am exceedingly obliged to the colonel, but is that new? to whom am I so much obliged. I will not trouble him with any commissions: the little money I have I am learning to save: the times give one a hint, that one may have occasion for it.

I beg my best compliments to Mr. and Mrs. Wetenhall, and Mr. John Montagu. Don't you wish me joy of my lord Hertford's having the garter! it makes me very happy. Adieu.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER LXXXVII.

May 27, 1757.

I HAVE ticketted you with numbers 5832, 58322, 58323, 58324, 58325, 58326; I think you bespoke six. I do not send them by the post, unless you order it; but I have writ your name on each, lest in case of accident, my executors should put them into my auction, for which you are so impatient, and then you would have to buy them over again.

I am glad you like Xoho; I think every body does, which is strange, considering it has no merit but truth. Mrs. Clive cried out like you, "Lord! you will be sent to the tower!" "Well," said I coolly, "my father was there before me."

Lord Abercorn's picture is extremely like; he seems by the Vandyke habit to be got back into his own times; but nothing is finished yet, except the head.

[1] "A Letter from XOHO, a Chinese Philosopher at London, to his friend Lien Chi at Peking." Vide appendix.

You will be diverted with a health which my lady T—— gave at supper with the P—— t'other night; "'tis a health you will all like," she said—"well! what is it?"—"the three *P's*"—the boy coloured up to the eyes—after keeping them in suspense some time, she named, Pitt, Peace and Plenty. The princess has given Home, the author of Douglas, an hundred a year. Prince and princess Edward continue to entertain themselves and Ranelagh every night.

I wish your brother and all heirs to estates joy, for old Shutz is dead, and cannot wriggle himself into any more wills.

The ministry is not yet hatched; the king of Prussia is conquering the world, Mr. Chute has some murmurs of the gout; and I am

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER LXXXVIII.

Arlington-street, June 2, 1757.

THE ministry is to be settled to day; there are different accounts how: some say, that the duke of N——— is to take orders and to have the reversion of the bishoprick of Winchester; that Mr. Pitt is to have a regiment and to go serve in Germany with the duke; that Mr. Fox is to have sir William Irby's place, and be chamberlain to the princess; that my lord Bute is to be divorced and marry princess E———; and that my lord Darlington is to be first minister. Others say, that the duke of Newcastle is to be sole minister, having broken with Mr. Pitt, that sir Th. Robinson is to be again secretary of state, sir George Lee chancellor

of the exchequer, and Mr. Fox paymaster, but with no place in the cabinet, nor any power. I believe the duke himself has said this; but as I think the former establishment would be the less ridiculous of the two, I intend to believe that.

I send you your tickets and a curious new print. The blue riband in the corner, and the line that explains it, but leaves it still in the dark, makes much noise. I choose to think it my lord L———; for having a tenderness for royalties, I will not suppose, as most do, that it points higher. The rest are certainly admirable: the times are very entertaining; one cannot complain that no wit is stirring, as one used to do. I never thought I should feel glad for the death of poor Mr. Pelham; but really it has opened such scenes of amusement, that I begin to bear it better than I did.

I rejoice to hear that your brother is accommodated, though not by my means. The duke of B——— might have reflected, that what I asked was a very trifle, or that I should never have asked it; nay, that if I could have asked a favour of consequence, I should not have applied to himself, but to those who govern him; to the dutchess ————: . . . .

I certainly am glad of rain, but could wish it was boiled a little over the sun first: Mr. Bentley calls this the *hard summer*, and says he is forced to buy his fine weather at Newcastle. Adieu.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

P. S. Pray acknowledge the receipt of your tickets. I don't know how you came not to see the advertisements of Xoho, which have been in continually; four editions were published in twelve days.

LETTER LXXXIX.

Strawberry-hill, July 16, 1757.

You do me justice in believing that I enjoy your satisfaction; I do heartily, and particularly on this point: you know how often I have wished this reconciliation: indeed you have taken the handsomest manner of doing it; and it has been accepted handsomely. I always had a good opinion of your cousin, and I am not apt to throw about my esteem lightly. He has ever behaved with sense and dignity, and this country has more obligations to him than to most men living.

The weather has been so hot, and we are so unused to it, that nobody knew how to behave themselves; even Mr. Bentley has done shivering.

Elzevirianum opens to day, you shall taste its first fruits. I find people have a notion that it is very mysterious—they don't know how I should abhor to profane Strawberry-hill with politics! Adieu.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER XC.

Strawberry-hill, Thursday, 17.

I only write you a line to tell you, that as you mention Miss Montagu's being well and alone, if she could like to accompany the colonel[1]

[1] Mr. Montagu's brother.

and you to Strawberry-hill and the Vine, the seneschalls of those castles will be very proud to see her. I am sorry to be forced to say any thing civil in a letter to you; you deserve nothing but ill usage for disappointing us so often, but we stay till we have got you into our power, and then——why then, I am afraid we shall still be what I have been so long,

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER XCI.

Strawberry-hill, August 4, 1757.

I SHALL to-morrow deliver to your agentess, Mrs. Moreland—something—to send you.

The duke[1] is beaten by the French; he and his family are safe; I know no more particulars—if I did, I should say as I have just said to Mr. Chute, I am too busy about *something*, to have time to write them. Adieu.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

[1] Duke of Cumberland in the affair at Hastenbeck.

LETTER XCII.

Strawberry-hill, August 25, 1757.

I DID not know that you expected the pleasure of seeing the colonel so soon. It is plain that *I* did *not* solicit leave of absence for him; make him my many compliments. I should have been happy to have seen you and Mr. John, but must not regret it, as you were so agreeably prevented. You are very particular, I can tell you, in liking Gray's Odes—but you must remember that the age likes Akenside, and did like Thomson! can the same people like both? Milton was forced to wait till the world had done admiring Quarles. Cambridge told me t'other night that my lord Chesterfield had heard Stanley read them, as his own, but that must have been a mistake of my lord's deafness. Cambridge said, "perhaps they are Stanleys; and not caring to own them, he gave them to Gray." I think this would hurt Gray's dignity ten times more than his poetry not succeeding. My humble share as his printer has been more favourably received. We proceed soberly. I must give you account of less amusements *des eaux de Straberri*. T'other day my lady Rochford,[1] lady Townshend,[2] Miss Bland, and the knight of the garter dined here, and were carried into the printing-office, and were to see the man print. There were some lines ready placed, which he took off; I gave them to lady Townshend; here they are—

The press speaks:

From me wits and poets their glory obtain;
Without me their wit and their verses were vain.
Stop, Townshend, and let me but paint what you say;
You, the fame I on others bestow, will repay.

[1] Daughter of Edward Young, esq.
[2] Daughter of Edward Harrison, esq.

They then asked, as I foresaw, to see the man compose; I gave him four lines out of the Fair Penitent, which he set; but while he went to place them in the press, I made them look at something else without their observing, and in an instant he whipped away, what he had just set, and to their great surprise, when they expected to see *were ye, ye fair*, he presented to my lady Rochford the following lines:—

The press speaks:

In vain from your properest name you have flown,
And exchanged lovely Cupid's for Hymen's dull throne;
By my art shall your beauties be constantly sung,
And in spite of yourself you shall ever be *young*.

You may imagine, whatever the poetry was, that the gallantry of it succeeded. Poor Mr. Bentley has been at the extremity with a fever, and inflammation in his bowels; but is so well recovered that Mr. Müntz is gone to fetch him hither to day. I don't guess what sight I have to come in Hampshire, unless it is Abbotstone. I am pretty sure I have none to come at the Vine, where I have done advising, as I see Mr. Chute will never execute any thing. The very altar-piece that I sent for to Italy is not placed yet. But when he could refrain from making the gothic Columbarium for his family, which I propose, and Mr. Bentley had drawn so divinely, it is not probable he should do any thing else. Adieu!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER XCIII.

Strawberry-hill, Sept. 8, 1757.

How I laughed at your picture of the shrine of Notre Dame de Straberri, and of the vows hung up there! I little thought that when I converted my castle into a printing-office, the next transformation would be into an hospital for the *filles repenties* from Mrs. Naylor's and lady ———'s. You will treat the inclosed I trust with a little more respect; not for the sake of the hero, but of the poet. The poet, poor soul, has had a relapse, but is again recovering.

As I know no earthly history, you must accept the sonnet as if it was written into my letter; and therefore, supposing this the end of the third page, I bid you good night.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER XCIV.

MY DEAR SIR, Arlington-street, Sept. 20.

I HAVE been roving about Hampshire with Mr. Chute, and did not receive your very kind note till yesterday, or I should certainly not have deferred a moment to thank you for it, and to express my great concern for Miss Montagu's bad health. You do me justice when you reckon on my feeling most sincerely for you: but let me ask why you will not bring her to town? She might not only have more variety of assistance,

but it would be some relief to you: it must be dreadful, with your tenderness and feeling, to have nobody to share and divert your uneasiness.

I did not, till on the road the day before yesterday, hear the catastrophe of poor sir John Bland, with the execrable villany, or, what our ancestors would have called, the *humours* of Taaffe. I am extremely sorry for Bland! he was very good-natured and generous and well-bred; but never was such infatuation: I can call it by no term but *flirting* away his fortune and his life; he seemed to have no passion for play while he did it, nor sensibility when it ruined him; but I fear he had both! What judgements the good people in the city (I mean the *good* in their own style, monied) will construe upon White's, when two of the most remarkable members have dispatched themselves in nine months!

I shall be most sincerely glad to receive another letter to tell me that Miss Montagu mends: you have both my most hearty wishes.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER XCV.

Arlington-street, Oct. 18, 1757.

You never begged news at a worse time; for though I should tell you much, I have neither time nor inclination. This sounds brusque, but I will explain it. With regard to the expedition, I am so far easy about Mr. C—— that he will appear with great honour, but it is not pleasant to hear him complicated with others in the mean time. He cannot speak till forced. In short, there are twenty delicacies not for a letter. The

big event is, the duke's resignation. He is not so patient as Mr. C. under unmerited reproach, and has thrown up every thing, regiment and all. You and I wish for a Fronde, but I don't expect one. At worst it will produce *memoires de la Fronde*. I rejoice that all your family is well, and beg my compliments to them. For this time you must excuse a very short letter; I am only in town for this evening to meet Mr. C. and I snatch a moment that you might not think me neglectful of you, which I certainly never will be. Adieu!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER XCVI.

Sunday evening.

I LEAVE Mr. Müntz in commission to do the honours of Strawberry to you: if he succeeds well, will you be troubled with him in your chaise to London on Wednesday?

He will tell you the history of queen Mab being attacked—not in her virtue, but in her very palace:—if all this does not fill up the evening, and you should have no engagement to your aunt Crosby, or to your grandmother, you know how welcome you will be at Clivden. Adieu.

LETTER XCVII.

Dec. 23, 1757.

You, who have always cultivated rather than stifled tender sensations, well know how to feel for me, who have at last lost my dear friend, Mr. Mann, not unexpectedly certainly; but I never could find that one grew indifferent to what pains, as one does to what pleases one! With all my consciousness of having been more obliged to your brother than I could possibly deserve, I think I should have trespassed on his kindness and have asked him to continue his favours to Mr. Mann's son and brother, if I had not known that he was good beyond doubt: it is just necessary for me, as transferring my friendship to the family, to tell you, that if the contrary should be insinuated, they do continue the business.

Had I any thing to tell you it would be unpardonable in me to communicate my grief to you and neglect your entertainment; but Mr. Pitt's gout has *laid up* the nation; we adjourn to-morrow for the holidays, and have not had a single division. Mr. Pitt, Mr. Fox, France and the king of Prussia will not leave us idle much longer. Adieu! I am most unaffectedly grieved, and most unfeignedly yours,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER XCVIII.

Arlington-street, May 4, 1758.

You are the first person, I believe, that ever thought of a swiss transcribing welsh, unless, like some commentator on the scriptures, you have discovered great affinity between those languages, and that both are dia-

lects of the phœnician. I have desired your brother to call here to-day, and to help us in adjusting the inscriptions. I can find no lady Cutts in your pedigree, and till I do, cannot accommodate her with a coronet.

My book is marvellously in fashion, to my great astonishment. I did not expect so much truth and such notions of liberty would have made their fortune in this our day. I am preparing an edition for publication, and then I must expect to be a little less civilly treated. My lord C——d tells every body that he subscribes to all my opinions; but this mortifies me about as much as the rest flatter me; I cannot, because it is my own case, forget how many foolish books he has diverted himself with commending. The most extraordinary thing I have heard about mine is, that it being talked of at lord Arran's table, doctor King, the doctor King of Oxford, said of the passage on my father; "it is very modest, very genteel; and VERY TRUE." I asked my lady Cardigan[1] if she would forgive my making free with her grandmother;[2] she replied very sensibly, "I am sure she would not have hindered any body from writing against me; why should I be angry at any writing against her?"

The history promised you of Dr. Brown is this. Sir Charles W—— had written an answer to his first silly volume of the Estimate,[3] chiefly before he came over, but finished while he was confined at Kensington. Brown had lately lodged in the same house, not mad now, though he has been so formerly, The landlady told sir Charles, and offered to make affidavit that Dr. Brown was the most profane curser and swearer that ever came into her house. Before I proceed in my history, I will tell you another anecdote of this great performer: one of his antipathies is the opera, yet the only time I ever saw him was in last *Passion-week* singing the *romish stabat mater* with the *Mingotti* behind a harpsichord at a great concert at my lady Carlisle's; well—in a great apprehension

[1] Daughter of the duke of Montagu.

[2] Sarah dutchess of Marlborough.

[3] Estimate of the Manners of the Times.

of sir Charles divulging the story of his swearing, Brown went to Dodsley in a most scurrilous and hectoring manner, threatening Dodsley if he should publish any thing personal against him; abusing sir Charles for a coward and most abandoned man, and bidding Dodsley tell the latter that he had a cousin in the army, who would call sir Charles to account for any reflections on him, Brown. Stay; this christian message from a divine, who by the way has a chapter in his book against duelling, is not all: Dodsley refused to carry any such message, unless in writing. The doctor, enough in his senses to know the consequences of this, refused; and at last a short verbal message, more decently worded, was agreed on. To this sir Charles made Dodsley write down this answer; "that he could not but be surprised at Brown's message, after that, he sir Charles had at Ranby's desire sent Brown a written assurance that he intended to say nothing personal of him—nay nor should yet, unless Brown's impertinence made it necessary." This proper reply Dodsley sent: Brown wrote back, that he should send an answer to sir Charles himself; but bid Dodsley take notice, that printing the works of a supposed lunatic, might be imputed to the printer himself, and which he, the said Dr. should *chastise*. Dodsley, after notifying this new and unprovoked insolence to me, Fox and Garrick, the one, friend of sir Charles, the other of Brown, returned a very proper, decent, yet firm answer, with assurances of *repaying chastisement* of any sort. Is it credible? this audacious man sent only a card back, saying "*footman's language I never return*, J. Brown." You know how decent, humble, inoffensive a creature Dodsley is, how little apt to forget or disguise his having been a footman! but there is no exaggerating this behaviour by reflections! On the same card he tells Dodsley that he cannot now accept, but returns his present of the two last volumes of his collection of poems, and assures him that they are not soiled by the reading. But the best picture of him is his own second volume, which beats all the Scaligers and Scioppius's for vanity and insolent impertinence. What is delightful; in the first volume he had deified Warburton, but the success of that trumpery has made Warburton jealous, and occasioned a coolness—but enough of this jackanapes.

Your brother has been here, and as he is to go to-morrow, and the pedigree is not quite finished, and as you will be impatient, and as it is impossible for us to transcribe welsh, which we cannot read, without your assistance, who don't understand it neither, we have determined that the colonel should carry the pedigree to you; you will examine it and bring it with you to Strawberry, where it can be finished under your own eye, better than it is possible to do without. Adieu: I have not writ so long a letter this age.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER XCIX.

Strawberry-hill, July 6, 1758.

You may believe I was thoroughly disappointed in not seeing you here, as I expected. I grieve for the reason, and wish you had told me that your brother was quite recovered. Must I give you over for the summer? sure you are in my debt.

That regiments are going to Germany is certain; which, except the Blues, I know not. Of all secrets I am not in any Irish ones. I hope for your sake, your colonel[1] is not of the number; but how can you talk in the manner you do of prince Ferdinand? Don't you know that next to Mr. Pitt and Mr. Delaval, he is the most fashionable man in England? Have not the tower guns, and all the parsons in London, been ordered to pray for him? You have lived in Northamptonshire till you

[1] Mr. Montagu's brother.

are ignorant that Hanover is in Middlesex, as the bishop's palace at Chelsea is in the diocese of Winchester. In hopes that you will grow better acquainted with your own country, I remain

Your affected,

HORATIUS VALPOLHAUSEN.

LETTER C.

Strawberry-hill, Aug. 20, 1758.

AFTER some silence, one might take the opportunity of Cherbourg[1] and Louisbourg,[2] to revive a little correspondence with popular topics; but I think you are no violent politician, and I am full as little so; I will therefore tell you of what I of course care more, and I am willing to presume you do too; that is, myself. I have been journeying much since I heard from you: first to the Vine, where I was greatly pleased with the alterations; the garden is quite beautified and the house dignified. We went over to the Grange, that sweet house of my lord Keeper's, that you saw too. The pictures are very good, and I was particularly pleased with the procession, which you were told was by Rubens, but is certainly Vandyke's sketch for part of that great work, that he was to have executed in the banquetting-house. You did not tell me of a very fine Holbein, a woman, who was evidently some princess of the white rose.

[1] About the middle of this month general Bligh had landed with an army on the coast of France, near Cherbourg, destroyed the bason, harbour, and forts of that place, and reimbarked his troops without loss.

[2] Alluding to the surrender of Louisbourg and the whole island of Cape Breton on the coast of North America to general Amherst and admiral Boscawen.

I am just now returned from Ragley, which has had a great deal done to it since I was there last. Browne has improved both the ground and the water, though not quite to perfection. This is the case of the house; where there are no striking faults, but it wants a few Chute or Bentley touches. I have recommended some dignifying of the saloon with Seymours and Fitzroys, Henry the eighths, and Charles the seconds. They will correspond well to the proudest situation imaginable. I have already dragged some ancestors out of the dust there, written their names on their portraits; besides which, I have found and brought up to have repaired an incomparable picture of Van Helmont by sir Peter Lely.—But now for recoveries—think what I have in part recovered! Only the state papers, private letters, &c. &c. of the two lords Conway, secretaries of state. How you will rejoice and how you will grieve! They seem to have laid up every scrap of paper they ever had, from the middle of queen Elizabeth's reign to the middle of Charles the second's. By the accounts of the family there were whole rooms full; all which, during the absence of the last and the minority of the present lord, were, by the ignorance of a steward, consigned to the oven and to the uses of the house. What remained, except one box that was kept till almost rotten in a cupboard, were thrown loose into the lumber room, where, spread on the pavement, they supported old marbles and screens and boxes. From thence I have dragged all I could, and have literally, taking altogether, brought away a chest near five feet long, three wide and two deep, brim full. Half are bills, another part rotten, another gnawed by rats; yet I have already found enough to repay my trouble and curiosity, not enough to satisfy it. I will only tell you of three letters of the great Strafford, and three long ones of news of Mr. Gerrard, master of the Charter-house; all six written on paper edged with green, like modern french paper. There are handwritings of every body, all their seals perfect, and the ribands with which they tied their letters. The original proclamations of Charles the first, signed by the privy council, a letter to king James from his son-in-law of Bohemia, with his seal, and many, very many letters of negociation from the earl of Bristol in Spain, sir Dudley Carleton, lord Chi-

chester and sir Thomas Roe.—What say you? will not here be food for the *press*?

I have picked up a little painted glass too, and have got a promise of some old statues, lately dug up, which formerly adorned the cathedral of Litchfield. You see I continue to labour in my vocation, of which I can give you a comical instance:—I remembered a rose in painted glass in a little village going to Ragley, which I remarked passing by five years ago; told Mr. Conway on which hand it would be, and found it in the very spot. I saw a very good and perfect tomb at Alcester of sir Fulke Greville's father and mother, and a wretched old house with a very handsome gateway of stone at Colton, belonging to sir Robert Throckmorton. There is nothing else tolerable but twenty-two coats of the matches of the family in painted glass.—You cannot imagine how astonished a Mr. Seward a learned clergyman was, who came to Ragley while I was there. Strolling about the house, he saw me first sitting on the pavement of the lumber room with Louis, all over cobwebs and dirt and mortar; then found me in his own room on a ladder writing on a picture; and half an hour afterwards lying on the grass in the court with the dogs and the children, in my slippers and without my hat. He had had some doubt whether I was the painter or the factotum of the family; but you would have died at his surprise when he saw me walk into dinner dressed and sit by lady Hertford. Lord Lyttleton was there, and the conversation turned on literature: finding me not quite ignorant added to the parson's wonder; but he could not contain himself any longer, when after dinner he saw me go to romps and jumping with the two boys; he broke out to my lady Hertford, and begged to know who and what sort of man I really was, for he had never met with any thing of the kind. Adieu.

Yours ever.

LETTER CI.

Arlington-street, Oct. 3, 1758.

HAVING no news to send you, but the massacre of St. Cas,[1] not agreeable enough for a letter, I staid till I had something to send you, and behold a book! I have delivered to portly old Richard, your ancient nurse, the new produce of the Strawberry press. You know that the wife of Bath is gone to maunder at St. Peter, and before he could hobble to the gate, my lady ———— cursing and blaspheming, overtook t'other countess, and both together made such an uproar, that the cock flew up into the tree of life for safety, and St. Peter himself turned the key and hid himself; and as nobody could get into t'other world, half the guards are come back again, and appeared in the park to-day, but such dismal ghostly figures, that my lady T——— was really frightened, and is again likely to turn methodist.

Do you design, or do you not, to look at Strawberry as you come to town? if you do, I will send a card to my neighbour, Mrs. Holman, to meet you any day five weeks that you please—or I can amuse you without cards; such fat bits of your *dear dad*, old Jemmy, as I have found among the Conway papers, such morsels of all sorts! but come and see. Adieu!

[1] The army, that took the town of Cherbourg, landed again on the coast of France near St. Malo's, but was forced to reimbark in the bay of St. Cas with the loss of a thousand men.

LETTER CII.

Arlington-street, October 24, 1758.

I AM a little sorry that my preface, like the show-cloth to a sight, entertained you more than the bears that it invited you in to see. I don't mean that I am not glad to have written any thing, that meets your approbation, but if lord Whitworth's work is not better than my preface, I fear he has much less merit than I thought he had.

Your complaint of your eyes makes me feel for you: mine have been very weak again, and I am taking the bark, which did them so much service last year. I don't know how to give up the employment of them, I mean reading; for as to writing, I am absolutely winding up my bottom, for twenty reasons. The first, and perhaps the best, I have writ enough —the next; by what I have writ, the world thinks I am not a fool, which was just what I wished them to think, having always lived in terror of that oracular saying, Ηρωων παιδες λωβοι, which Mr. Bentley translated with so much more parts than the vain and malicious *hero* could have done, that set him the task,—I mean his father, *the sons of heroes are loobies.* My last reason is, I find my little stock of reputation very troublesome, both to maintain and to undergo the consequences—it has dipped me in erudite correspondences—I receive letters every week, that compliment my learning—now as there is nothing I hold so cheap as a learned man, except an unlearned one, this title is insupportable to me; if I have not a care, I shall be called learned, till somebody abuses me for not being learned, as they, not I, fancied I was. In short, I propose to have nothing more to do with the world, but divert myself in it as an obscure passenger—pleasure, virtû, politics, and literature, I have tried them all, and have had enough of them. Content and tranquillity, with now and then a little of three of them, that I may not grow morose, shall satisfy the rest of a life that is to have much idleness, and I hope a

little goodness; for politics—a long adieu! With some of the cardinal de Retz's experience, though with none of his genius, I see the folly of taking a violent part without any view (I don't mean to commend a violent part with a view, that is still worse); I leave the state to be scrambled for by Mazarine, at once cowardly and enterprising, ostentatious, jealous and false; by Louvois, rash and dark; by Colbert the affector of national interest, with designs not much better; and I leave the abbé de la Rigbiere to sell the weak duke of Orleans, to whoever has money to buy him, or would buy him to get money—at least these are my present reflections—if I should change them to-morrow, remember, I am not only a human creature, but that I am I, that is, one of the weakest of human creatures, and so sensible of my fickleness, that I am sometimes inclined to keep a diary of my mind, as people do of the weather. To-day you see it temperate, to-morrow it may again blow politics and be stormy—for while I have so much quicksilver left, I fear my passionometer will be susceptible of sudden changes. What do years give one? Experience; experience what? Reflections; reflections, what? nothing that I ever could find—nor can I well agree with Waller that

> The soul's dark cottage batter'd and decay'd,
> Lets in new light thro' chinks that time has made.

Chinks I am afraid there are, but instead of new light, I find nothing but darkness visible, that serves only to discover sights of woe. I look back through my chinks—I find errors, follies, faults; forward, old age and death, pleasures fleeting from me, no virtues succeeding to their place—*il faut avouer*, I want all my quicksilver to make such a background receive any other objects!

I am glad Mr. Frederick Montagu thinks so well of me, as to be sure I shall be glad to see him without an invitation. For you, I had already perceived that you would not come to Strawberry this year. Adieu

LETTER CIII.

Arlington-street, Nov. 26, 1758.

How can you make me formal excuses for sending me a few covers to frank? Have you so little right to any act of friendship from me, that you should apologize for making me do what is scarce any act at all? However, your man has not called for the covers, though they have been ready this fortnight.

I shall be very glad to see your brother in town, but I cannot quite take him in full of payment. I trust you will stay the longer for coming the later.

There is not a syllable of news. The parliament is met, but empty and totally oppositionless. Your great Cu moved in the lords, but did not shine much. The great Cu of all Cues is out of order, not in danger, but certainly breaking.

My eyes are performing such a strict quarantine, that you must excuse my brevity. Adieu!

LETTER CIV.

Arlington-street, Dec. 26, 1758.

It is so little extraordinary to find you doing what is friendly and obliging, that one don't take half notice enough of it. Can't you let

Mr. Conway[1] go to Sluys without taking notice of it? How would you be hurt, if he continued to be oppressed? what is it to you whether I am glad or sorry? Can't you enjoy yourself whether I am happy or not? I suppose if I were to have a misfortune, you would immediately be concerned at it! How troublesome it is to have you sincere and good-natured! Do be a little more like the rest of the world.

I have been at Strawberry these three days, and don't know a tittle. The last thing I heard before I went was that colonel ——— is going to be married to one or both of the Miss Crasteyn's, nieces of the rich grocer that died three years ago. They have two hundred and sixty thousand pounds a-piece. A marchioness ——— or a grocer—nothing comes amiss to the digestion of that family. If the rest of the trunk was filled with money, I believe they would really marry Carafattatouadaht—what was the lump of deformity called in the Persian Tales, that was sent to the lady in a coffer? And as to marrying both the girls, it would cost my lord ——— but a new marriage bill: I suppose it is all one to his conscience whether he prohibits matrimony or licenses bigamy.

Poor sir Charles Williams is relapsed, and strictly confined. As you come so late, I trust you will stay with us the longer. Adieu.

LETTER CV.

Arlington-street, April 26, 1759.

Your brother, your Wetenhalls, and the ancient baron and baroness Dacre of the south are to dine with me at Strawberry-hill next Sunday. Divers have been the negociations about it: your sister, you know, is

[1] Mr. Conway was sent to Sluys to settle a cartel for prisoners with the French.

often impeded by a purge or a prayer; and I, on the other hand, who never rise in a morning, have two balls on my hands this week to keep me in bed the next day till dinner-time. Well, it is charming to be so young! the follies of the town are so much more agreeable than the wisdom of my brethren the authors, that I think for the future I shall never write beyond a card, nor print beyond Mrs. Clive's benefit tickets. Our great match[1] approaches; I dine at lord Waldegrave's presently, and suppose I shall then hear the day. I have quite reconciled my lady Townshend to the match, (saving her abusing us all) by desiring her to choose my wedding-clothes; but I am to pay the additional price of being ridiculous, to which I submit; she has chosen me a white ground with purple and green flowers. I represented, that however young my spirits may be, my bloom is rather past; but the moment I declared against juvenile colours, I found it was determined I should have nothing else: so be it. T'other night I had an uncomfortable situation with the dutchess of B———: we had played late at loo at lady Jane Scot's; I came down stairs with their two graces of B——— and G——— : there was no chair for me; I said I would walk till I met one. "Oh!" said the dutchess of G———, "the dutchess of B——— will set you down:" there were we charmingly awkward and complimenting; however, she was forced to press it, and I to accept it; in a minute she spied a hackney chair—"*oh! there is a chair—but I beg your pardon, it looks as if I wanted to get rid of you, but indeed I don't—only I am afraid the duke will want his supper.*" You may imagine how much I was afraid of making him wait. The ball at Bedford-house on Monday was very numerous and magnificent. The two princes were there, deep hazard, and the dutch deputies, who are a proverb for their dullness: they have brought with them a young dutchman, who is the richest man of Amsterdam. I am amazed Mr. ——— has not married him! But the delightful part of the night was the appearance of the duke of N———, who is veering round again, as it is time to betray Mr. Pitt. The dutchess[2] was at the

[1] Between the earl of Waldegrave and a daughter of sir Edward Walpole.

[2] Gertrude dutchess of Bedford, daughter of earl Gower.

very upper end of the gallery, and though some of the Pelham court were there too, yet they shewed so little cordiality to this revival of connexion, that N——— had nobody to attend him but sir Edward Montagu, who kept pushing him all up the gallery. From thence he went into the hazard room, and wriggled, and shuffled, and lisped, and winked, and spied, till he got behind the duke of Cumberland, the duke of Bedford, and Rigby; the first of whom did not deign to notice him; but he must come to it. You would have died to see N———'s pitiful and distressed figure—nobody went near him: he tried to flatter people, that were too busy to mind him—in short, he was quite disconcerted; his treachery used to be so sheathed in folly, that he was never out of countenance; but it is plain he grows old. To finish his confusion and anxiety, George Selwyn, Brand, and I went and stood near him, and in half whispers, that he might hear, said, "*lord, how he is broke! how old he looks!*" then I said, "*this room feels very cold: I believe there never is a fire in it.*" Presently afterwards I said, "*well, I'll not stay here; this room has been washed to-day.*" In short, I believe we made him take a double dose of Gascoign's powder, when he went home. Next night Brand and I communicated this interview to lord Temple, who was in agonies, and yesterday his chariot was seen in forty different parts of the town. I take for granted that F——— will not resist these overtures, and then we shall see the paymastership, the secretaryship of Ireland, and all Calcraft's regiments once more afloat.

May 1. I did not finish this letter last week, for the picture could not set out till next Thursday. Your kin brought lord Mandeville with them to Strawberry; he was very civil and good-humoured, and I trust I was so too. My nuptialities dined here yesterday. The wedding is fixed for the 15th. The town, who saw Maria set out in the earl's coach, concluded it was yesterday. He notified his marriage to the monarch last Saturday, and it was received civilly. Mrs. Thornhill is dead, and I am impatient to hear the fate of Miss Mildmay. The princes Ferdinand and Henry have been skirmishing, have been beaten, and have beat, but with no decision.

The ball at Mr. Conolly's was by no means delightful. The house is small, it was hot, and was composed of young irish. I was retiring when they went to supper, but was fetched back to sup with prince ——— and the dutchess of ———, who is his present passion. He had chattered as much love to her as would serve ten balls. The conversation turned on the *Guardian*—most unfortunately the prince asked her if she should like *Mr. Clackit*—" no indeed, sir," said the dutchess. Lord T——— burst out into a loud laugh, and I am afraid none of the company quite kept their countenance. Adieu! this letter is gossipping enough for any Mrs. Clackit, but I know you love these details.

LETTER CVI.

Arlington-street, May 16, 1759.

I PACKED up a long letter to you in the case with the earl of Manchester, which I suppose did not arrive at Greatworth before you left it. Don't send for it, for there are private histories in it, that should not travel post, and which will be full as new to you a month hence.

Well! [1]Maria was married yesterday. Don't we manage well? the original day was not once put off: lawyers and milliners were all ready canonically. It was as sensible a wedding as ever was. There was neither form nor indecency, both which generally meet on such occasions. They were married at my brother's in Pall-mall, just before dinner, by

[1] Daughter of sir Edward Walpole, who was brother to Horace Walpole. She was afterwards dutchess of Gloucester.

Mr. Keppel; the company, my brother, his son, Mrs. Keppel,[1] and Charlotte, lady Elizabeth Keppel, lady Betty Waldegrave, and I. We dined there; the earl and new countess got into their post-chaise at eight o'clock, and went to Navestock alone, where they stay till Saturday night: on Sunday she is to be presented, and to make my lady C———y distracted, who, t'other day, told lady Anne C———ly, how she dreaded lady Louisa's arrival; "but," said she, "now I have seen her, I am easy."

Maria was in a white silver gown, with a hat very much pulled over her face; what one could see of it was handsomer than ever; a cold maiden blush gave her the sweetest delicacy in the world. I had liked to have demolished the solemnity of the ceremony by laughing, when Mr. Keppel read the words, "bless thy servant and thy handmaid;" it struck me how ridiculous it would have been, had Miss D——x been the handmaid, as she was once to have been.

Did I ever tell you what happened to my lord H———'s wedding? You remember that my father's style was not purity itself. As the bride was so young and so exceedingly bashful, and as my lord H—— is a little of the prude himself, great means were used to keep sir Robert within bounds. He yawned, and behaved decently. When the dessert was removed, the bishop, who married them, said, "sir Robert, what health shall we drink?" It was just after Vernon's conquest of Porto Bello. "I don't know," replied my father: "*why, drink the admiral in the streights of Bocca Cieca.*"

We have had a sort of debate in the house of commons on the bill for fixing the augmentation of the salaries of the judges; Charles Townshend says, the book of *Judges* was saved by the book of *Numbers*.

Lord W——— is to be married on Tuesday, or, as he said himself, to be turned off. George Selwyn told him he wondered that he

[1] Another daughter of sir Edward Walpole's.

had not been turned off before, for he still sits up drinking all night and gaming.

Well! are you ready to be invaded? for it seems invasions from France are coming into fashion again. A descent on Ireland at least is expected.

There has been a great quarrel between Mr. P—— and lord A———, on the negligence of the latter. I suppose they will be reconciled by agreeing to hang some admiral, who will come too late to save Ireland, after it is impossible to save it.

Dr. Young has published a new book, on purpose, he says himself, to have an opportunity of telling a story, that he has known these forty years. Mr. Addison sent for the young lord Warwick, as he was dying, to shew him in what peace a christian could die—unluckily he died of brandy—nothing makes a christian die in peace like being maudlin! but don't say this in Gath, where you are. Adieu!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER CVII.

June 2, 1759.

STRAWBERRY-HILL is grown a perfect Paphos; it is the land of beauties. On Wednesday the dutchesses of [1]Hamilton, and [2]Richmond, and lady [3]Ailesbury dined there, the two latter staid all night. There

[1] Second daughter of John Gunning, esq.

[2] Lady Mary Bruce, dutchess of Richmond, daughter of the countess of Ailesbury by her first marriage.

[3] Daughter of John, duke of Argyll; she was third wife of the earl of Ailesbury.

never was so pretty a sight as to see them all three sitting in the shell; a thousand years hence, when I begin to grow old, if that can ever be, I shall talk of that event, and tell young people how much handsomer the women of my time were than they will be then: "I shall say women alter now; I remember lady Ailesbury looking handsomer than her daughter, the pretty dutchess of Richmond, as they were sitting in the shell on my terrace with the dutchess of Hamilton, one of the famous Gunnings." Yesterday t'other more famous Gunning[1] dined there. She has made a friendship with my charming niece, to disguise her jealousy of the new countess's beauty: there were they two, their lords, lord Buckingham, and Charlotte. You will think that I did not chuse men for my parties so well as women. I don't include lord Waldegrave in this bad election.

Loo is mounted to its zenith; the parties last till one and two in the morning. We played at lady H———d's last week, the last night of her lying-in, till deep into Sunday morning, after she and her lord were retired. It is now adjourned to Mrs. F——y's, whose child the town calls *Pam—ela*. I proposed, that instead of receiving cards for assemblies, one should send in a morning to Dr. Hunter's, the man-midwife, to know where there is loo that evening. I find poor Charles Montagu is dead: is it true, as the papers say, that his son comes into parliament? The invasion is not half so much in fashion as loo, and the king demanding the assistance of the militia does not add much dignity to it. The great pam of parliament, who made the motion, entered into a wonderful definition of the several sorts of fear; *from fear, that comes from pusillanimity, up to fear from magnanimity.* It put me in mind of that wise pythian, my lady L———, who, when her sister, lady D——, was dying, pronounced, that if it were a *fever from a fever*, she would live; but if it were a *fever from death*, she would die.

Mr. Mason has published another drama, called Caractacus; there

[1] Lady Coventry.

are some incantations poetical enough, and odes so Greek as to have very little meaning. But the whole is laboured, uninteresting, and no more resembling the manners of britons, than of japonese. It is introduced by a piping elegy; for Mason, in imitation of Gray, [1]*will cry and roar all night* without the least provocation.

Adieu! I shall be glad to hear that your Strawberry tide is fixed.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER CVIII.

Strawberry-hill, June 23, 1759.

As you bid me fix a day about six weeks from the date of your last, it will suit me extremely to see you here the first of August. I don't mean to treat you with a rowing for a badge, but it will fall in very commodely between my parties.

You tell me nothing of the old house you were to see near Blenheim; I have some suspicion that Greatworth is coming into play again. I made your speeches to Mr. Chute, and to Mr. Müntz, and to myself; your snuff-box is bespoke, your pictures not done, the print of lady Waldegrave not begun.

News there are none, unless you have a mind for a panic about the invasion. I was in town yesterday, and saw a thousand people from Kensington, with faces as loyally long as if it was the last accession of this family that they were ever to see. The french are coming with

[1] An expression of Mr. Montagu's.

fifty thousand men, and we shall meet them with fifty addresses. Pray, if you know how, frighten your neighbours, and give them courage at the same time.

My lady Coventry, and my niece Waldegrave, have been mobbed in the park. I am sorry the people of England take all their liberty out in insulting pretty women.

You will be diverted with what happened to Mr. M—— lately. He was engaged to dine at a formal old lady's, but staid so late hunting, that he had not time to dress; but went, as he was, with forty apologies. The matron very affected, and meaning to say something very civil, cried, "oh! sir, I assure you, I can see the gentleman through a pair of buckskin breeches, as well as if he was in silk or satin."

I am sure I can't tell you any thing better, so good night.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

P. S. I hope you have as gorgeous weather as we have; it is even hot enough for Mr. Bentley. I live upon the water.

LETTER CIX.

Strawberry-hill, July 19, 1759.

WELL, I begin to expect you; you must not forget the first of August. If we do but look as well, as we do at present, you will own Strawberry

is still in its bloom. With english verdure, we have had an italian summer, and

> Whatever sweets sabæan springs disclose,
> Our indian jasmin, and the persian rose.

I am forced to talk of Strawberry, lest I should weary you with what every body wearies me, the french and the militia. They, I mean the latter only, not the former, passed just by us yesterday, and though it was my own *clan*, I had not the curiosity to go and see them. The crowds in Hyde-park, when the king reviewed them, were inimaginable. My lord Orford, their colonel, I hear, looked gloriously martial and genteel, and I believe it; his person and air have a noble wildness in them; the regiments too are very becoming, scarlet faced with black, buff waistcoats, and gold buttons. How knights of shires, who have never shot any thing but woodcocks, like this warfare, I don't know: but the towns, through which they pass, adore them; every where they are treated and regaled. The prince of Wales followed them to Kingston, and gave fifty guineas among the private men.

I expect some anecdotes from you of the coronation at Oxford; I hear my lord Westmoreland's own retinue was all be-James'd with true-blue ribands; and that because sir William Calvert, who was a fellow of a college, and happened to be lord mayor, attended the duke of Newcastle at his inthronization, they dragged down the present lord mayor to Oxford, who is only a dry-salter.

I have your Butler's posthumous works; the poetry is most uncouth and incorrect, but with infinite wit—especially one thing on plagiaries is equal to any thing in Hudibras. Have you read my lord Clarendon's? I am enchanted with it; 'tis very incorrect, but I think more entertaining than his history. It makes me quite out of humour with other memoires. Adieu!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER CX.

Arlington-street, July 26, 1759.

I AM dying in a hot street, with my eyes full of dust, and my table full of letters to be answered—yet I must write you a line. I am sorry, your first of Augustness is disordered; I'll tell you why: I go to Ragley on the twelfth. There is to be a great party at loo for the dutchess of [1]Grafton, and thence they adjourn to the Warwick races. I have been engaged so long to this, that I cannot put it off; and besides, I am under appointments at George Selwyn's, &c. afterwards. If you cannot come before all this to let me have enough of your company, I should wish you to postpone it to the first of September, when I shall be at leisure for ten or twelve days, and could go with you from Strawberry to the Vine; but I could like to know certainly, for as I never make any of my visits while Strawberry is in bloom, I am a little crowded with them at the end of the season.

I came this morning in all this torrent of heat from lord Waldegrave's at Navestock. It is a dull place, though it does not want prospect backwards. The garden is small, consisting of two French allées of old limes, that are comfortable, two groves that are not so, and a green canal; there is besides a paddock. The house was built by his father, and ill finished, but an air seigneurial in the furniture; french glasses in quantities, handsome commodes, tables, screens, &c. goodish pictures in rich frames, and a deal of noblesse *à la St. Germain*—James the second, Charles the second, the duke of Berwick, her grace of Buckingham, the queen dowager in the dress she visited Madame Maintenon, her daughter the princess Louisa, a lady Gerard that died at Joppa returning from a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, and above all *La Godfrey*, and not at all ugly,

[1] Daughter of lord Ravensworth.

though she does not shew her thighs. All this is leavened with the late ———, the present ———, and queen ———. I shall take care to sprinkle a little *unholy* water from our *well*.

I am very sorry you have been so ill; take care of yourself; there are wicked sore throats in vogue; poor lady Essex[2] and Mrs. Charles Yorke died of them in an instant.

Do let me have a line, and do fix a day; for instead of keeping me at home one by fixing it, you will keep me there five or six days by not fixing it. Adieu.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER CXI.

Strawberry-hill, Aug. 9, 1759.

UNLESS your colonel Johnson is a man of no note, he is safe and well, for we have not lost one officer of any note—now will you conclude that we are beaten, and will be crying and roaring all night for Hanover. Lord! where do you live! If you had any ears, as I have none left with the noise, you would have heard the racket that was made from morning till night yesterday on the news of the total [1]victory gained by prince Ferdinand over the French. He has not left so many alive as there are at my periwig makers in London. This is all we know, the particulars are to come at their leisure, and with all the gravity due to their importance.

[2] Daughter of sir Charles Hanbury Williams.

[1] At the battle of Minden.

If the king's heart were not *entirely english*, I believe he would be complimented with the title of Germanicus from the name of the country, where this great event happened; for we don't at all know the precise spot, nor has the battle yet been christened—all that is certain is, that the poor duke[2] is neither father nor godfather.

I was sent for to town yesterday, as Mrs. Leneve was at the point of death; but she has had a surprising change, and may linger on still. I found the town distracted, and at night it was beautiful beyond description. As the weather was so hot, every window was open, and all the rails illuminated; every street had one or two bonfires, the moon was in all its glory, the very middle of the streets crowded with officers and people of fashion talking of the news. Every squib in town got drunk, and rioted about the streets till morning. Two of our regiments are said to have suffered much, of which Napier's most. Adieu! If you should be over english with this, there is a party of one thousand five hundred men stolen out of Dunkirk, that some weeks hence may bring you to your senses again, provided they are properly planted and watered in Scotland.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER CXII.

Strawberry-hill, Saturday, Oct. 11, 1759.

I DON'T desire any such conviction of your being ill as seeing you ill, nor can you wonder that. I wish to persuade myself that what I should

[2] Duke of Cumberland.

be very sorry for, never happens. Poor Fred. Montagu's gout seems more serious: I am concerned that he has so much of a judge in him already.

You are very good in thinking of me about the sofas; but you know the Holbein chamber is complete, and old matters are not flung away upon you yourself. Had not you rather have your sofa than lord Northampton's running footman? Two hundred years hence one might be amused with reading of so fantastic a dress, but they are horrid in one's own time.

Mr. Bentley and I go to-morrow to Chaffont for two or three days. Mr. Chute is at the Vine already, but I believe will be in town this week.

I don't know whether it proceeds from the menaced invasion or the last comet, but we are all dying of heat. Every body has put out their fires, and, if it lasts, I suppose will next week make summer clothes. The mornings are too hot for walking: last night I heard of strawberries. I impute it to the hot weather that my head has been turned enough to contend with the bards of the newspapers. You have seen the French epigram on Madame Pompadour, and fifty vile translations of it. Here is mine—

O yes! here are flat bottom boats to be sold,
And soldiers to let—rather hungry than bold.
Here are ministers richly deserving to swing,
And commanders, whose recompense should be a string.
O France! still your fate you may lay at ———'s door;
You were saved by a maid and undone by a ——.

People again believe the invasion; and I don't wonder, considering how great a militia we have, with such a boy as you mention. I own,

before I begin to be afraid, I have a little curiosity to see the militia tried. I think one shall at least laugh before one cries.

Adieu! what time have you fixed for looking southwards?

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

P. S. Your pictures you may have when you please; I think you had better stay and take them with you, than risk the rubbing them by the waggon. Mr. Müntz has not been lately in town—that is, Hannah has drawn no bill on him lately—so he knows nothing of your snuff-box. This it is to trust to my vivacity, when it is past its bloom. Lord! I am a mere antiquarian, a mere pains-taking mortal. Mr. Bentley says, that if all antiquarians were like me, there would be no such thing as an antiquarian, for I set down every thing so circumstantially, that I leave them nothing to find out.

LETTER CXIII.

Strawberry-hill, Oct. 21, 1759.

Your pictures shall be sent as soon as any of us go to London, but I think that will not be till the parliament meets. Can we easily leave the remains of such a year as this? It is still all gold. I have not dined or gone to bed by a fire till the day before yesterday. Instead of the glorious and ever-memorable year 1759, as the newspapers call it, I call it this ever-warm and victorious year. We have not had more conquest than fine weather: one would think we had plundered East and West

Indies of sunshine. Our bells are worn threadbare with ringing for victories. I believe it will require ten votes of the House of Commons before people will believe it is the duke of Newcastle that has done this and not Mr. Pitt. One thing is very fatiguing—all the world is made knights or generals. Adieu! I don't know a word of news less than the conquest of America.

Adieu; yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

P. S. You shall hear from me again if we take Mexico or China before Christmas.

2d P. S. I had sealed my letter, but break it open again, having forgot to tell you that Mr. Cowslade has the pictures of lord and lady Cutts, and is willing to sell them.

LETTER CXIV.

Arlington-street, Nov. 8, 1759.

YOUR pictures will set out on Saturday; I give you notice that you may enquire for them.

I did not intend to be here these three days, but my lord Bath taking the trouble to send a man and horse to ask me to dinner yesterday, I did not know how to refuse; and besides, as Mr. Bentley said to me, "you know he was an old friend of your father."

The town is empty, but is coming to dress itself for Saturday. My lady Coventry shewed George Selwyn her clothes; they are blue, with

spots of silver, of the size of a shilling, and a silver trimming, and cost—my lord will know what. She asked George how he liked them; he replied, " why you will be change for a guinea."

I find nothing talked of but the French bankruptcy—sir R——— B——— I hear, and am glad to hear, will be a great sufferer. They put gravely into the article of bankrupts in the newspaper, Louis le petit of the city of Paris, peace-breaker, dealer, and chapman—it would have been still better, if they had said, Louis Bourbon of petty France. We don't know what is become of their Monsieur Thurot, of whom we had still a little mind to be afraid. I should think he would do like sir Thomas Hanmer, make a faint effort, beg pardon of the scotch for their disappointment, and retire. Here are some pretty verses just arrived.

Pourquoi la baton à Soubise,
Puisque Chevert est le vainqueur?
C'st de la cour une meprise,
Ou bien le but de la faveur.
Je ne vois rien là qui m'etonne,
Repond aussitot un railleur;
C'est a l'aveugle qu'on le donne,
Et non pas au conducteur.

When do you come? if it is not soon, you will find a new town. I stared to-day at Piccadilly like a country squire; there are twenty new stone houses: at first I concluded that all the grooms, that used to live there, had got estates and built palaces. One young gentleman, who was getting an estate, but was so indiscreet as to step out of his way to rob a comrade, is convicted, and to be transported; in short, one of the waiters at Arthur's. George Selwyn says, " what a horrid idea he will give of us to the people in Newgate!"

I was still more surprised t'other day, than at seeing Piccadilly, by receiving a letter from the north of Ireland from a clergyman, with violent

encomiums on my Catalogue of Noble Authors—and this, when I thought it quite forgot. It put me in mind of the queen that sunk at Charing-cross, and rose at Queenhithe.

Mr. Chute has got his commission to inquire about your Cutts, but he thinks the lady is not your grandmother. You are very ungenerous to hoard tales from me of your ancestry: what relation have I spared? If your grandfathers were knaves, will your bottling up their bad blood mend it? Do you only take a cup of it now and then by yourself, and then come down to your parson, and boast of it, as if it was pure old Metheglin? I sat last night with the Mater Gracchorum—oh! tis a Mater Jagorum—if her descendants taste any of her black blood, they surely will make as wry faces at it, as the servant in Don John does, when the ghost decants a corpse. Good night, I am just returning to Strawberry, to husband my two last days, and to avoid all the pomp of the birth day—Oh! I had forgot, there is a Miss Wynne coming forth that is to be handsomer than my lady Coventry—but I have known one threatened with such every summer for these seven years, and they are always addled by winter!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER CXV.

Arlington-street, Nov. 17, 1759.

I REJOICE over your brother's honours, though I certainly had no hand in them. He probably received his staff from the board of trade. If any part of the consequences could be placed to partiality for me, it would be the prevention of your coming to town, which I wished.

My lady Cutts is indubitably your own grandmother: the Trevors would once have had it, but by some misunderstanding, the old Cowslade

refused it. Mr. Chute has twenty more corroborating circumstances, but this one is sufficient.

Fred. Montagu told me of the pedigree. I shall take care of all your commissions. Felicitate yourself on having got from me the two landscapes; that source is stopped. Not that Mr. Müntz is eloped to finish the conquest of America, nor promoted by Mr. Secretary's zeal for my friends, nor because the ghost of Mrs. Leneve has appeared to me, and ordered me to drive Hannah and Ishmael into the wilderness. A cause much more familiar to *me* has separated us—nothing but a tolerable quantity of ingratitude on his side, both to me and Mr. Bentley. The story is rather too long for a letter: the substance was most extreme impertinence to me, concluded by an abusive letter against Mr. Bentley, who sent him from starving on seven pictures for a guinea to one hundred pounds a year, my house, table, and utmost countenance. In short, I turned his head, and was forced to turn him out of doors. You shall see the documents, as it is the fashion to call proof-papers. Poets and painters imagine *they* confer the honour when they are protected, and they set down impertinence to the article of their own virtue, when you dare to begin to think that an ode or a picture is not a patent for all manner of insolence.

My lord T——as vain as if he was descended from the stroller Pindar, or had made up card matches at the siege of Genoa, has resigned the privy seal, because he has not the garter. You cannot imagine what an absolute prince I feel myself with knowing that nobody can force me to give the garter to Müntz.

My lady C—— is going to marry a sir Wm. Musgrave, who is but three-and-twenty; but in consideration of the match, and of her having years to spare, she has made him a present of ten, and calls him three-and-thirty. I have seen the new lady Stanhope. I assure you her face will introduce no plebeian charms into the faces of the Stanhopes. Adieu!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER CXVI.

Strawberry-hill, Dec. 23, 1759.

How do you do? are you thawed again? how have you borne the country in this bitter weather? I have not been here these three weeks till to-day, and was delighted to find it so pleasant, and to meet a comfortable south-east wind, the fairest of all winds, in spite of the scandal that lies on the east; though it is the west that is the parent of all ugliness. The frost was succeeded by such fogs, that I could not find my way out of London.

Has your brother told you of the violences in Ireland? There wanted nothing but a Massaniello to overturn the government; and luckily for the government and for Rigby, he, who was made for Massaniello, happened to be first minister there. Tumults, and insurrections, and oppositions,

Like arts and sciences, have travelled west.

Pray make the general collect authentic accounts of those civil wars against he returns—you know where they will find their place, and that you are one of the very few that will profit of them. I will grind and dispense to you all the corn you bring to my mill.

We good-humoured souls vote eight millions with as few questions, as if the whole House of Commons was at the club at Arthur's; and we live upon distant news, as if London was York or Bristol. There is nothing domestic, but that lord G—— L———, being refused lord A———'s consent, set out for Edinburgh with lady L—— K———, the day before yesterday; and lord B——n is going to be married to our Miss P——— of Twickenham, daughte of that strange woman, who had a mind to

be my wife, and who sent Mr. Raftor to know why I did not marry her. I replied, "because I was not sure that the two husbands, that she had at once, were both dead." Apropos to my wedding, prince Edward asked me at the opera, t'other night, when I was to marry lady Mary Coke: I answered, as soon as I got a regiment; which, you know, is now the fashionable way.

The kingdom of beauty is in as great disorder as the kingdom of Ireland. My lady Pembroke looks like a ghost—poor lady Coventry is going to be one; and the dutchess of [1]Hamilton is so altered I did not know her. Indeed, she is big with child, and so big, that, as my lady N————d says, it is plain she has a camel in her belly. That countess has been laid up with a hurt in her leg; lady R——— P——— pushed her on the birth-night against a bench: the dutchess of Grafton asked if it was true that lady R——— kicked her? "Kick me, madam! when did you ever hear of a P——y that took a kick?" I can tell you another anecdote of that house, that will not divert you less. Lord March making them a visit this summer at Alnwic-castle, my lord received him at the gate, and said, "I believe, my lord, this is the first time that ever a Douglas and a P——y met here in friendship." Think of this from a Smithson to a true Douglas.

I don't trouble my head about any connexion; any news into the country I know is welcome, though it comes out higlepigledy, just as it happens to be packed up. The cry in Ireland has been against lord Hilsborough, supposing him to mediate an union of the two islands; George Selwyn, seeing him set t'other night between my lady H———— and lord B————, said, "Who can say that my lord Hilsborough is not an enemy to an union!"

I will tell you one more story, and then good night. Lord Lyttleton[2]

[1] The dutchess of Hamilton married the duke of Argyll.

[2] Lord Lyttleton married a daughter of sir Robert Rich.

was at Covent-garden; Beard came on: the former said, "How comes Beard here? what made him leave Drury-lane?" Mr. S———, who sat next him, replied, "Why, don't you know he has been such a fool as to go and marry a Miss Rich? He has married Rich's daughter." My lord coloured; S——— found out what he had said, and ran away.

I forgot to tell you, that you need be in no disturbance about Müntz's pictures; they were a present I made you. Good night.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER CXVII.

Arlington-street, January 7, 1760.

You must not wonder I have not written to you a long time; a person of my consequence! I am now almost ready to say, *We*, instead of *I*. In short, I live amongst royalty—considering the plenty, that is no great wonder. All the world lives with them, and they with all the world. Princes and princesses open shops in every corner of the town, and the whole town deals with them. As I have gone to one, I chose to frequent all, that I might not be particular, and seem to have views; and yet it went so much against me, that I came to town on purpose a month ago for the duke's levee, and had engaged Brand to go with me—and then could not bring myself to it. At last, I went to him and princess ——— yesterday. It was well I had not flattered myself with being still in my bloom; I am grown so old since they saw me, that neither of them knew me. When they were told, he just spoke to me (I forgive him; he is not out of my debt, even with that): she was

exceedingly gracious, and commended Strawberry to the skies. To-night, I was asked to their party at Norfolk house. These parties are wonderfully select and dignified: one might sooner be a knight of Malta than qualified for them; I don't know how the dutchess of Devonshire, Mr. Fox, and I, were forgiven some of our ancestors. There were two tables at loo, two at whist, and a quadrille. I was commanded to the duke's loo; he was sat down: not to make him wait, I threw my hat upon the marble table, and broke four pieces off a great chrystal chandelier. I stick to my etiquette, and treat them with great respect; not as I do my friend, the duke of York. But don't let us talk any more of princes. My Lucan appears to-morrow; I must say it is a noble volume. Shall I send it you—or won't you come and fetch it?

There is nothing new of public, but the violent commotions in Ireland, whither the duke of B——— still persists in going. Æolus to quell a storm!

I am in great concern for my old friend, poor lady Harry Beauclerc; her lord dropped down dead two nights ago, as he was sitting with her and all their children. Admiral Boscawen is dead by this time. Mrs. O——— and I are not much afflicted: lady Jane Coke too is dead, exceedingly rich; I have not heard her will yet.

If you don't come to town soon, I give you warning, I will be a lord of the bedchamber, or a gentleman usher. If you will, I will be nothing but what I have been so many years—my own and

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER CXVIII.

Arlington-street, Jan. 14, 1760.

How do you contrive to exist on your mountain in this rude season? Sure you must be become a snowball! As I was not in England in forty-one, I had no notion of such cold. The streets are abandoned; nothing appears in them: the Thames is almost as solid. Then think what a campaign must be in such a season! Our army was under arms for fourteen hours on the twenty-third, expecting the French; and several of the men were frozen when they should have dismounted. What milksops the Marlboroughs and Turennes, the Blakes and the Van Tromps appear now, who whipped into winter quarters and into port, the moment their noses looked blue. Sir Cloudesly Shovel said that an admiral would deserve to be broke, who kept great ships out after the end of September, and to be shot if after October. There is Hawke[1] in the bay weathering *this* winter, after conquering in a storm. For my part, I scarce venture to make a campaign in the Opera-house; for if I once begin to freeze, I shall be frozen through in a moment. I am amazed, with such weather, such ravages, and distress, that there is any thing left in Germany, but money; for thither half the treasure of Europe goes: England, France, Russia, and all the empress can squeeze from Italy and Hungary, all is sent thither, and yet the wretched people have not subsistence. A pound of bread sells at Dresden for eleven-pence. We are going to send many more troops thither; and it is so much the fashion to raise regiments, that I wish there were such a neutral kind of beings in England as abbés, that one might have an excuse for not growing military mad, when one has turned the heroic corner of one's age. I am ashamed of

[1] Sir Edward Hawke had defeated the French fleet, commanded by Admiral Conflans, in the beginning of this winter.

being a young rake, when my seniors are covering their grey toupees with helmets and feathers, and accoutering their pot-bellies with cuirasses and martial masquerade habits. Yet rake I am, and abominably so, for a person that begins to wrinkle reverendly. I have sat up twice this week till between two and three with the dutchess of G———, at loo, who, by the way, has got a pam-child this morning; and on Saturday night I supped with prince ———, at my lady Rochford's, and we stayed till half an hour past three. My favour with that highness continues, or rather increases. He makes every body make suppers for him to meet me, for I still hold out against going to court. In short, if he were twenty years older, or I could make myself twenty years younger, I might carry him to Camden-house, and be as impertinent as ever my lady C——— was; but, as I dread being ridiculous, I shall give my lord Bute no uneasiness. My lady Maynard, who divides the favour of this tiny court with me, supped with us. Did you know she sings French ballads very prettily? Lord Rochford played on the guitar, and the prince sung; there were my two nieces, and lord Waldegrave, lord Huntingdon, and Mr. Morrison the groom, and the evening was pleasant; but I had a much more agreeable supper last night at Mrs. Clive's, with Miss West, my niece Cholmondeley, and Murphy the writing actor, who is very good company, and two or three more. Mrs. Cholmondeley is very lively, you know how entertaining the Clive is, and Miss West is an absolute original.

There is nothing new, but a very dull pamphlet, written by lord Bath, and his chaplain Douglas, called a letter to two great men. It is a plan for the peace, and much adopted by the city, and much admired by all, who are too humble to judge for themselves.

I was much diverted the other morning with another volume on birds by Edwards, who has published four or five. The poor man, who is grown very old and devout, begs God to take from him the love of natural philosophy; and having observed some heterodox proceedings among bantam cocks, he proposes that all schools of girls and boys

should be promiscuous, lest, if separated, they should learn wayward passions. But what struck me most were his dedications, the last was to God; this is to lord Bute, as if he was determined to make his fortune in one world or the other.

Pray read Fontaine's fable of the lion grown old; don't it put you in mind of any thing? No! not when his shaggy majesty has borne the insults of the tiger and the horse, &c. and the ass comes last, kicks out his only remaining fang, and asks for a blue bridle? à propos, I will tell you the turn Charles Townshend gave to this fable. "My lord," said he, "has quite mistaken the thing; he soars too high at first: people often miscarry by not proceeding by degrees; he went, and at once asked for my *lord* ——'s garter—if he would have been contented to ask first for my *lady* ———'s garter, I don't doubt but he would have obtained it." Adieu!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER CXIX.

Arlington-street, January 28, 1760.

I SHALL almost frighten you from coming to London, for whether you have the constitution of a horse or a man, you will be equally in danger. All the horses in town are laid up with sore throats and colds, and are so hoarse, you cannot hear them speak. I, with all my immortality, have been half killed; that violent bitter weather was too much for me; I have had a nervous fever these six or seven weeks every night,

and have taken bark enough to have made a rind for Daphne: nay, have even stayed at home two days; but I think my eternity begins to bud again. I am quite of Dr. Garth's mind, who, when any body commended a hard frost to him, used to reply, "yes, sir, 'fore Gad, very fine weather, sir, very wholesome weather, sir; kills trees, sir; very good for a man, sir." There has been cruel havoc among the ladies; my lady Granby[1] is dead; and the famous Polly, dutchess of Bolton, and my lady Besborough.[2] I have no great reason to lament the last, and yet the circumstances of her death, and the horror of it to her family, make one shudder. It was the same sore throat and fever that carried off four of their children a few years ago. My lord now fell ill of it, very ill, and the eldest daughter slightly: my lady caught it, attending her husband, and concealed it as long as she could. When at last the physician insisted on her keeping her bed, she said, as she went into her room, "then, Lord have mercy on me, I shall never come out of it again," and died in three days. Lord Besborough grew outrageously impatient at not seeing her, and would have forced into her room, when she had been dead about four days. They were obliged to tell him the truth; never was an answer, that expressed so much horror! he said; "and how many children have I left?" not knowing how far his calamity might have reached. Poor lady Coventry is near completing this black list.

You have heard, I suppose, a horrid story of another kind, of lord Ferres murdering his steward in the most barbarous and deliberate manner. He sent away all his servants but one, and, like that heroic murderess queen Christina, carrried the poor man through a gallery and several rooms, locking them after him, and then bid the man kneel down, for he was determined to kill him. The poor creature flung himself at his feet, but in vain, was shot, and lived twelve hours. Mad as this action was from the consequences, there was no frenzy in his beha-

[1] Eldest daughter of Charles, duke of Somerset.

[2] Daughter of William, duke of Devonshire.

viour; he got drunk, and, at intervals, talked of it coolly: but did not attempt to escape, till the colliers beset his house, and were determined to take him alive or dead. He is now in the jail at Leicester, and will soon be removed to the Tower, then to Westminster-hall, and I suppose to Tower-hill; unless, as lord T—— prophesied in the house of lords, "not being thought mad enough to be shut up, till he had killed somebody, he will then be thought too mad to be executed;" but lord T—— was no more honoured in his vocation, than other prophets are in their own country.

As you seem amused with my entertainments, I will tell you how I passed yesterday. A party was made to go to the Magdalen house. We met at Northumberland-house at five, and set out in four coaches. Prince Edward, colonel Brudenel his groom, lady Northumberland, lady Mary Coke, lady Carlisle, Miss Pelham, lady Hertford, lord Beauchamp, lord Huntingdon, old Bowman, and I. This new convent is beyond Goodman's-fields, and, I assure you, would content any catholic alive. We were received by — oh! first, a vast mob, for princes are not so common at that end of the town as at this. Lord Hertford, at the head of the governors with their white staves, met us at the door, and led the prince directly into the chapel, where, before the altar was an arm-chair for him, with a blue damask cushion, a *prie-Dieu*, and a footstool of black cloth with gold nails. We sat on forms near him. There were lord and lady D———— in the odour of devotion, and many city ladies. The chapel is small and low, but neat, hung with gothic paper, and tablets of benefactions. At the west end were enclosed the sisterhood, above an hundred and thirty, all in greyish brown stuffs, broad handkerchiefs, and flat straw hats, with a blue riband, pulled quite over their faces. As soon as we entered the chapel, the organ played, and the Magdalens sung a hymn in parts; you cannot imagine how well. The chapel was dressed with orange and myrtle, and there wanted nothing but a little incense to drive away the devil—or to invite him. Prayers then began, psalms and a sermon: the latter by a young clergyman, one Dodd, who contributed to the popish idea one had im-

bibed, by haranguing entirely in the french style, and very eloquently and touchingly. He apostrophized the lost sheep, who sobbed and cried from their souls; so did my lady H——— and Fanny P——, till I believe the city dames took them both for Jane Shores. The confessor then turned to the audience, and addressed himself to the royal highness, whom he called, most illustrious prince, beseeching his protection. In short, it was a very pleasing performance, and I got *the most illustrious* to desire it might be printed. We had another hymn, and then were conducted to the *parloir*, where the governors kissed the prince's hand, and then the lady abbess, or matron, brought us tea. From thence we went to the refectory, where all the nuns, without their hats, were ranged at long tables, ready for supper. A few were handsome, many who seemed to have no title to their profession, and two or three of twelve years old: but all recovered, and looking healthy. I was struck and pleased with the modesty of two of them, who swooned away with the confusion of being stared at. We were then shewn their work, which is making linen, and bead-work; they earn ten pounds a week. One circumstance diverted me, but amidst all this decorum, I kept it to myself. The wands of the governors are white, but twisted at top with black and white, which put me in mind of Jacob's rods, that he placed before the cattle to make them breed. My lord Hertford would never have forgiven me, if I had joked on this; so I kept my countenance very demurely, nor even enquired, whether among the pensioners, there were any *novices* from Mrs. Naylor's.

The court-martial on lord George Sackville is appointed: general *Onslow* is to be *speaker* of it. Adieu! till I see you, I am glad it will be so soon.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER CXX.

Arlington-street, March 27, 1760.

I SHOULD have thought that you might have learnt by this time, that when a tradesman promises any thing on Monday or Saturday, or any particular day of the week, he means any Monday or any Saturday of any week, as nurses quiet children and their own consciences by the refined salvo of *to-morrow is a new day*. When Mr. Smith's Saturday, and the frame do arrive, I will pay the one, and send you the other.

Lord George's trial is not near being finished. By its draggling beyond the term of the old mutiny bill, they were forced to make out a new warrant; this lost two days, as all the depositions were forced to be read over again to, and re-sworn by, the witnesses; then there will be a contest, whether Sloper shall re-establish his own credit by pawning it farther. Lord Ferrers comes on the stage on the sixteenth of next month.

I breakfasted the day before yesterday at Ælia Lælia Chudleigh's. There was a concert for prince Edward's birth-day, and at three a vast cold collation, and all the town. The house is not fine, nor in good taste, but loaded with finery. Execrable varnished pictures, chests, cabinets, commodes, tables, stands, boxes, riding on one another's backs, and loaded with terreens, philigree, figures, and every thing upon earth. Every favour she has bestowed is registered by a bit of Dresden china. There is a glass-case full of enamels, eggs, ambers, lapis lazuli, cameos, toothpick cases, and all kinds of trinkets, things that she told me were her playthings; another cupboard, full of the finest japan, and candlesticks and vases of rock crystal, ready to be thrown down, in every corner. But of all curiosities, are the conveniences in every bed chamber: great mahogany projections with brass handles, cocks, &c.—I could not help saying, it was the loosest family I ever saw! Adieu.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER CXXI.

Arlington-street, April 19, 1760.

WELL, this big week is over! Lord George's sentence, after all the communications of how terrible it was, is ended in proclaiming him unfit for the king's service. Very moderate in comparison of what was intended and desired, and truly not very severe, considering what was proved. The other trial, lord Ferrers's, lasted three days. You have seen the pomp and awfulness of such doings, so I will not describe it to you. The judge and criminal were far inferior to those you have seen. For the lord high steward, he neither had any dignity, nor affected any; nay he held it all so cheap, that he said at his own table t'other day, "I will not send for Garrick and learn to act a part." At first I thought lord Ferrers shocked, but in general he behaved rationally and coolly; though it was a strange contradiction to see a man trying, by his own sense, to prove himself out of his senses. It was more shocking to see his two brothers brought to prove the lunacy in their own blood, in order to save their brother's life. Both are almost as ill-looking men as the earl; one of them is a clergyman, suspended by the bishop of London for being a methodist; the other a wild ————, whom they call in the country, *ragged and dangerous*. After lord Ferrers was condemned, he made an excuse for pleading madness, to which he said he was forced by his family. He is respited till Monday-fortnight, and will then be hanged, I believe in the tower; and, to the mortification of the peerage, is to be anatomized, conformably to the late act for murder. Many peers were absent; lord Foley and lord Jersey attended only the first day; and lord Huntingdon, and my nephew Orford, (in compliment to his mother) as related to the prisoner, withdrew without voting. But never was a criminal more literally tried by his *peers*, for the three persons, who interested themselves most in the examination, were at least as mad as he; lord ———, lord ———, and lord ———. Indeed, the first was almost frantic. The seats of the peeresses were not near full; and most of the

beauties absent; the dutchess of Hamilton and my niece Waldegrave, you know, lie in; but, to the amazement of every body, lady Coventry was there, and what surprised me much more, looked as well as ever. I sat next but one to her, and should not have asked if she had been ill—yet they are positive she has few weeks to live. She and lord Bolingbroke seemed to have different thoughts, and were acting over all the old comedy of eyes. I sat in lord Lincoln's gallery; *you* and *I* know the convenience of it; I thought it no great favour to ask, and he very obligingly sent me a ticket immediately, and ordered me to be placed in one of the best boxes. Lady Augusta was in the same gallery; the duke of York and his young brothers were in the prince of Wales's box, who was not there, no more than the princess, princess Emily, nor the duke. It was an agreeable humanity in my friend the duke of York; he would not take his seat in the house before the trial, that he might not vote in it. There are so many young peers, that the show was fine even in that respect; the duke of Richmond was the finest figure; the duke of Marlborough, with the best countenance in the world, looked clumsy in his robes; he had new ones, having given away his father's to the valet de chambre. There were others not at all so indifferent about the antiquity of theirs: lord Huntingdon's, lord Abergavenny's, and lord Castlehaven's scarcely hung on their backs; the two former they pretend were used at the trial of the queen of Scots. But all these honours were a little defaced by seeing lord Temple, as lord privy seal, walk at the head of the peerage. Who, at the last trials, would have believed a prophecy, that the three first men at the next, should be Henley the lawyer, bishop Secker, and Dick Grenville?

The day before the trial the duke of Bolton fought a duel at Marylebone with Stuart, who lately stood for Hampshire; the latter was wounded in the arm, and the former fell down. Adieu!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER CXXII.

Arlington-street, May 6, 1760.

THE extraordinary history of lord Ferrers is closed: he was executed yesterday. Madness, that in other countries is a disorder, is here a systematic character: it does not hinder people from forming a plan of conduct, and from even dying agreeably to it. You remember how the last Ratcliffe died with the utmost propriety; so did this horrid lunatic, coolly and sensibly. His own and his wife's relations had asserted that he would tremble at last. No such thing, he shamed heroes. He bore the solemnity of a pompous and tedious procession of above two hours from the Tower to Tyburn, with as much tranquillity as if he was only going to his own burial, not to his own execution. He even talked on indifferent subjects in the passage; and if the sheriff and the chaplains had not thought that they had parts to act too, and had not consequently engaged him in most particular conversation, he did not seem to think it necessary to talk on the occasion; he went in his wedding-clothes, marking the only remaining impression on his mind. The ceremony he was in a hurry to have over: he was stopped at the gallows by the vast crowd, but got out of his coach as soon as he could, and was but seven minutes on the scaffold, which was hung with black, and prepared by the undertaker of his family at their expense. There was a new contrivance for sinking the stage under him, which did not play well; and he suffered a little by the delay, but was dead in four minutes. The mob was decent, and admired him, and almost pitied him; so they would lord George, whose execution they are so angry at missing. I suppose every highwayman will now preserve the blue handkerchief he has about his neck when he is married, that he may die like a lord. With all his madness he was not mad enough to be struck with his aunt Huntingdon's sermons. The methodists have nothing to brag of his conversion, though Whitfield prayed for him, and preached about him. Even Tyburn has been above

their reach. I have not heard that lady Fanny dabbled with his soul; but I believe she is prudent enough to confine her missionary zeal to subjects where the body may be her perquisite.

When am I likely to see you? The delightful rain is come—we look and smell charmingly.. Adieu.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER CXXIII.

Strawberry-hill, July 4, 1760.

I AM this minute returned from Chaffont, where I have been these two days. Mr. Conway, lady Ailesbury, lady Lyttleton, and Mrs. Shirley are there; and lady Mary is going to add to the number again. The house and grounds are still in the same dislocated condition; in short, they finish nothing but children; even Mr. Bentley's gothic stable, which I call Houynhm castle, is not rough cast yet. We went to see More-park, but I was not much struck with it, after all the miracles I had heard Brown had performed there. He has undulated the horizon in so many artificial mole-hills, that it is full as unnatural as if it was drawn with a rule and compasses. Nothing is done to the house; there are not even chairs in the great apartment. My lord A———n is more slatternly than the Churchills, and does not even finish children. I am going to write to lord Beauchamp, that I shall be at Oxford on the fifteenth, where I depend upon meeting you. I design to see Blenheim, and Rousham, (is not that the name of Dormer's?) and Althorp, and Drayton, before I return—but don't be frightened, I don't propose to drag you to all or any of these, if you don't like it.

Mr. Bentley has sketched a very pretty gothic room for lord Holderness, and orders are gone to execute it directly in Yorkshire. The first draught was Mason's; but as he does not pretend to much skill, we were desired to correct it. I say *we*, for I chose the ornaments. Adieu.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

P. S. My lady Ailesbury has been much diverted, and so will you too. Gray is in their neighbourhood. My lady Carlisle says, *he is extremely like me in his manner.* They went a party to dine on a cold loaf, and passed the day; lady A. protests he never opened his lips but once, and then only said, "yes, my lady, I believe so."

LETTER CXXIV.

Strawberry-hill, July 20, 1760.

I SHALL be very sorry if I don't see you at Oxford on Tuesday next; but what can I say if your Wetenhalls will break into my almanack, and take my very day, can I help it? I must own I shall be glad if their coach-horse is laid up with the fashionable sore throat and fever: can you recommend no coachman to them like Dr. Wilmot, who will dispatch it in three days? If I don't see you at Oxford, I don't think I shall at Greatworth till my return from the north, which will be about the 20th or 22d of August. Drayton, be it known to you, is lady Betty Germain's, is in your own county, was the old mansion of the Mordaunt's, and is crammed with whatever sir John could get from them and the Norfolks. Adieu.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER CXXV.

Strawberry-hill, July 19, 1760.

Mr. Conway, as I told you, was with me at Oxford, and I returned with him to Park-place, and to-day hither. I am sorry you could not come to us; we passed four days most agreeably, and I believe saw more antique holes and corners than Tom Hearne did in threescore years. You know my rage for Oxford; if King's-college would not take it ill, I don't know but I should retire thither, and profess jacobitism, that I might enjoy some venerable set of chambers. Though the weather has been so sultry, I ferretted from morning to night, fatigued that strong young lad lord Beauchamp, and harassed his tutors till they were forced to relieve one another. With all this, I found nothing worth seeing, except the colleges themselves, painted glass, and a couple of croziers. Oh, yes; in an old buttery at Christ-church I discovered two of the most glorious portraits by Holbein in the world. They call them dutch heads. I took them down, washed them myself, and fetched out a thousand beauties. We went to Blenheim and saw all Vanbrugh's quarries, all the acts of parliament and gazettes on the duke in inscriptions, and all the old flock chairs, wainscot tables, and gowns and petticoats of queen Anne, that old Sarah could crowd among blocks of marble. It looks like the palace of an auctioneer, who has been chosen king of Poland, and furnished his apartments with obsolete trophies, rubbish that nobody bid for, and a dozen pictures, that he had stolen from the inventories of different families. The place is as ugly as the house, and the bridge, like the beggars at the old dutchess's gate, begs for a drop of water and is refused. We went to Ditchley, which is a good house, well furnished, has good portraits, a wretched saloon, and one handsome scene behind the house. There are portraits of the Litchfield hunt, in *true blue* frocks, with ermine capes. One of the colleges has exerted this loyal pun, and made their east window

entirely of blue glass. But the greatest pleasure we had, was in seeing sir Charles Cotterel's at Rousham; it reinstated Kent with me; he has no where shewn so much taste. The house is old, and was bad; he has improved it, stuck as close as *he* could to gothic, has made a delightful library, and the whole is comfortable. The garden is Daphne in little; the sweetest little groves, streams, glades, porticoes, cascades, and river, imaginable; all the scenes are perfectly classic. Well, if I had such a house, such a library, so pretty a place, and so pretty a wife, I think I should let king ——— send to Herenhausen for a master of the ceremonies.

Make many compliments to all your family for me; lord Beauchamp was much obliged by your invitation. *I* shall certainly accept it, as I return from the north; in the mean time, find out how Drayton and Althorp lie according to your scale. Adieu.

Yours most sincerely,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER CXXVI.

Strawberry-hill, August 12, 1760.

In what part of the island you are just now, I don't know; flying about somewhere or other, I suppose. Well, it is charming to be so young! Here am I, lying upon a couch, wrapped up in flannels, with the gout in both feet—oh yes, gout in all the forms. Six years ago I had it, and nobody would believe me—now they may have proof. My legs are as big as your cousin Guildford's, and they don't use to be quite so large. I was seized yesterday se'nnight; have had little pain in the day, but most uncomfortable nights; however, I move about

again a little with a stick. If either my father or mother had had it, I should not dislike it so much. I am herald enough to approve it if descended genealogically; but it is an absolute upstart in me, and what is more provoking, I had trusted to my great abstinence for keeping me from it: but thus it is, if I had had any gentleman-like virtue, as patriotism or loyalty, I might have got something by them; I had nothing but that beggarly virtue temperance, and she had not interest enough to keep me from a fit of the gout. Another plague is, that every body that ever knew any body that had it, is so good as to come with advice, and direct me how to manage it; that is, how to contrive to have it for a great many years. I am very refractory; I say to the gout, as great personages do to the executioners, "friend, do your work as quick as you can." They tell me of wine to keep it out of my stomach; but I will starve temperance itself; I will be virtuous indeed—that is, I will stick to virtue, though I find it is not its own reward.

This confinement has kept me from Yorkshire; I hope however to be at Ragley by the twentieth, from whence I shall still go to lord Strafford's, and by this delay you may possibly be at Greatworth by my return, which will be about the beginning of September. Write me a line as soon as you receive this; direct it to Arlington-street, it will be sent after me. Adieu.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

P. S. My tower erects its battlements bravely; my Anecdotes of Painting thrive exceedingly: thanks to the gout, that has pinned me to my chair: think of Ariel the sprite in a slit shoe!

LETTER CXXVII.

Arlington-street, September 1, 1760.

I WAS disappointed at your not being at home as I returned from my expedition; and now I fear it must be another year before I see Great-worth, as I have two or three more engagements on my books for the residue of this season. I go next week to lord Waldegrave, and afterwards to George Selwyn, and shall return by Bath, which I have never yet seen. Will not you and the general come to Strawberry in October?

Thank you for your lamentations on my gout, it was in proportion to my size, very slender—my feet are again as small as ever they were. When I had what I called *big shoes*, I could have danced a minuet on a silver penny.

My tour has been extremely agreeable. I set out with winning a good deal at loo at Ragley; the duke of Grafton was not so successful, and had some high words with Pam. I went from thence to Offley's at Whichenovre, the individual manor of the flitch of bacon, which has been growing rusty for these thirty years in his hall. I don't wonder; I have no notion that one could keep in good humour with one's wife for a year and a day, unless one was to live on the very spot, which is one of the sweetest scenes I ever saw. It is the brink of a high hill; the Trent wriggles through at the foot; Litchfield and twenty other churches and mansions decorate the view. Mr. Anson has bought an estate close by, whence my lord used to cast many a wishful eye, though without the least pretensions even to a bit of lard.

I saw Litchfield cathedral, which has been rich, but my friend lord Brook and his soldiery treated poor St. Chadd with so little ceremony, that it is in a most naked condition. In a niche at the very summit

they have crowded a statue of Charles the second, with a special pair of shoe-strings, big enough for a weathercock. As I went to lord Strafford's I passed through Sheffield, which is one of the foulest towns in England in the most charming situation; there are two-and-twenty thousand inhabitants making knives and scissors; they remit eleven thousand pounds a week to London. One man there has discovered the art of plating copper with silver; I bought a pair of candlesticks for two guineas that are quite pretty. Lord Strafford has erected the little gothic building, which I got Mr. Bentley to draw; I took the idea from Chichester-cross. It stands on a high bank in the menagerie, between a pond and a vale, totally bowered over with oaks. I went with the Straffords to Chatsworth, and staid there four days; there were lady Mary Coke, lord Besborough and his daughters, lord Thomond, Mr. Boufoy, the duke, the old dutchess,[1] and two of his brothers. Would you believe that nothing was ever better humoured than the ancient grace? She staid every evening till it was dark in the skittle-ground, keeping the score; and one night, that the servants had a ball for lady Dorothy's[2] birth-day, we fetched the fiddler into the drawing-room, and the dowager herself danced with us! I never was more disappointed than at Chatsworth, which, ever since I was born, I have condemned. It is a glorious situation; the vale rich in corn and verdure, vast woods hang down the hills, which are green to the top, and the immense rocks only serve to dignify the prospect. The river runs before the door, and serpentizes more than you can conceive in the vale. The duke is widening it, and will make it the middle of his park; but I don't approve an idea they are going to execute, of a fine bridge with statues under a noble cliff. If they will have a bridge (which by the way will crowd the scene), it should be composed of rude fragments, such as the giant of the Peak would step upon, that he might not be wet-shod. The expense of the works now carrying on will amount to forty thousand pounds. A heavy quadrangle of stables is part of the

[1] Daughter of John Hoskins, esq. and widow of William the third duke of Devonshire.

[2] Afterwards dutchess of Portland.

plan, is very cumbrous, and standing higher than the house is ready to overwhelm it. The principal front of the house is beautiful, and executed with the neatness of wrought-plate; the inside is most sumptuous, but did not please me; the heathen gods, goddesses, Christian virtues, and allegoric gentlefolks, are crowded into every room, as if Mrs. Holman had been in heaven and invited every body she saw. The great apartment is first; painted ceilings, inlaid floors, and unpainted wainscots make every room sombre. The tapestries are fine, but not fine enough, and there are few portraits. The chapel is charming. The great *jet d'eau* I like, nor would I remove it; whatever is magnificent of the kind in the time it was done, I would retain, else all gardens and houses wear a tiresome resemblance. I except that absurdity of a cascade tumbling down marble steps, which reduces the steps to be of no use at all. I saw Haddon, an abandoned old castle of the Rutlands, in a romantic situation, but which never could have composed a tolerable dwelling. The duke sent lord John with me to Hardwicke, where I was again disappointed; but I will not take relations from others; they either don't see for themselves, or can't see for me. How I had been promised that I should be charmed with Hardwicke, and told that the Devonshires ought to have established there! never was I less charmed in my life. The house is not gothic, but of that betweenity, that intervened when gothic declined and palladian was creeping in—rather, this is totally naked of either. It has vast chambers—aye, vast, such as the nobility of that time delighted in, and did not know how to furnish. The great apartment is exactly what it was when the queen of Scots was kept there. Her council-chamber, the council-chamber of a poor woman, who had only two secretaries, a gentleman-usher, an apothecary, a confessor, and three maids, is so outrageously spacious, that you would take it for king David's, who thought, contrary to all modern experience, that in the multitude of counsellors there is wisdom. At the upper end is the state, with a long table, covered with a sumptuous cloth, embroidered and embossed with gold,—at least what are gold; so are all the tables. Round the top of the chamber runs a monstrous frieze, ten or twelve

feet deep, representing stag-hunting in miserable plastered relief. The next is her dressing-room, hung with patch-work on black velvet; then her state bed-chamber. The bed has been rich beyond description, and now hangs in costly golden tatters. The hangings, part of which they say her majesty worked, are composed of figures as large as life, sewed and embroidered on black velvet, white satin, &c. and represent the virtues that were necessary for her, or that she was forced to have, as patience, and temperance, &c. The fire-screens are particular; pieces of yellow velvet, fringed with gold, hang on a cross-bar of wood, which is fixed on the top of a single stick, that rises from the foot. The only furniture which has any appearance of taste are the table and cabinets, which are all of oak, richly carved. There is a private chamber within, where she lay, her arms and style over the door; the arras hangs over all the doors; the gallery is sixty yards long, covered with bad tapestry, and wretched pictures of Mary herself, Elizabeth in a gown of sea-monsters, lord Darnley, James the fifth and his queen, curious, and a whole history of kings of England, not worth sixpence a-piece. There is an original of old Bess[1] of Hardwicke herself, who built the house. Her estates were then reckoned at sixty thousand pounds a-year, and now let for two hundred thousand pounds. Lord John Cavendish told me, that the tradition in the family is, that it had been prophesied to her that she should never die as long as she was building; and that at last she died in a hard frost, when the labourers could not work. There is a fine bank of old oaks in the park over a lake, nothing else pleased me there. However, I was so diverted with this old beldam and her magnificence, that I made this epitaph for her:

Four times the nuptial bed she warm'd,
And ev'ry time so well perform'd,

[1] She was daughter of John Hardwicke, of Hardwicke in Derbyshire. Her first husband was Robert Barley, esq. who settled his large estate on her and her heirs. She married, secondly, sir William Cavendish; her third husband was sir William St. Lo; and her fourth was George Talbot, earl of Shrewsbury, whose daughter lady Grace married her son by sir William Cavendish.

That when death spoil'd each husband's billing,
He left the widow ev'ry shilling.
Fond was the dame, but not dejected;
Five stately mansions she erected
With more than royal pomp, to vary
The prison of her captive Mary.
When Hardwicke's tow'rs shall bow their head,
Nor mass be more in Worksop said;
When Bolsover's fair fame shall tend
Like Olcotes, to its mould'ring end;
When Chatsworth tastes no Can'dish bounties,
Let fame forget this costly countess.

As I returned, I saw Newstead and Althorpe; I like both. The former is the very abbey. The great east window of the church remains, and connects with the house; the hall entire, the refectory entire, the cloister untouched, with the ancient cistern of the convent, and their arms on it; a private chapel quite perfect. The park, which is still charming, has not been so much unprofaned; the present lord has lost large sums, and paid part in old oaks, five thousand pounds of which have been cut near the house. In recompense he has built two baby forts, to pay his country in castles for the damage done to the navy, and planted a handful of scotch firs, that look like ploughboys dressed in old family liveries for a public day. In the hall is a very good collection of pictures, all animals; the refectory, now the great drawing-room, is full of Byrons; the vaulted roof remaining, but the windows have new dresses making for them by a Venetian tailor. Althorpe has several very fine pictures by the best italian hands, and a gallery of all one's acquaintance by Vandyke and Lely. I wonder you never saw it; it is but six miles from Northampton. Well, good night; I have writ you such a volume, that you see I am forced to page to it. The duke has had a stroke of the palsy, but is quite recovered, except in some letters, which he cannot pronounce; and it is

still visible in the contraction of one side of his mouth. My compliments to your family.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER CXXVIII.

Strawberry-hill, October 2, 1760.

I ANNOUNCE my lady Huntingtower[1] to you. I hope you will approve the match, a little more than I suppose my lord Dysart will, as he does not yet know, though they have been married these two hours, that, at ten o'clock this morning, his son espoused my niece Charlotte at St. James's church. The moment my lord Dysart is dead, I will carry you to see Ham-house; it is pleasant to call cousins with a charming prospect over against one. Now you want to know the detail, there was none. It is not the style of our court to have long negotiations; we don't fatigue the town with exhibiting the betrothed for six months together in public places. Vidit, venit, vicit;—the young lord has liked her some time; on Saturday se'nnight he came to my brother, and made his demand. The princess did not know him by sight, and did not dislike him, when she did; she consented, and they were to be married this morning. My lord Dysart is such a ——, that nobody will pity him; he has kept his son till six and twenty, and would never make the least settlement on him: "sure," said the young man, "if he will do nothing for me, I may please myself; he cannot hinder me of ten thousand pounds a-year, and sixty thousand that are in the funds, all entailed

[1] Daughter of sir Edward Walpole, and sister to lady Waldegrave and to Mrs. Keppel.

on me—a reversion one does not wonder the bride did not refuse, as there is present possession too of a very handsome person; the only thing his father has ever given him. His grandfather, lord Granville, has always told him to choose a gentlewoman, and please himself; yet I should think the ladies T—— and C—— would cackle a little.

I wish you could have come here this October for more reasons than one. The Teddingtonian history is grown woefully bad. Mark Antony, though no boy, persists in losing the world two or three times over for every gipsy that he takes for a Cleopatra. I have laughed, been scolded, represented, begged, and at last spoken very roundly—all with equal success; at present we do not meet. I must convince him of ill usage, before I can make good usage of any service. All I have done is forgot, because I will not be enamoured of Hannah Cleopatra too. You shall know the whole history when I see you; you may trust me for still being kind to him; but that he must not as yet suspect; they are bent on going to London, that she may visit and be visited, while he puts on his red velvet and ermine, and goes about begging in robes.

Poor Mr. Chute has had another very severe fit of the gout; I left him in bed, but by not hearing he is worse, trust on Saturday to find him mended. Adieu.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

P. S. I have kept a copy of my last memorial, which you, who know all the circumstances, will not think a whit too harsh.

LETTER CXXIX.

Strawberry-hill, October 14, 1760.

If you should see in the newspapers, that I have offered to raise a regiment at Twickenham, am going with the expedition, and have actually kissed hands, don't believe it; though I own, the two first would not be more surprising than the last. I will tell you how the calamity befel me, though you will laugh instead of pitying me. Last Friday morning, I was very tranquilly writing my Anecdotes of Painting—I heard the bell at the gate ring—I called out, as usual, "not at home;" but Harry, who thought it would be treason to tell a lie, when he saw red liveries, owned I was, and came running up, "sir, the prince of Wales is at the door, and says, he is come on purpose to make you a visit!" There was I, in the utmost confusion, undressed, in my slippers, and with my hair about my ears; there was no help, *insanum vatem aspiciet*—and down I went to receive him. Him was the duke of York. Behold my breeding of the old court; at the foot of the stairs I kneeled down, and kissed his hand. I beg your uncle Algernon Sidney's pardon, but I could not let the second prince of the blood kiss my hand first. He was, as he always is, extremely good humoured; and I, as I am not always, extremely respectful. He staid two hours, nobody with him but Morrison; I shewed him all my castle, the pictures of the pretender's sons, and that type of the reformation, Harry the eighth's ———, moulded into a weight to the clock he gave Anne Boleyn. But observe my luck; he would have the sanctum sanctorum in the library opened; about a month ago I removed the MSS. in another place. All this is very well; but now for the consequences; what was I to do next? I have not been in a court these ten years, consequently have never kissed hands in the next reign. Could I let a duke of York visit me, and never go to thank him? I know if I was a great poet, I might be so brutal, and tell the world in rhyme that rudeness is virtue;

or, if I was a patriot, I might, after laughing at kings and princes for twenty years, catch at the first opening of favour and beg a place. In truth I can do neither; yet I could not be shocking; I determined to go to Leicester-house, and comforted myself that it was not much less meritorious to go there for nothing, than to stay quite away; yet I believe I must make a pilgrimage to saint Liberty of Geneva, before I am perfectly purified, especially as I am dipped even at St. James's. Lord Hertford, at my request, begged my lady Yarmouth to get an order for my lady Henry to go through the park, and the countess said so many civil things about me and my suit, and granted it so expeditiously, that I shall be forced to visit her, even before she lives here next door to my lady Suffolk. My servants are transported; Harry expects to see me first minister, like my father, and reckons upon a place in the Custom-house. Louis, who drinks like a German, thinks himself qualified for a page of the back stairs—but these are not all my troubles. As I never dress in summer, I had nothing upon earth but a frock, unless I went in black, like a poet, and pretended that a cousin was dead, one of the muses. Then I was in panics least I should call my lord Bute, your royal highness. I was not, indeed, in much pain at the conjectures the duke of Newcastle would make on such an apparition, even if he should suspect that a new opposition was on foot, and that I was to write some letters to the whigs.

Well, but after all, do you know that my calamity has not befallen me yet? I could not determine to bounce over head and ears into the drawing-room at once, without one soul knowing why I came thither. I went to London on Saturday night, and lord Hertford was to carry me the next morning; in the mean time I wrote to Morrison, explaining my gratitude to one brother, and my unacquaintance with t'other, and how afraid I was that it would be thought officious and forward, if I was presented now, and begging he would advise me what to do; and all this upon my bended knee, as if Schutz had stood over me and dictated every syllable. The answer was by order from the duke of York, that he smiled at my distress, wished to put me to no inconveni-

ence, but desired, that as the acquaintance had begun without restraint, it might continue without ceremony. Now I was in more perplexity than ever! I could not go directly, and yet it was not fit it should be said I thought it an *inconvenience* to wait on the prince of Wales. At present it is decided by a jury of court matrons, that is, courtiers, that I must write to my lord Bute and explain the whole and why I desire to come now—don't fear; I will take care they shall understand how little I come for. In the mean time, you see it is my fault if I am not a favourite, but, alas! I am not heavy enough to be tossed in a blanket, like Doddington; I should never come down again; I cannot be driven in a royal curricle to wells and waters; I can't make love now to my cotemporary Charlotte Dives; I cannot quit Mufti and my parroquet for sir William Irby, and the prattle of a drawing-room, nor Mrs. Clive for Ælia Lælia Chudleigh; in short, I could give up nothing but an earldom of Eglington, and yet I foresee, that this phantom of the reversion of a reversion will make me plagued; I shall have lord E—— whisper me again; and every tall woman and strong man, that comes to town, will make interest with me to get the duke of York to come and see them. Oh! dreadful, dreadful! It is plain I never was a patriot, for I don't find my virtue a bit staggered by this first glimpse of court sunshine.

Mr. Conway has pressed to command the new Quixotism on foot, and has been refused; I sing a very comfortable *te deum* for it. Kingsley, Craufurd, and Keppel, are the generals, and commodore Keppel the admiral. The mob are sure of being pleased; they will get a conquest, or a court-martial. A very unpleasant thing has happened to the K——ls; the youngest brother, who had run in debt at Gibraltar, and was fetched away to be sent to Germany, gave them the slip at the first port they touched at in Spain, surrendered himself to the Spanish governor, has changed his religion, and sent for a ——, that had been taken from him at Gibraltar; *naturam expellas furcâ.* There's the true blood of Charles the second sacrificing every thing for popery and a bunter.

Lord B——, on hearing the name of lady C—— at Newmarket, affected to burst into tears, and left the room, not to hide his crying, but his not crying.

Draper has handsomely offered to go on the expedition, and goes. Ned Finch, t'other day, on the conquest of Montreal, wished the king joy of having lost no subjects, but those that perished in the *rabbits.* Fitzroy asked him if he thought they crossed the great American lakes in such little boats as one goes in to Vauxhall? he replied, "yes, Mr. Pitt said the *rabbits*"—it was in the falls, the *rapids.*

I like lord John almost as well as Fred. Montagu; and I like your letter better than lord John; the application of Miss Falkener was charming. Good night.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

P. S. If I had been told in June, that I should have the gout, and kiss hands before November, I don't think I should have given much credit to the prophet.

LETTER CXXX.

Arlington-street, October 25, 1760.
I tell a lie, I am at Mr. Chute's.

Was ever so agreeable a man as king ——— the second, to die the very day it was necessary to save me from a ridicule? I was to have kissed hands to-morrow—but you will not care a farthing about that now; so I must tell you all I know of departed majesty. He went to

bed well last night, rose at six this morning as usual, looked, I suppose, if all his money was in his purse, and called for his chocolate. A little after seven, he went into the water-closet; the German valet de chambre heard a noise, listened, heard something like a groan, ran in, and found the hero of Oudenarde and Dettingen on the floor, with a gash on his right temple, by falling against the corner of a bureau. He tried to speak, could not, and expired. Princess Emily was called, found him dead, and wrote to the prince. I know not a syllable, but am come to see and hear as much as I can. I fear you will *cry and roar all night*, but one could not keep it from you. For my part, like a new courtier, I comfort myself, considering what a gracious prince comes next. Behold my luck. I wrote to lord Bute, thrust in all the *unexpecteds*, *want of ambition*, *disinteresteds*, &c. that I could amass, gilded with as much duty, affection, zeal, &c. as possible. I received a very gracious and sensible answer, and was to have been presented to-morrow, and the talk of the few people, that are in town, for a week. Now I shall be lost in the crowd, shall be as well there as I desire to be, have done what was right, they know I want nothing, may be civil to me very cheaply, and I can go and see the puppet-show for this next month at my ease; but perhaps, you will think all this a piece of art; to be sure, I have timed my court, as luckily as possible, and contrived to be the last person in England that made interest with the successor. You see virtue and philosophy always prone to know the world and their own interest. However, I am not so abandoned a patriot yet, as to desert my friends immediately; you shall hear now and then the events of this new reign—if I am not made secretary of state—if I am, I shall certainly take care to let you know it.

I had really begun to think that the lawyers for once talked sense, when they said the *king never dies*. He probably got his death, as he liked to have done two years ago, by viewing the troops for the expedition from the wall of Kensington-garden. My lady Suffolk told me about a month ago that he had often told her, speaking of the dampness of Kensington, that he would never die there. For my part, my man

Harry will always be a favourite; he tells me all the amusing news; he first told me of the late prince of Wales's death, and to-day of the king's.

Thank you, Mr. Chute is as well as can be expected—*in this national affliction*. Sir Robert B—— has left every thing to my lady—aye, every thing, I believe his very avarice.

Lord Huntingtower wrote to offer his father eight thousand pounds of Charlotte's fortune, if he would give them one thousand a year in present, and settle a jointure on her. The earl returned this truly laconic, for being so unnatural, an answer. "Lord Huntingtower, I answer your letter as soon as I receive it; I wish you joy; I hear your wife is very accomplished. Yours, Dysart." I believe my lady Huntingtower must contrive to make it convenient for *me*, that my lord Dysart should die—and then he will. I expect to be a very respectable personage in time, and to have my tomb set forth like the lady Margaret Douglas, that I had four earls to my nephews, though I never was one myself. Adieu! I must go govern the nation.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER CXXXI.

Arlington-street, Tuesday, October 28.

THE new reign dates with great propriety and decency; the civilest letter to princess Emily, the greatest kindness to the duke; the utmost respect to the dead body. No changes to be made but those absolutely

necessary, as the household, &c.—and what some will think the most unnecessary, in the representative of power. There are but two new cabinet counsellers named; the duke of York, and lord Bute, so it must be one of them. The princess does not remove to St. James's, so I don't believe it will be she. To-day England kissed hands, so did I, and it is more comfortable to kiss hands with all England, than to have all England ask why one kisses hands. Well! my virtue is safe; I had a gracious reception, and yet I am almost as impatient to return to Strawberry, as I was to leave it on the news. There is great dignity and grace in the king's manner. I don't say this, like my dear Madame de Sevignè, because he was civil to me, but the part is well acted. If they do as well behind the scenes, as upon the stage, it will be a very complete reign. Hollinshed, or Baker, would think it begins well; that is, begins ill; it has rained without intermission, and yesterday there came a cargo of bad news, all which, you know, are similar omens to a man, who writes history upon the information of the clouds. Berlin is taken by the Prussians, the hereditary prince beaten by the French. Poor lord Downe has had three wounds. He and your brother's Billy Pitt are prisoners. Johnny Waldegrave was shot through the hat and through the coat; and would have been shot through the body, if he had had any. Irish Johnson is wounded in the hand; Ned Harvey somewhere; and prince Ferdinand mortally in his reputation for sending this wild detachment. Mr. Pitt has another reign to set to rights. The duke of Cumberland has taken lord Sandwich's, in Pall-mall; lord Chesterfield has offered his house to princess Emily; and if they live at Hampton-court, as I suppose his court will, I may as well offer Strawberry for a royal nursery; for at best it will become a cake-house; 'tis such a convenient airing for the maids of honour. If I was not forced in conscience to own to you, that my own curiosity is exhausted, I would ask you, if you would not come and look at this new world; but a new world only re-acted by old players is not much worth seeing; I shall return on Saturday. The parliament is prorogued till the day it was to have met; the will is not opened; what can I tell you more? Would it be news that all his hopes and fears, and that great lords

look as if they dreaded wanting bread? would this be news? believe me, it all grows stale soon. I had not seen such a sight these three and thirty years: I came eagerly to town; I laughed for three days: I am tired already. Good night!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

P. S. I smiled to myself last night. Out of excess of attention, which costs me nothing, when I mean it should cost nobody else any thing. I went last night to Kensington to enquire after princess Emily and lady Yarmouth; nobody knew me, they asked my name. When they heard it, they did not seem ever to have heard it before, even in that house. I waited half an hour in a lodge with a footman of lady Yarmouth's; I would not have waited so long in her room a week ago; now it only diverted me. Even moralizing is entertaining, when one laughs at the same time; but I pity those who don't moralize till they cry.

LETTER CXXXII.

Arlington-street, Oct. 31, 1760.

WHEN you have changed the cypher of George the second into that of George the third, and have read the addresses, and have shifted a few lords and grooms of the bed-chamber, you are master of the history of the new reign, which is indeed but a new lease of the old one. The *Favourite* took it up in a high style; but having, like my lord Granville, forgot to ensure either house of parliament, or the mob, the third house

of parliament, he drove all the rest to unite. They have united, and have notified their resolution of governing as before: not but the duke of ——— cried for his old master, desponded for himself, protested he would retire, consulted every body whose interest it was to advise him to stay, and has accepted to-day, thrusting the dregs of his ridiculous life into a young court, which will at least be saved from the imputation of childishness, by being governed by folly of seventy years growth.

The young king has all the appearance of being amiable. There is great grace to temper much dignity and extreme good-nature, which breaks out on all occasions. Even the household is not settled yet. The greatest difficulty is the master of the horse. Lord Huntingdon is so by all precedent; lord Gower, I believe, will be so. Poor lord Rochford is undone: nobody is unreasonable to save him.

The duke of Cumberland has taken Schomberg-house in Pall-mall; princess ——— is dealing for sir Richard Lyttleton's in Cavendish-square. People imagined the duke of Devonshire had lent her Burlington-house; I don't know why, unless they supposed she was to succeed my lady Burlington in every thing.

A week has finished my curiosity fully; I return to Strawberry tomorrow, and I fear go next week to Houghton, to make an appearance of civility to Lynn, whose favour I never asked, nor care if I have or not; but I don't know how to refuse this attention to lord Orford, who begs it.

I trust you will have approved my behaviour at court, that is, my mixing extreme politeness with extreme indifference. Our predecessors, the philosophers of ancient days, knew not how to be disinterested without brutality; I pique myself on founding a new sect. My followers are to tell kings, with excess of attention, that they don't want them, and to despise favour with more good breeding than others practise in suing for it. We are a thousand times a greater nation than

the grecians, why are we to imitate them? Our sense is as great, our follies greater; sure we have all the pretensions to superiority! Adieu.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

P. S. As to the fair widow B—n, I assure you the devil never sowed two hundred thousand pounds in a more fruitful soil: every guinea has taken root already. I saw her yesterday; it shall be some time before I see her again.

LETTER CXXXIII.

Arlington-street, Nov. 4, 1760.

I AM not gone to Houghton, you see; my lord Orford is come to town, and I have persuaded him to stay and perform decencies.

King George the second is dead richer than sir Robert Brown, though perhaps not so rich as my lord Hardwicke. He has left fifty thousand pounds between the duke, Emily, and Mary; the duke has given up his share. To lady Yarmouth a cabinet, with the contents; they call it eleven thousand pounds. By a german deed he gives the duke to the value of one hundred and eighty thousand pounds, placed on mortgages, not immediately recoverable. He had once given him twice as much more, then revoked it, and at last excused the revocation, on the pretence of the expenses of the war; but owns he was the best son that ever lived, and had never offended him; a pretty strong comment on the

affair of Closterseven! He gives him, besides, all his jewels in England; but had removed all the best to Hanover, which he makes crown jewels, and his successor residuary legatee. The duke too has some uncounted cabinets. My lady Suffolk has given me a particular of his jewels, which plainly amount to one hundred and fifty thousand pounds. It happened oddly to my lady Suffolk. Two days before he died, she went to make a visit at Kensington, not knowing of the review; she found herself hemmed in by coaches, and was close to him, whom she had not seen for so many years, and to my lady Yarmouth; but they did not know her; it struck her, and has made her very sensible to his death.

The changes hang back. Nothing material has been altered yet. Ned Finch, the only thing my lady Yarmouth told the new king she had to ask for, is made surveyor of the roads, in the room of sir Harry Erskine, who is to have an old regiment. He excuses himself from seeing company, as favourite of the favourite. Arthur is removed from being clerk of the wine-cellar, a sacrifice to morality! The archbishop has such hopes of the young king, that he is never out of the circle. He trod upon the duke's foot on Sunday, in the haste of his zeal; the duke said to him, "my lord, if your grace is in such a hurry to make your court, that is the way." Bon-mots come thicker than changes. Charles Townshend, receiving an account of the impression the king's death had made, was told Miss Chudleigh cried. "What," said he, "oysters!" And last night Mr. Dauncey, asking George Selwyn if princess ——— would have a guard? he replied, "now and then one, I suppose."

An extraordinary event has happened to-day; George Townshend sent a challenge to lord Albemarle, desiring him to be with a second in the fields. Lord Albemarle took colonel Crawford, and went to Marybone; George Townshend bespoke lord Buckingham, who loves a secret too well not to tell it: he communicated it to Stanley, who went to St. James's, and acquainted Mr. Caswall, the captain on guard. The latter

took a hackney-coach, drove to Mary-bone, and saw one pair. After waiting ten minutes, the others came; Townshend made an apology to lord Albemarle for making him wait—" oh!" said he, " men of spirit don't want apologies; come, let us begin what we came for." At that instant, out steps Caswall from his coach, and begs their pardon, as his superior officers, but told them they were his prisoners; he desired Mr. Townshend and lord Buckingham to return to their coach, he would carry back lord Albemarle and Crawfurd in his. He did, and went to acquaint the ——, who has commissioned some of the matrons of the army to examine the affair, and make it up. All this while, I don't know what the quarrel was, but they hated one another so much on the duke's account, that a slight word would easily make their aversions boil over.

Don't you, nor even your general, come to town on this occasion? Good night.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER CXXXIV.

Arlington-street, Nov. 13, 1760.

EVEN the honey-moon of a new reign don't produce events every day. There is nothing but the common saying of addresses and kissing hands. The chief difficulty is settled; lord Gower yields the mastership of the horse to lord Huntingdon, and removes to the great wardrobe, from whence sir Thomas Robinson was to have gone into Ellis's place, but he is saved. The city, however, have a mind to be out of humour; a paper has been fixed on the Royal Exchange, with these words—" no

petticoat government, no scotch minister, no lord George Sackville;" two hints totally unfounded, and the other scarce true. No petticoat ever governed less; it is left at Leicester-house; lord George's breeches are as little concerned; and, except lady Susan Stuart and sir Harry Erskine, nothing has yet been done for any scots. For the king himself, he seems all good-nature, and wishing to satisfy every body; all his speeches are obliging. I saw him again yesterday, and was surprised to find the levee room had lost so entirely the air of the lion's den. This sovereign don't stand in one spot, with his eyes fixed royally on the ground, and dropping bits of German news; he walks about and speaks to every body. I saw him afterwards on the throne, where he is graceful and genteel, sits with dignity, and reads his answers to addresses well; it was the Cambridge address, carried by the duke of N——— in his doctor's gown, and looking like the *medecin malgrè lui.* He had been vehemently solicitous for attendance, for fear of my lord Westmoreland, who vouchsafes himself to bring the address from Oxford, should outnumber him. Lord L———d and several other jacobites have kissed hands; George Selwyn says, "they go to St. James's, because now there are so many *Stuarts* there."

Do you know, I had the curiosity to go to the burying t'other night; I had never seen a royal funeral; nay, I walked as a rag of quality, which I found would be, and so it was, the easiest way of seeing it. It is absolutely a noble sight. The prince's chamber, hung with purple, and a quantity of silver lamps, the coffin under a canopy of purple velvet, and six vast chandeliers of silver on high stands, had a very good effect. The ambassador from Tripoli and his son were carried to see that chamber. The procession, through a line of foot-guards, every seventh man bearing a torch, the horse-guards lining the outside, their officers with drawn sabres and crape sashes on horseback, the drums muffled, the fifes, bells tolling, and minute guns,—all this was very solemn. But the charm was the entrance of the abbey, where we were received by the dean and chapter in rich robes, the choir and almsmen bearing torches; the whole abbey so illuminated, that one saw it to

greater advantage than by day; the tombs, long aisles, and fretted roof, all appearing distinctly, and with the happiest chiaro scuro. There wanted nothing but incense, and little chapels here and there, with priests saying mass for the repose of the defunct; yet one could not complain of its not being catholic enough. I had been in dread of being coupled with some boy of ten years old; but the heralds were not very accurate, and I walked with George Grenville, taller and older to keep me in countenance. When we came to the chapel of Henry the seventh, all solemnity and decorum ceased; no order was observed, people sat or stood where they could or would; the yeomen of the guard were crying out for help, oppressed by the immense weight of the coffin; the bishop read sadly, and blundered in the prayers; the fine chapter, *man that is born of a woman*, was chaunted, not read; and the anthem, besides being immeasurably tedious, would have served as well for a nuptial. The real serious part was the figure of the duke of Cumberland, heightened by a thousand melancholy circumstances. He had a dark brown adonis, and a cloak of black cloth, with a train of five yards. Attending the funeral of a father could not be pleasant: his leg extremely bad, yet forced to stand upon it near two hours; his face bloated and distorted with his late paralytic stroke, which has affected too one of his eyes, and placed over the mouth of the vault, into which, in all probability, he must himself so soon descend; think how unpleasant a situation! He bore it all with a firm and unaffected countenance. This grave scene was fully contrasted by the burlesque duke of N————. He fell into a fit of crying the moment he came into the chapel, and flung himself back in a stall, the archbishop hovering over him with a smelling-bottle; but in two minutes his curiosity got the better of his hypocrisy, and he ran about the chapel with his glass to spy who was or was not there, spying with one hand, and mopping his eyes with the other. Then returned the fear of catching cold; and the duke of Cumberland, who was sinking with heat, felt himself weighed down, and turning round, found it was the duke of N———— standing upon his train, to avoid the chill of the marble. It was very theatric to look down into the vault, where the coffin lay, attended by mourners

with lights. Clavering, the groom of the bed-chamber, refused to sit up with the body, and was dismissed by the king's order.

I have nothing more to tell you, but a trifle, a very trifle. The king of Prussia has totally defeated marshal Daun. This, which would have been prodigious news a month ago, is nothing to-day; it only takes its turn among the questions, "who is to be groom of the bed-chamber? what is sir T. Robinson to have?" I have been to Leicester-fields to-day; the crowd was immoderate; I don't believe it will continue so. Good night.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER CXXXV.

Arlington-street, Thursday, 1760.

As a codicil to my letter, I send you the bed-chamber. There are to be eighteen lords, and thirteen grooms; all the late king's remain, but your cousin Manchester, lord Falconberg, lord Essex, and lord Hyndford, replaced by the duke of Richmond, lord Weymouth, lord March, and lord Eglinton; the last at the request of the duke of York. Instead of Clavering, Nassau, and general Campbell, who is promised something else, lord Northampton's brother and commodore Keppel are grooms. When it was offered to the duke of Richmond, he said he could not accept it, unless something was done for colonel Keppel, for whom he has interested himself, that it would look like sacrificing Keppel to his own views. This is handsome; Keppel is to be equerry.

Princess ——— goes every where, as she calls it; she was on Monday

at lady Holderness's, and next Monday is to be at Bedford-house; but there is only the late king's set, and the court of Bedford; so she makes the houses of other people as triste as St. James's was. Good night.

Not a word more of the king of Prussia: did you ever know a victory mind the wind so?——

LETTER CXXXVI.

Strawberry-hill, Monday, November 24, 1760.

UNLESS I were to send you journals, lists, catalogues, computations of the bodies, tides, swarms of people that go to court to present addresses, or to be presented, I can tell you nothing new. The day the king went to the house, I was three quarters of an hour getting through Whitehall: there were subjects enough to set up half a dozen petty kings; the pretender would be proud to reign over the footmen only; and, indeed, unless he acquires some of them, he will have no subjects left; all their masters flock to St. James's. The palace is so thronged, that I will stay till some people are discontented. The first night the king went to the play, which was civilly on a Friday, not on the opera night, as he used to do, the whole audience sung God save the king in chorus. For the first act, the press was so great at the door, that no ladies could go to the boxes, and only the servants appeared there, who kept places: at the end of the second act, the whole mob broke in, and seated themselves; yet all this zeal is not likely to last, though he so well deserves it. Seditious papers are again stuck up: one t'other day in Westminster-hall declared against a saxe-gothan princess. The archbishop, who is never out of the drawing-room, has great hopes from the —— goodness, that he shall make something of him, that is something ———. On the address, Pitt and his zany B——— quar-

relled, on the latter's calling the campaign languid. What is become of our magnanimous ally and his victory, I know not. In eleven days, no courier has arrived from him; but I have been these two days perfectly indifferent about his magnanimity. I am come to put my Anecdotes of Painting into the press. You are one of the few that I expect will be entertained with it. It has warmed Gray's coldness so much, that he is violent about it; in truth, there is an infinite quantity of new and curious things about it; but as it is quite foreign from all popular topics, I don't suppose it will be much attended to. There is not a word of methodism in it, it says nothing of the disturbances in Ireland, it does not propose to keep all Canada, it neither flattered the king of Prussia nor prince Ferdinand, it does not say that the city of London are the wisest men in the world, it is silent about George Townshend, and does not abuse my lord George Sackville; how should it please? I want you to help me in a little affair, that regards it. I have found in a MS. that in the church of Beckley, or Becksley, in Sussex, there are portraits on glass in a window of Henry the third and his queen. I have looked in the map, and find the first name between Bodiham and Rye, but I am not sure it is the place. I will be much obliged to you, if you will write directly to your sir Whistler, and beg him to inform himself very exactly if there is any such thing in such a church near Bodiham. Pray state it minutely; because if there is, I will have them drawn for the frontispiece to my work.

Did I tell you that the archbishop tried to hinder the Minor from being played at Drury-lane? for once the duke of Devonshire was firm, and would only let him correct some passages, and even of those the duke has restored some. One that the prelate effaced was, "you snub-nosed son of a ——." Foote says, he will take out a licence to preach Tam. Cant, against Tom. Cant.

The first volume of Voltaire's Peter the Great is arrived. I weep over it. It is as languid as the campaign; he is grown old. He boasts of the materials communicated to him by the czarina's order—but, alas!

he need not be proud of them. They only serve to shew how much worse he writes history with materials than without. Besides, it is evident how much that authority has cramped his genius. I had heard before, that when he sent the work to Petersburgh for imperial approbation, it was returned with orders to increase the panegyric. I wish he had acted like a very inferior author. Knyphausen once hinted to me, that I might have some authentic papers, if I was disposed to write the life of his master; but I did not care for what would lay me under such restrictions. It is not fair to use weapons against the persons that lend them; and I do not admire his master enough to commend any thing in him, but his military actions. Adieu!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER CXXXVII.

Arlington-street, Dec. 11, 1760.

I THANK you for the inquiries about the painted glass, and shall be glad if I prove to be in the right.

There is not much of news to tell you; and yet there is much dissatisfaction. The duke of Newcastle has threatened to resign on the appointment of lord Oxford and lord Bruce without his knowledge. His court rave about tories, which you know comes with a singular grace from them, as the duke never preferred any. Murray, lord Gower, sir John Cotton, Jack Pitt,, &c. &c. &c. were all firm whigs. But it is unpardonable to put an end to all faction, when it is not for factious purposes. Lord Fitz ——, made aid-de-camp to the king, has disgusted

the army. The duke of R——, whose brother has no more been put over others than the duke of Newcastle has preferred tories, has presented a warm memorial in a warm manner, and has resigned the bedchamber, not his regiment—another propriety.

Propriety is so much in fashion, that Miss Chudleigh has called for the council books of the subscription concert, and has struck off the name of Mrs. Naylor. *I* have some thoughts of remonstrating, that general Waldegrave is too *lean* for to be a groom of the bedchamber.

Mr. Chute has sold his house to Miss Speed for three thousand pounds, and has taken one for a year in Berkeley-square.

This is a very brief letter; I fear this reign will soon furnish longer. When the last —— could be beloved, a young man with a good heart has little chance of being so. Moreover, I have a maxim,. that *the extinction of party is the origin of faction.* Good night.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER CXXXVIII.

Arlington-street, Jan. 22, 1761.

I AM glad you are coming, and now the time is over, that you are coming so late, as I like to have you here in the spring. You will find no great novelty in the new reign. Lord Denbigh is made master of the harriers with two thousand a year. Lord T——e asked it, and N——e and H———e gave into it for fear of Denbigh's * * * * * * * * * *

in the house of lords. Does this differ from the style of George the second.

The king designs to have a new motto; he will not have a french one, so the pretender may enjoy *dieu et mon droit* in quiet.

Princess ——— is already sick of being familiar; she has been at Northumberland-house, but goes to nobody more. That party was larger, but still more formal than the rest, though the duke of York had invited himself and his commerce-table. I played with Madam ———, and we were mighty well together; so well, that two nights afterwards she commended me to Mr. Conway and Mr. Fox, but calling me *that Mr. Walpole*, they did not guess who she meant. For my part, I thought it very well, that when I played with her, she did not call me *that gentleman*. As she went away, *she thanked* my lady Northumberland, *like a parson's wife, for all her civilities.*

I was excessively amused on Tuesday night; there was a play at Holland-house, acted by children; not all children, for lady Sarah Lenox and lady Susan Strangways played the women: It was Jane Shore; Mr. Price lord Barrington's nephew was Gloster, and acted better than three parts of the comedians. Charles Fox, Hastings; a little Nichols, who spoke well, Belmour; lord Ofaly, lord Ashbroke, and other boys, did the rest: but the two girls were delightful, and acted with so much nature and simplicity, that they appeared the very things they represented. Lady Sarah was more beautiful than you can conceive, and her very awkwardness gave an air of truth to the shame of the part, and the antiquity of the time, which was kept up by her dress, taken out of Montfaucon. Lady Susan was dressed from Jane Seymour, and all the parts were clothed in ancient habits, and with the most minute propriety. I was infinitely more struck with the last scene between the two women, than ever I was when I have seen it on the stage. When lady Sarah was in white, with her hair about her ears and on the ground, no Magdalen by Corregio was half so lovely

and expressive. You would have been charmed too with seeing Mr. Fox's little boy of six years old, who is beautiful, and acted the bishop of Ely, drest in lawn sleeves and with a square cap; they had inserted two lines for him, which he could hardly speak plainly. Francis had given them a pretty prologue.

You give me no account from Mr. Whistler of the painted glass; do press him for an answer. Adieu;

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER CXXXIX.

Arlington-street, Feb. 7, 1761.

I HAVE not written to you lately, expecting your arrival. As you are not come yet, you need not come these ten days, if you please, for I go next week into Norfolk, that my subjects of Lynn may at least once in their lives see me. 'Tis a horrible thing to dine with a mayor! I shall profane king John's cup, and taste nothing but water out of it, as if it were St. John Baptist's.

Prepare yourself for crowds, multitudes. In this reign all the world lives in one room. The capital is as vulgar as a country town in the season of horse-races. There were no fewer than four of these throngs on Tuesday last, at the duke of Cumberland's, princess Emily's, the opera, and lady Northumberland's; for even operas, Tuesday's operas, are crowded now. There is nothing else new. • Last week there was a magnificent ball at Carleton-house: the two royal dukes and princess Emily were there. He of York danced; the other and his sister had

each their table at loo. I played at her's, and am grown a favourite; nay, have been at her private party, and was asked again last Wednesday, but took the liberty to excuse myself, and yet am again summoned for Tuesday. It is triste enough: nobody sits till the game begins, and then she and the company are all on stools. At Norfolk-house were two arm-chairs placed for her and the duke of Cumberland, the duke of York being supposed a dancer, but they would not use them. Lord Huntingdon arrived in a frock, pretending he was just come out of the country, unluckily he had been at court, full-dressed, in the morning. No foreigners were there but the son and daughter-in-law of Monsieur de Fuentes: the dutchess told the dutchess of Bedford that she had not invited the embassadress, because her rank is disputed here. You remember the Bedford took place of Madame de Mirepoix; but Madame de Mora danced first, the dutchess of Norfolk saying she supposed that was of no consequence.

Have you heard what immense riches old Wortley has left? One million three hundred and fifty thousand pounds. It is all to centre in my lady Bute; her husband is one of fortune's prodigies. They talk of a print, in which her mistress is reprimanding Miss C——h, the latter curtsies and replies, "*madame, chacun a son But.*"

Have you seen a scandalous letter in print, from Miss F—— to lord J———, with the history of a boar's head? George Selwyn calls him Meleager. Adieu! this is positively my last.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER CXL.

Arlington-street, March 7, 1761.

I REJOICE, you know, in whatever rejoices you, and though I am not certain what your situation[1] is to be, I am glad you go as you like it. I am told it is black rod. Lady Anne Jekyll[2] said, she had written to you on Saturday night. I asked when her brother was to go, if before August; she answered yes, if possible. Long before October you may depend upon it; in the quietest times no lord lieutenant ever went so late as that. Shall not you come to town first? You cannot pack up yourself, and all you will want, at Greatworth.

We are in the utmost hopes of a peace; a congress is agreed upon at Augsbourg, but yesterday's mail brought bad news. Prince Ferdinand has been obliged to raise the siege of Cassel, and to retire to Paderborn; the hereditary prince having been again defeated, with the loss of two generals, and to the value of five thousand men, in prisoners and exchanged. If this defers the peace it will be grievous news to me, now Mr. Conway is gone to the army.

The town talks of nothing but an immediate queen, yet I am certain the ministers know not of it. Her picture is come, and lists of her family given about; but the latter I do not send you, as I believe it apocryphal. Adieu;

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

[1] Mr. Montagu was appointed usher of the black rod in Ireland.

[2] Sister of the earl of Halifax.

P. S. Have you seen the advertisement of a new noble author? A Treatise of Horsemanship, by Henry earl of Pembroke! As George Selwyn said of Mr. G———; "so far from being a writer, I thought he was scarce a courteous reader."

LETTER CXLI.

Arlington-street, March 17, 1761.

If my last letter raised your wonder, this will not allay it. Lord Talbot is lord Steward! The stone, which the builders refused, is become the head-stone of the corner. My lady ———, I suppose, would have found no charms in cardinal Mazarin. As the duke of Leeds was forced to give way to Jemmy Grenville, the duke of Rutland has been obliged to make room for this new earl. Lord Huntingdon is groom of the stole, and the last duke I have named, master of the horse; the red liveries cost lord Huntingdon a pang. Lord Holdernesse has the reversion of the Cinque-ports for life, and I think may pardon his expulsion.

If you propose a fashionable assembly, you must send cards to lord Spenser, lord Grosvenor, lord Melcomb, lord Grantham, lord Boston, lord Scarsdale, lady Mountstuart, the earl of Tyrconnell, and lord Wintertown. The two last you will meet in Ireland. No joy ever exceeded your cousin's or Doddington's: the former came last night to lady Hilsborough's to display his triumph; the latter too was there, and advanced to me. I said, "I was coming to wish you joy."—"I concluded so," replied he, and came to receive it." He left a good card yesterday at lady ———, a very young lord was to wait on lady ———, to make her ladyship the first offer of himself. I believe she will be content with the exchequer: Mrs. Grey has a pension of eight hundred pounds a year.

Mrs. Clive is at her villa for passion week; I have written to her for the box, but I don't doubt of its being gone; but, considering her alliance, why does not Miss Price bespeak the play and have the stage box.

I shall smile if Mr. Bentley, and Müntz, and their two Hannahs meet at St. James's; so I see neither of them, I care not where they are.

Lady Hinchinbrook and lady Mansel are at the point of death; lord ——— is to be poet-laureate; and, according to modern usage, I suppose it will be made a cabinet-counsellor's place. Good night.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER CXLII.

Arlington-street, March 19, 1761.

I CAN now tell you, with great pleasure, that your cousin[1] is certainly named lord-lieutenant. I wish *you* joy. You will not be sorry too to hear that your lord North is much talked of for succeeding him at the board of trade. I tell you this with great composure, though to-day has been a day of amazement. All the world is staring, whispering, and questioning. Lord Holderness has resigned the seals, and they are given to lord Bute. Which of the two secretaries of state is first minister? the latter or Mr. Pitt? Lord Holderness received the command but yesterday, at two o'clock, till that moment thinking himself ex-

[1] The earl of Halifax.

tremely well at court; but it seems the —— said he was tired of having two secretaries, of which one would do nothing, and t'other could do nothing; he would have a secretary who both could act and would. Pitt had as short notice of this resolution as the sufferer, and was little better pleased. He is something softened for the present by the offer of cofferer for Jemmy Grenville, which is to be ceded by the duke of Leeds, who returns to his old post of justice in Eyre; from whence lord Sandys is to be removed, some say to the head of the board of trade. Newcastle, who enjoys this fall of Holderness's, who had deserted him for Pitt, laments over the former, but seems to have made his terms with the new favourite: if the B———s have done so too, will it surprise you? It will me, if Pitt submits to this humiliation; if he does not, I take for granted the duke of Bedford will have the other seals.

The temper with which the new reign has hitherto proceeded, seems a little impeached by this sudden act, and the earl now stands in the direct light of a minister, if the house of commons should cavil at him. Lord Delawar kissed hands to-day for his earldom, the other new peers are to follow on Monday.

There are horrid disturbances about the militia in Northumberland, where the mob have killed an officer and three of the Yorkshire militia, who, in return, fired and shot twenty-one.

Adieu! I shall be impatient to hear some consequence of my first paragraph.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

P. S. Saturday.—I forgot to tell you that lord H———e has written some verses to lord L———n, upon those the latter made on lady E———t. If I had been told that he had put on a bag, and was gone off with Kitty Fisher, I should not have been more astonished.

Poor lady Gower[2] is dead this morning of a fever in her lying-in. I believe the ——— are very sorry, for there is a new opera this evening.

LETTER CXLIII.

March 21, 1761.

Of the inclosed, as you perceive, I tore off the seal, but it has not been opened.

I grieve at the loss of your suit, and for the injustice done you, but what can one expect but injury, when forced to have recourse to law? Lord Abercorn asked me this evening if it was true that you are going to Ireland? I gave a vague answer, and did not resolve him how much I knew of it. I am impatient for the reply to your compliment.

There is not a word of newer news than what I sent you last. The speaker[1] has taken leave, and received the highest compliments, and substantial ones too; he did not over-act, and it was really a handsome scene.

I go to my election on Tuesday, and, if I do not tumble out of the chair and break my neck, you shall hear from me at my return. I got the box for Miss Rice; lady Hinchinbrook is dead.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

[2] Daughter of Scroope, duke of Bridgewater.

[1] Onslow.

LETTER CXLIV.

Houghton, March 25, 1761.

HERE I am at Houghton! and alone! in this spot, where (except two hours last month) I have not been in sixteen years! Think, what a crowd of reflections! No, Gray, and forty church-yards, could not furnish so many; nay, I know one must feel them with greater indifference, than I possess, to have patience to put them into verse. Here I am, probably for the last time of my life, though not for the last time, every clock that strikes tells me I am an hour nearer to yonder church—that church, into which I have not yet had courage to enter, where lies that mother on whom I doated, and who doated on me! There are the two rival mistresses of Houghton, neither of whom ever wished to enjoy it! There too lies he, who founded its greatness, to contribute to whose fall Europe was embroiled; there he sleeps in quiet and dignity, while his friend and his foe, rather his false ally and real enemy, N————e and B——h, are exhausting the dregs of their pitiful lives in squabbles and pamphlets.

The surprise the pictures gave me is again renewed; accustomed for many years to see nothing but wretched daubs and varnished copies at auctions, I look at these as enchantment. My own description of them seems poor; but shall I tell you truly, the majesty of italian ideas almost sinks before the warm nature of flemish colouring; alas! don't I grow old? My young imagination was fired with Guido's ideas; must they be plump and prominent as Abishag to warm me now? Does great youth feel with poetic limbs, as well as see with poetic eyes? In one respect I am very young, I cannot satiate myself with looking: an incident contributed to make me feel this more strongly. A party arrived, just as I did, to see the house, a man and three women in riding

dresses, and they rode post through the apartments. I could not hurry before them fast enough; they were not so long in seeing for the first time, as I could have been in one room, to examine what I knew by heart. I remember formerly being often diverted with this kind of *seers*; they come, ask what such a room is called, in which sir Robert lay, write it down, admire a lobster or a cabbage in a market-piece, dispute whether the last room was green or purple, and then hurry to the inn for fear the fish should be over-dressed. How different my sensations! not a picture here but recalls a history; not one, but I remember in Downing-street or Chelsea, where queens and crowds admired them, though seeing them as little as these travellers!

When I had drank tea, I strolled into the garden; they told me it was now called the *pleasure-ground*. What a dissonant idea of pleasure! those groves, those allées, where I have passed so many charming moments, are now stripped up or overgrown—many fond paths I could not unravel, though with a very exact clue in my memory, I met two gamekeepers, and a thousand hares! In the days when all my soul was tuned to pleasure and vivacity (and you will think, perhaps, it is far from being out of tune yet), I hated Houghton and its solitude; yet I loved this garden, as now, with many regrets, I love Houghton; Houghton, I know not what to call it, a monument of grandeur or ruin! How I have wished this evening for lord Bute! how I could preach to him! For myself, I do not want to be preached to; I have long considered, how every Balbec must wait for the chance of a Mr. Wood. The servants wanted to lay me in the great apartment—what, to make me pass my night as I have done my evening! It were like proposing to Margaret Roper to be a dutchess in the court that cut off her father's head, and imagining it would please her. I have chosen to sit in my father's little dressing room, and am now by his scrutoire, where, in the height of his fortune, he used to receive the accounts of his farmers, and deceive himself, or us, with the thoughts of his economy. How wise a man at once, and how weak! For what has he built Houghton? for his grandson to annihilate, or for his son to mourn over. If lord Burleigh

could rise and view his representative driving the Hatfield stage, he would feel as I feel now. Poor little Strawberry! at least it will not be stripped to pieces by a descendant! You will find all these fine meditations dictated by pride, not by philosophy. Pray consider through how many mediums philosophy must pass, before it is purified—

" ——— how often must it weep, how often burn!"

My mind was extremely prepared for all this gloom by parting with Mr. Conway yesterday morning; moral reflections or common places are the livery one likes to wear, when one has just had a real misfortune. He is going to Germany; I was glad to dress myself up in transitory Houghton, in lieu of very sensible concern. To-morrow I shall be distracted with thoughts, at least images of very different complexion. I go to Lynn, and am to be elected on Friday. I shall return hither on Saturday, again alone, to expect Burleighides on Sunday, whom I left at Newmarket. I must once in my life see him on his grandfather's throne.

Epping, Monday night, thirty-first.—No, I have not seen him; he loitered on the road, and I was kept at Lynn till yesterday morning. It is plain I never knew for how many trades I was formed, when at this time of day I can begin electioneering, and succeed in my new vocation. Think of me, the subject of a mob, who was scarce ever before in a mob, addressing them in the town-hall, riding at the head of two thousand people through such a town as Lynn, dining with above two hundred of them amid bumpers, huzzas, songs and tobacco, and finishing with country dancing at a ball and sixpenny whisk! I have borne it all cheerfully; nay, have sat hours in *conversation*, the thing upon earth that I hate, have been to hear misses play on the harpsichord, and to see an alderman's copies of Rubens and Carlo Marat. Yet to do the folks justice, they are sensible, and reasonable, and civilized; their very language is polished since I lived among them. I attribute this to their more frequent intercourse with the world and the capital, by the help of

good roads and post-chaises, which, if they have abridged the king's dominions, have at least tamed his subjects. Well, how comfortable it will be to-morrow, to see my parroquet, to play at loo, and not be obliged to talk seriously! The Heraclitus of the beginning of this letter will be overjoyed on finishing it to sign himself your old friend,

DEMOCRITUS.

P.S. I forgot to tell you that my ancient aunt Hammond came over to Lynn to see me; not from any affection, but curiosity. The first thing she said to me, though we have not met these sixteen years, was, "child, you have done a thing to-day, that your father never did in all his life; you sat as they carried you, he always stood the whole time." "Madam," said I, "when I am placed in a chair, I conclude I am to sit in it; besides, as I cannot imitate my father in great things, I am not at all ambitious of mimicking him in little ones." I am sure she proposes to tell her remarks to my uncle Horace's ghost, the instant they meet.

LETTER CXLV.

Arlington-street, April 10, 1761.

You are a very mule; one offers you a handsome stall and manger in Berkeley-square, and you will not accept it. I have chosen your coat, a claret colour, to suit the complexion of the country you are going to visit; but I have fixed nothing about the lace. Barrett had none of gauze, but what were as broad as the irish channel. Your tailor found a very reputable one at another place, but I would not determine rashly; it will be two or three and twenty shillings the yard; you might have a very substantial real lace, which would wear like your

buffet, for twenty. The second order of gauzes are frippery, none above twelve shillings, and those tarnished, for the species is out of fashion. You will have time to sit in judgment upon these important points; for Hamilton your secretary told me at the opera two nights ago, that he had taken a house near Bushy, and hoped to be in my neighbourhood for four months.

I was last night at your plump countess's, who is so shrunk, that she does not seem to be composed of above a dozen hassocs. Lord Guildford rejoiced mightily over your preferment. The dutchess of Argyle was playing there, not knowing that the great Pam was just dead, to wit, her brother-in-law. He was abroad in the morning, was seized with a palpitation after dinner, and was dead before the surgeon could arrive. There's the crown of Scotland too fallen upon my lord Bute's head! Poor lord Edgecumbe is still alive, and may be so for some days; the physicians, who no longer ago than Friday se'nnight persisted that he had no dropsy, in order to prevent his having Ward, on Monday last proposed that Ward should be called in, and at length they owned they thought the mortification begun. It is not clear it is yet; at times he is in his senses, and entirely so, composed, clear, and most rational; talks of his death, and but yesterday, after such a conversation with his brother, asked for a pencil to amuse himself with drawing. What parts, genius, and agreeableness thrown away at a hazard table, and not permitted the chance of being saved by the villany of physicians!

You will be pleased with the anacreontic, written by lord Middlesex upon sir Harry Bellendine: I have not seen any thing so antique for ages; it has all the fire, poetry, and simplicity of Horace.

Ye sons of Bacchus, come and join
In solemn dirge, while tapers shine
Around the grape-embossed shrine
Of honest Harry Bellendine.

Pour the rich juice of Bourdeaux's wine,
Mixed with your falling tears of brine,
In full libation o'er the shrine
Of honest Harry Bellendine.

Your brows let ivy chaplets twine,
While you push round the sparkling wine,
And let your table be the shrine
Of honest Harry Bellendine.

He died in his vocation, of a high fever, after the celebration of some orgies. Though but six hours in his senses, he gave a proof of his usual good humour, making it his last request to the sister T———s to be reconciled, which they are. His pretty villa, in my neighbourhood, I fancy he has left to the new lord Lorn. I must tell you an admirable bon-mot of George Selwyn, though not a new one; when there was a malicious report that the eldest T——— was to marry Dr. Duncan, Selwyn said, "how often will she repeat that line of Shakspeare,

'Wake Duncan with thy knocking—would thou couldst!'"

I enclose the receipt from your lawyer. Adieu.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER CXLVI.

Arlington-street, April 28, 1761.

I AM glad you will relish June for Strawberry; by that time I hope the weather will have recovered its temper. At present it is horridly cross and uncomfortable, I fear we shall have a cold season; we cannot eat our summer and have our summer.

There has been a terrible fire in the little traverse street, at the upper end of Sackville-street. Last Friday night, between eleven and twelve, I was sitting with lord Digby in the coffee-room at Arthur's; they told us there was a great fire somewhere about Burlington-gardens. I, who am as constant at a fire as George Selwyn at an execution, proposed to lord Digby to go and see where it was. We found it within two doors of that pretty house of Fairfax, now general Waldegrave's. I sent for the latter, who was at Arthur's, and for the guard, from St. James's. Four houses were in flames before they could find a drop of water; eight were burnt. I went to my lady S———, in Saville-row, and passed the whole night, till three in the morning, between her little hot bedchamber and the spot, up to my ankles in water, without catching cold. As the wind, which had sat towards Swallow-street, changed in the middle of the conflagration, I concluded the greatest part of Saville-row would be consumed. I persuaded her to prepare to transport her most valuable effects—*portantur avari Pygmalionis opes miseræ.* She behaved with great composure, and observed to me herself how much worse her deafness grew with the alarm. Half the people of fashion in town were in the streets all night, as it happened in such a quarter of distinction. In the crowd looking on with great tranquillity, I saw a Mr. Jackson, an irish gentleman, with whom I had dined this winter at lord Hertford's. He seemed rather grave; I said, " sir, I

hope you do not live hereabouts."—"Yes, sir," said he, "I lodged in that house that is just burnt."

Last night there was a mighty ball at Bedford-house; the royal dukes and princess Emily were there; your lord-lieutenant, the great lawyer, lords, and old ———, whose teeth are tumbled out, and his mouth tumbled in; hazard very deep; loo, beauties, and the Wilton-bridge in sugar, almost as big as the life. I am glad all these joys are near going out of town. The G———s go abroad for the dutchess's health; another climate may mend that—I will not answer for more.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER CXLVII.

Arlington-street, May 5, 1761.

We have lost a young genius, sir William Williams; an express from Belleisle arrived this morning, brings nothing but his death. He was shot very unnecessarily, riding too near a battery; in sum, he is a sacrifice to his own rashness, and to ours. For what are we taking Belleisle? I rejoiced at the little loss we had on landing; for the glory, I leave it to the common council. I am very willing to leave London to them too, and do pass half the week at Strawberry, where my two passions, lilacs, and nightingales, are in full bloom. I spent Sunday as if it were Apollo's birth-day; Gray and Mason were with me, and we listened to the nightingales till one o'clock in the morning. Gray has translated two noble incantations from the lord knows who, a danish Gray, who lived the lord knows when. They are to be enchased, in a

history of english bards, which Mason and he are writing, but of which the former has not written a word yet, and of which the latter, if he rides Pegasus at his usual foot-pace, will finish the first page two years hence.

But the true frantic Œstus resides at present with Mr. Hogarth; I went t'other morning to see a portrait he is painting of Mr. Fox. Hogarth told me he had promised, if Mr. Fox would sit as he liked, to make as good a picture as Vandyke or Rubens could. I was silent—"why now," said he, "you think this very vain, but why should not one speak truth?" This *truth* was uttered in the face of his own Sigismonda, which is exactly a maudlin w——, tearing off the trinkets that her keeper had given her, to fling at his head. She has her father's picture in a bracelet on her arm, and her fingers are bloody with the heart, as if she had just bought a sheep's-pluck in St. James's-market. As I was going, Hogarth put on a very grave face, and said, "Mr. Walpole, I want to speak to you;" I sat down, and said, I was ready to receive his commands. For shortness, I will mark this wonderful dialogue by initial letters.

H. I am told you are going to entertain the town with something in our way. W. Not very soon, Mr. Hogarth. H. I wish you would let me have it, to correct; I should be very sorry to have you expose yourself to censure; we painters must know more of those things than other people. W. Do you think nobody understands painting but painters? H. Oh! so far from it, there's Reynolds, who certainly has genius; why, but t'other day he offered a hundred pounds for a picture, that I would not hang in my cellar; and indeed, to say truth, I have generally found that persons, who had studied painting least, were the best judges of it; but what I particularly wished to say to you was about sir James Thornhill (you know he married sir James's daughter): I would not have you say any thing against him; there was a book published some time ago, abusing him, and it gave great offence. He was the first that attempted history in England, and, I assure you, some

germans have said that he was a very great painter. W. My work will go no lower than the year one thousand seven hundred and I really have not considered whether sir J. Thornhill will come within my plan or not; if he does, I fear you and I shall not agree upon his merits. H. I wish you would let me correct it; besides, I am writing something of the same kind myself; I should be sorry we should clash. W. I believe it is not much known what my work is, very few persons have seen it. H. Why, it is a critical history of painting, is not it? W. No, it is an antiquarian history of it in England; I bought Mr. Vertue's MSS. and, I believe, the work will not give much offence; besides, if it does, I cannot help it: when I publish any thing, I give it to the world to think of it as they please. H. Oh! if it is an antiquarian work, we shall not clash; mine is a critical work; I don't know whether I shall ever publish it. It is rather an apology for painters. I think it is owing to the good sense of the english, that they have not painted better. W. My dear Mr. Hogarth, I must take my leave of you, you now grow too wild—and I left him. If I had staid, there remained nothing but for him to bite me. I give you my honour this conversation is literal, and, perhaps, as long as you have known englishmen and painters, you never met with any thing so distracted. I had consecrated a line to his genius (I mean, for wit) in my preface; I shall not erase it; but I hope nobody will ask me if he is not mad. Adieu!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER CXLVIII.

Strawberry-hill, May 14, 1761.

As I am here and know nothing of our poor heroes at Belleisle, who are combating rocks, mines, famine, and Mr. Pitt's obstinacy, I will send you the victory of a heroine, but must preface it with an apology, as it was gained over a sort of relation of yours. Jemmy L——y last week had a party of whist at his own house; the combatants, Lucy S———, that curtseys like a bear, Mrs. P——n, and a Mrs. M——y. They played from six in the evening till twelve next day; Jemmy never winning one rubber, and rising a loser of two thousand pounds. How it happened I know not, nor why his suspicions arrived so late, but he fancied himself cheated and refused to pay. However, *the bear* had no share in his evil surmises: on the contrary, a day or two afterwards, he promised a dinner at Hampstead to Lucy and her virtuous sister. As he went to the rendezvous his chaise was stopped by somebody, who advised him not to proceed. Yet no whit daunted, he advanced. In the garden he found the gentle conqueress, Mrs. M——y, who accosted him in the most friendly manner. After a few compliments, she asked him if he did not intend to pay her. "No, indeed I shan't, I shan't; your servant, your servant."—"Shan't you," said the fair virago, and taking a horsewhip from beneath her hoop, she fell upon him with as much vehemence as the empress queen would upon the king of Prussia, if she could catch him alone in the garden at Hampstead. Jemmy cried out murder; his servants rushed in, rescued him from the jaws of the lioness, and carried him off in his chaise to town. The S——'s who were already arrived, and descended on the noise of the fray, finding nobody to pay for the dinner, and fearing they must, set out for London too without it, though I suppose they had prepared tin pockets to carry off all that should be left. Mrs. M——y is immortal, and in the crown office.

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Don't imagine that my gallery will be *prance-about-in-able*, as you expect, by the beginning of June; I do not propose to finish it till next year, but you will see some glimpse of it, and for the rest of Strawberry, it never was more beautiful. You must begin now to fix your motions; I go to lord Dacre's the end of this month, and to lord Ilchester's the end of the next; between those periods I expect you.

Saturday morning, Arlington-street.

I CAME to town yesterday for a party at Bedford-house, made for princess ———; the garden was open with french horns and clarionets, and would have been charming with one single zephyr, that had not come from the north-east; however, the young ladies found it delightful. There was limited loo for the princess, unlimited for the dutchess of Grafton, to whom I belonged, a table of quinze and another of quadrille. The princess had heard of our having cold meat upon the loo table, and would have some. A table was brought in, she was served so, others rose by turns and went to the cold meat; in the outward room were four little tables for the rest of the company. Think if king ——— second could have risen and seen his daughter supping pell mell with men, as it were in a booth! The tables were removed, the young people began to dance to a tabor and pipe; the princess sat down again, but to unlimited loo; we played till three, and I won enough to help on the gallery. I am going back to it to give my nieces and their lords a dinner.

We were told there was a great victory come from Pondicherry, but it came from too far to divert us from liking our party better. Poor

George Monson has lost his leg there. You know that sir W. Williams has made Fred. Montague heir to his debts. Adieu;

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE

LETTER CXLIX.

Strawberry-hill, June 18, 1761.

I AM glad you will come on Monday, and hope you will arrive in a rainbow and pair, to signify that we are not to be totally drowned. It has rained incessantly, and floated all my new works; I seem rather to be building a pond than a gallery. My farm too is all under water, and what is vexatious, if Sunday had not thrust itself between, I could have got in my hay on Monday. As the parsons will let nobody else make hay on Sundays, I think they ought to make it on that day themselves.

By the papers I see Mrs. Trevor Hampden is dead of the small pox. Will he be much concerned? If you will stay with me a fortnight or three weeks, perhaps I may be able to carry you to a play of Mr. Bentley's—you stare, but I am in earnest: nay, and *de par le roy*. In short here is the history of it. You know the passion he always had for the italian comedy; about two years ago he wrote one, intending to get it offered to Rich, but without his name. He would have died to be supposed an author, and writing for gain. I kept this an inviolable secret. Judge then of my surprise, when about a fortnight or three weeks ago, I found my lord Melcomb reading this very Bentleiad in a circle at my lady Hervey's. Cumberland had carried it to him with a recommendatory copy of verses, containing more incense to the ———, and my lord Bute, than the magi brought in their portman-

teaus to Jerusalem. The idols were propitious, and to do them justice, there is a great deal of wit in the piece, which is called the Wishes, or Harlequin's Mouth Opened. A bank note of two hundred pounds was sent from the treasury to the author, and the play ordered to be performed by the summer company. Foote was summoned to lord Melcomb's, where Parnassus was composed of the peer himself, who, like Apollo, as I am going to tell you, was dozing, the two chief justices and lord B. Bubo read the play himself, *with handkerchief and orange by his side*. But the curious part is a prologue, which I never saw. It represents the god of verse fast asleep by the side of Helicon: the race of modern bards try to wake him, but the more they repeat their works, the louder he snores. At last *ruin seize thee ruthless king* is heard, and the god starts from his trance. This is a good thought, but will offend the bards so much, that I think Dr. Bentley's son will be abused at least as much as his father was. The prologue concludes with young Augustus, and how much he excels the ancient one by the choice of his friend. Foote refused to act this prologue, and said it was too strong. Indeed, said Augustus's friend, I think it is. They have softened it a little, and I suppose it will be performed. You may depend upon the truth of all this; but what is much more credible is, that the *comely young* author appears every night in the mall in a milk white coat with a blue cape, disclaims any benefit, and says he has done with the play now it is out of his own hands, and that Mrs. Hannah Clio, alias Bentley, writ the best scenes in it. He is going to write a tragedy, and she, I suppose, is going —— to court.

You will smile when I tell you that t'other day a party went to Westminster-abbey, and among the rest saw the ragged regiment. They inquired the names of the figures. "I don't know them," said the man, "but if Mr. Walpole was here he could tell you every one." Adieu; I expect Mr. John and you with impatience.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER CL.

Strawberry-hill, July 5, 1761.

You are a pretty sort of a person to come to one's house and get sick, only to leave an excuse for not returning to it. Your departure is so abrupt, that I don't know but I may expect to find that Mrs. *Jane* Truebridge, whom you command so much, and call Mrs. *Mary*, will prove Mrs. Hannah. Mrs. Clive is still more disappointed; she had proposed to play at quadrille with you from dinner till supper, and to sing old Purcell to you from supper to breakfast next morning. If you cannot trust yourself from Greatworth for a whole fortnight how will you do in Ireland for six months? Remember all my preachments, and never be in spirits at supper. Seriously I am sorry you are out of order, but am alarmed for you at Dublin, and though all the bench of bishops should quaver Purcell's hymns, don't let them warble you into a pint of wine. I wish you were going among catholic prelates, who would deny you the cup. Think of me and resist temptation. Adieu;

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER CLI.

Strawberry-hill, Friday night, July 16, 1761.

I did not notify the king's marriage to you yesterday, because I knew you would learn as much by the evening post, as I could tell you. The

solemn manner of summoning the council was very extraordinary: people little imagined, that the urgent and important business in the rescript was to acquaint them that his majesty was going to * * * * * * * * * * *. All I can tell you of truth is, that lord Harcourt goes to fetch the princess, and comes back her master of the horse. She is to be here in August, and the coronation certainly on the twenty-second of September. Think of the joy the women feel; there is not a scotch peer in the fleet, that might not marry the greatest fortune in England between this and the twenty-second of September. However, the ceremony will lose its two brightest luminaries, my niece Waldegrave for beauty, and the dutchess of Grafton for figure. The first will be lying-in, the latter at Geneva; but I think she will come, if she walks to it, as well as at it. I cannot recollect but lady Kildare and lady Pembroke of great beauties. Mrs. Bloodworth and Mrs. Robert Brudenel, bedchamber women, Miss Wrottesley and Miss Meadows, maids of honour, go to receive the princess at Helvoet; what lady I do not hear. Your cousin's grace of Manchester, they say, is to be chamberlain, and Mr. Stone, treasurer; the dutchess of Ancaster and lady Bolingbroke of her bedchamber: these I do not know are certain, but hitherto all seems well chosen. Miss Molly Howe, one of the pretty Bishops, and a daughter of lady Harry Beauclerc, are talked of for maids of honour. The great apartment at St. James's is enlarging, and to be furnished with the pictures from Kensington: this does not portend a new palace.

In the midst of all this novelty and hurry, my mind is very differently employed. They expect every minute the news of a battle between Soubise and the hereditary prince. Mr. Conway, I believe, is in the latter army; judge if I can be thinking much of espousals and coronations! It is terrible to be forced to sit still, expecting such an event; in one's own room one is not obliged to be a hero; consequently, I tremble for one that is really a hero.

Mr. your secretary has been to see me to-day; I am quite ashamed

not to have prevented him. I will go to-morrow with all the speeches I can muster.

I am sorry neither you nor your brother are quite well, but shall be content if my pythagorean sermons have any weight with you. You go to Ireland to make the rest of your life happy; don't go to fling the rest of it away. Good night!

Yours most faithfully,

HOR. WALPOLE.

Mr. Chute is gone to his Chutehood.

LETTER CLII.

Strawberry-hill, July 22, 1761.

For my part, I believe Mademoiselle Scuderi drew the plan of this year. It is all royal marriages, coronations, and victories; they come tumbling so over one another from distant parts of the globe, that it looks just like the handywork of a lady romance writer, whom it costs nothing but a little false geography to make the great Mogul in love with a princess of ————, and defeat two marshals of France as he rides post on an elephant to his nuptials. I don't know where I am. I had scarce found * * * * * * * * * * * * * with a magnifying glass, before I am whisked to Pondicherri—well I take it, and raze it. I begin to grow acquainted with colonel Coote, and to figure him packing up chests of diamonds, and sending them to his wife against the king's

wedding—thunder go the tower guns, and behold, Broglio and Soubize are totally defeated; if the mob have not much stronger heads and quicker conceptions than I have, they will conclude my lord Granby is become nabob. How the deuce in two days can one digest all this? Why is not Pondicherri in Westphalia? I don't know how the romans did, but I cannot support two victories every week. Well, but you will want to know the particulars. Broglio and Soubize united, attacked our army on the fifteenth, but were repulsed; the next day, the prince Mahomet Alli Cawn—no, no, I mean prince Ferdinand, returned the attack, and the french threw down their arms, and fled, run over my lord H——t, who was going to fetch the new ———; in short, I don't know how it was, but Mr. Conway is safe, and I am as happy as Mr. Pitt himself. We have only lost a lieutenant-colonel Keith; colonel Marlay and Harry Townshend are wounded.

I could beat myself for not having a flag ready to display on my round tower, and guns mounted on all my battlements. Instead of that, I have been foolishly trying on my new pictures upon my gallery. However, the oratory of our lady of Strawberry shall be dedicated next year on the anniversary of Mr. Conway's safety. Think with his intrepidity, and delicacy of honour wounded, what I had to apprehend; you shall absolutely be here on the sixteenth of next July. Mr. Hamilton tells me your king does not set out for his new dominions till the day after the coronation; if you will come to it, I can give you a very good place for the procession; where, is a profound secret, because, if known, I should be teazed to death, and none but my first friends shall be admitted. I dined with your secretary yesterday; there were Garrick and a young Mr. Burke, who wrote a book in the style lord Bolingbroke that was much admired. He is a sensible man, but has not worn off his authorism yet, and thinks there is nothing so charming as writers, and to be one. He will know better one of these days. I like Hamilton's little Marly; we walked in the great allée, and drank tea in the arbour of treillage; they talked of Shakspeare and Booth, of Swift and my lord Bath, and I was thinking of

Madame Sevigné. Good night—I have a dozen other letters to write; I must tell my friends how happy I am—not as an englishman, but as a cousin.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER CLIII.

Arlington-street, July 28, 1761.

No, I shall never cease being a dupe, till I have been undeceived round by every thing that calls itself a virtue. I came to town yesterday, through clouds of dust, to see *the Wishes*, and went actually feeling for Mr. Bentley, and full of the emotions he must be suffering. What do you think in a house crowded was the first thing I saw? Mr. and Madame Bentley, perched up in the front boxes, and acting audience at his own play! No, all the impudence of false patriotism never came up to it. Did one ever hear of an author, that had courage to see his own first night in public? I don't believe Fielding or Foote himself ever did, and this was the modest, bashful Mr. Bentley, that died at the thought of being known for an author even by his own acquaintance. In the stage-box was lady Bute, lord Halifax, and lord Melcombe. I must say, the two last entertained the house as much as the play; your king was prompter, and called out to the actor every minute to speak louder. The other went backwards and forwards behind the scenes, fetched the actors into the box, and was busier than Harlequin. The *curious* prologue was not spoken, the whole very ill acted. It turned out just what I remembered it; the good parts extremely good, the rest very flat and vulgar; the genteel dialogue, I believe, might be written by Mrs Han-

nah. The audience were extremely fair: the first act they bore with patience, though it promised very ill; the second is admirable, and was much applauded; so was the third; the fourth woeful; the beginning of the fifth it seemed expiring, but was revived by a delightful burlesque of the ancient chorus, which was followed by two dismal scenes, at which people yawned, but were awakened on a sudden by Harlequin's being drawn up to a gibbet, nobody knew why or wherefore: this raised a prodigious and continued hiss, Harlequin all the while suspended in the air —at last they were suffered to finish the play, but nobody attended to the conclusion. Modesty and his lady all the while sat with the utmost indifference; I suppose lord Melcombe had fallen asleep before he came to this scene, and had never read it. The epilogue was about the —— and new ———, and ended with a personal satire on Garrick: not very kind on his own stage. To add to the judgment of this conduct, Cumberland two days ago published a pamphlet to abuse him. It was given out for to-night with more claps than hisses, but I think will not do unless they reduce it to three acts.

I am sorry you will not come to the coronation. The place I offered, I am not sure I can get for any body else; I cannot explain it to you, because I am engaged to secresy; if I can get it for your brother John, I will, but don't tell him of it, because it is not sure. Adieu!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER CLIV.

Strawberry-hill, Aug, 20, 1761.

A FEW lines before you go; your resolutions are good, and give me great pleasure; bring them back unbroken; I have no mind to lose you; we have been acquainted these thirty years, and to give the devil his due, in all that time I never knew a bad, a false, a mean or ill-natured thing in the devil—but don't tell him I say so, especially as I cannot say the same of myself. I am now doing a dirty thing, flattering you to preface a commission. Dickey Bateman has picked up a whole cloister full of old chairs in Herefordshire. He bought them one by one, here and there in farm-houses, for three and sixpence, and a crown a-piece. They are of wood, the seats triangular, the backs, arms, and legs loaded with turnery. A thousand to one but there are plenty up and down Cheshire too. If Mr. and Mrs. Wetenhall, as they ride or drive out, would now and then pick up such a chair, it would oblige me greatly. Take notice, no two need be of the same pattern.

Keep it as the secret of your life; but if your brother John addresses himself to me a day or two before the coronation, I can place him well to see the procession: when it is over, I will give you a particular reason why this must be such a mystery. I was extremely diverted t'other day with my mother's and my old milliner; she said she had a petition to me—"What is it, Mrs. Burton?" "It is in behalf of two poor orphans." I began to feel for my purse. "What can I do for them, Mrs. Burton?" "Only if your honour would be so compassionate as to get them tickets for the coronation." I could not keep my countenance, and these distressed *orphans* are two and three and twenty! Did you ever hear a more melancholy case?

The queen is expected on Monday. I go to town on Sunday. Would

these shows and your irish journey were over, and neither of us a day the poorer!

I am expecting Mr. Chute to hold a chapter on the cabinet. A barge load of niches, window-frames, and ribs, is arrived. The cloister is paving, the privy garden making, painted glass adjusting to the windows on the back stairs: with so many irons in the fire, you may imagine I have not much time to write. I wish you a safe and pleasant voyage.

Yours faithfully,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER CLV.

Arlington-street, Sept. 24, 1761.

I AM glad you arrived safe in Dublin, and hitherto like it so well; but your trial is not begun yet. When your king comes, the ploughshares will be put into the fire. Bless your stars that your king is not to be married or crowned. All the vines of Bourdeaux, and all the fumes of irish brains cannot make a town so drunk as a regal wedding and coronation. I am going to let London cool, and will not venture into it again this fortnight. Oh! the buzz, the prattle, the crowds, the noise, the hurry! Nay, people are so little come to their senses, that though the coronation was but the day before yesterday, the duke of Devonshire had forty messages yesterday, desiring tickets for a ball, that they fancied was to be at court last night. People had set up a night and a day, and yet wanted to see a dance. If I was to entitle ages, I would call this the *century of crowds*. For the coronation, if a puppet-show

could be worth a million, that is. The multitudes, balconies, guards, and processions, made Palace-yard the liveliest spectacle in the world: the hall was the most glorious. The blaze of lights, the richness and variety of habits, the ceremonial, the benches of peers and peeresses, frequent and full, was as awful as a pageant can be; and yet for the king's sake and my own, I never wish to see another; nor am impatient to have my lord Effingham's promise fulfilled. The —— complained that so few precedents were kept for their proceedings. Lord Effingham owned, the earl marshal's office had been stangely neglected; but he had taken such care for the future, that *next coronation* would be regulated in the most exact manner imaginable. The number of peers and peeresses present was not very great; some of the latter, with no excuse in the world, appeared in lord Lincoln's gallery, and even walked about the hall indecently in the intervals of the procession. My lady ———, covered with all the diamonds she could borrow, hire, or seize, and with the air of Roxana, was the finest figure at a distance; she complained to George Selwyn that she was to walk with lady P————, who would have a wig, and a stick—" pho," said he, " you will only look as if you were taken up by the constable." She told this every where, thinking the reflection was on my lady P———. Lady Pembroke, alone at the head of the countesses, was the picture of majestic modesty; the dutchess of Richmond as pretty as nature and dress, with no pains of her own, could make her; lady Spencer, lady Sutherland, and lady Northampton, very pretty figures. Lady Kildare, still beauty itself, if not a little too large. The ancient peeresses were by no means the worst party: lady Westmoreland, still handsome, and with more dignity than all; the dutchess of Queensbury looked well, though her locks milk white; lady Albemarle very genteel; nay, the middle age had some good representatives in lady Holderness, lady Rochford, and lady Strafford, the perfectest little figure of all. My lady Suffolk ordered her robes, and I dressed part of her head, as I made some of my lord Hertford's dress; for you know, no profession comes amiss to me, from a tribune of the people to a habit-maker. Don't imagine that there were not figures as excellent on the other side: old E———r, who told the —— he was

the handsomest man she ever saw; old E———m and a lady S—— and S——, with her hair powdered and her tresses black, were an excellent contrast to the handsome. Lord B——— put on rouge upon his wife and the dutchess of B——— in the painted chamber; the dutchess of Q——— told me of the latter, that she looked like an orange-peach, half red and half yellow. The coronets of the peers and their robes disguised them strangely; it required all the beauty of the dukes of Richmond and Marlborough to make them noticed. One there was, though of another species, the noblest figure I ever saw, the high-constable of Scotland, lord Errol; as one saw him in a space capable of containing him, one admired him. At the wedding, dressed in tissue, he looked like one of the giants in Guildhall, new gilt. It added to the energy of his person, that one considered him acting so considerable a part in that very hall, where so few years ago one saw his father, lord Kilmarnock, condemned to the block. The champion acted his part admirably, and dashed down his gauntlet with proud defiance. His associates, lord E———, lord T———t, and the duke of B———, were woeful; lord T———t piqued himself on backing his horse down the hall, and not turning its rump towards the king, but he had taken such pains to dress it to that duty, that it entered backwards: and at his retreat the spectators clapped, a terrible indecorum, but suitable to such Bartholomew-fair doings. He had twenty demelès, and came out of none creditably. He had taken away the table of the knights of Bath, and was forced to admit two in their old place, and dine the others in the court of requests. Sir Wm. Stanhope said, we are ill-treated, for *some of us* are gentlemen." Beckford told the earl, it was hard to refuse a table to the city of London, whom it would cost ten thousand pounds to banquet the king, and that his lordship would repent it, if they had not a table in the hall; they had. To the barons of the Cinque-ports, who made the same complaint, he said, " if you come to me as lord-steward, I tell you, it is impossible; if, as lord T———t, I am a match for any of you;" and then he said to lord Bute, " if I were a minister, thus I would talk to France, to Spain, to the Dutch—none of your half measures." This has brought me to a melancholy topic.

Bussy[1] goes to-morrow, a spanish war is hanging in the air, destruction is taking a new lease of mankind—of the remnant of mankind. I have no prospect of seeing Mr. Conway. Adieu; I will not disturb you with my forebodings. You I shall see again in spite of war, and I trust in spite of Ireland.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

I was much disappointed at not seeing your brother John: I kept a place for him to the last minute, but have heard nothing of him.

LETTER CLVI.

Arlington-street, Oct. 8, 1761.

I CANNOT swear I wrote to you again to offer your brother the place for the coronation; but I was confident I did, nay, I think so still: my proofs are, the place remained vacant, and I sent to old Richard to inquire if Mr. John was not arrived. He had no great loss, as the procession returned in the dark.

Your king[2] will have heard that Mr. Pitt resigned last Monday. Greater pains have been taken to recover him than were used to drive him out. He is inflexible, but mighty peaceable. Lord Egremont is to have the seals to-morrow. It is a most unhappy event—France and Spain will soon let us know we ought to think so. For your part, you will be invaded; a blacker rod than you will be sent to Ireland. Would

[1] The french minister, who had come to England to negociate a peace.

[2] The earl of Halifax, lord lieutenant of Ireland.

you believe that the town is a desert? The wedding filled it, the coronation crammed it; Mr. Pitt's resignation has not brought six people to London. As they could not hire a window and crowd one another to death to see him give up the seals, it seems a matter of perfect indifference. If he will accuse a single man of checking our career of glory, all the world will come to see him hanged; but what signifies the ruin of a nation, if no particular man ruins it?

The dutchess of Marlborough died the night before last. Thank you for your descriptions; pray continue them. Mrs. Delany I know a little, lord Charlemont's villa is in Chambers's book.

I have nothing new to tell you; but the grain of mustard seed sown on Monday will soon produce as large a tree as you can find in any prophecy. Adieu;

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

P.S. Lady Mary Wortley is arrived.

LETTER CLVII.

Strawberry-hill, Oct. 10, 1761.

PRAY sir, how does virtue sell in Ireland now? I think for a province they have now and then given large prices. Have you a mind to know what the biggest virtue in the world is worth? If Cicero had been a drawcansir instead of a coward, and had carried the glory of Rome to as lofty a height as he did their eloquence, for how much do you think

he would have sold all that reputation? Oh! sold it! you will cry, vanity was his predominant passion; he would have trampled on sesterces like dirt, and provided the tribes did but erect statues enough for him, he was content with a bit of sabine mutton; he would have preferred his little tuscula villa, or the flattery of Caius Atticus at Baiæ, to the wealth of Crœsus, or to the luxurious banquets of Lucullus. Take care, there is not a tory gentleman, if there is one left, who would not have laid the same wager twenty years ago on the disinterestedness of my lord Bath. Come, you tremble, you are so incorrupt yourself you would give the world Mr. Pitt was so too. You adore him for what he has done for us; you bless him for placing England at the head of Europe, and you don't hate him for infusing as much spirit into us, as if a Montague, earl of Salisbury, was still at the head of our enemies. Nothing could be more just. We owe the recovery of our affairs to him, the splendour of our country, the conquest of Canada, Louisbourg, Guadaloupe, Africa, and the east. Nothing is too much for such services; accordingly, I hope you will not think the barony of Chatham and three thousand pounds a year for three lives too much for my lady Esther. She has this pittance: good night.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

P. S. I told you falsely in my last that lady Mary Wortley was arrived—I cannot help it if my lady Denbigh cannot read english in all these years, but mistakes Wrottesley for Wortley.

LETTER CLVIII.

Strawberry-hill, October 24, 1761.

I HAVE got two letters from you, and am sensibly pleased with your satisfaction. I love your cousin for his behaviour to you; he will never place his friendship better. His parts and dignity, I did not doubt, would bear him out. I fear nothing but your spirits and the frank openness of your heart; keep them within bounds, and you will return in health, and with the serenity I wish you long to enjoy.

You have heard our politics; they do not mend, sick of glory, without being tired of war, and surfeited with unanimity before it had finished its work, we are running into all kinds of confusion. The city have bethought themselves, and have voted that they will still admire Mr. Pitt; consequently, he, without the check of seeming virtue, may do what he pleases. An address of thanks to him has been carried by one hundred and nine against fifteen, and the city are to instruct their members; that is, because we are disappointed of a spanish war, we must have one at home. Merciful! how old I am grown! Here am I, not liking a civil war! Do you know me? I am no longer that Gracchus, who, when Mr. Bentley told him something or other, I don't know what, would make a sect, answered quickly, "will it make a party?" In short, I think I am always to be in contradiction; now I am loving my country.

Worksop is burnt down; I don't know the circumstances; the duke and dutchess are at Bath; it has not been finished a month; the last furniture was brought in for the duke of York: I have some comfort that I had seen it, and, except the bare chambers, in which the queen of Scots lodged, nothing remained of ancient time.

I am much obliged to Mr. Hamilton's civilities; but I don't take too much to myself; yet it is no drawback to think that he sees and com-

pliments your friendship for me. I shall use his permission of sending you any thing that I think will bear the sea; but how must I send it; by what conveyance to the sea, and where deliver it? Pamphlets swarm already; none very good, and chiefly grave; you would not have them. Mr. Glover has published his long-hoarded Medea, as an introduction to the House of Commons; it had been more proper to usher him from school to the university. There are a few good lines, not much conduct, and a quantity of iambics, and trochaics, that scarce speak English, and yet have no rhyme to keep one another in countenance. If his chariot is stopped at Temple-bar, I suppose he will take it for the straits of Thermopylæ, and be delivered of his first speech before its time.

The catalogue of the duke of Devonshire's collection is only in the six volumes of the Description of London. I did print about a dozen, and gave them all away so totally, that on searching, I had not reserved one for myself. When we are at leisure, I will reprint a few more, and you shall have one for your speaker. I don't know who is to be ours: Prowse, they say, has refused; sir J. Cust was the last I heard named: but I am here and know nothing; sorry that I shall hear any thing on Tuesday se'nnight.

Pray pick me up any prints of lord-lieutenants, Irish bishops, ladies —nay, or patriots; but I will not trouble you for a snuff-box or tooth-pick-case, made of a bit of the giant's causeway.

My anecdotes of Painting will scarcely appear before Christmas. My gallery and cabinet are at a full stop till spring, but I shall be sorry to leave it all in ten days; October, that scarce ever deceived one before, has exhibited a deluge; but it has recovered, and promised to behave well as long as it lives, like a dying sinner. Good night.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

P. S. My niece lost the coronation for only a daughter.

It makes me smile, when I reflect that you are come into the world again, and that I have above half left it.

LETTER CLIX.

Arlington-street, Nov. 7, 1761.

You will rejoice to hear that your friend Mr. Amyand is going to marry the dowager lady Northampton; she has two thousand pounds a year, and twenty thousand in money. Old Dunch is dead, and Mrs. Felton Harvey was given over last night, but is still alive.

Sir John Cust is speaker, and bating his nose, the chair seems well filled. There are so many faces in this parliament, that I am not at all acquainted with it.

The inclosed print will divert you, especially the baroness in the right-hand corner—so ugly, and so satisfied; the Athenian head was intended for Stewart; but was so like, that Hogarth was forced to cut off the nose. Adieu!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER CLX.

Arlington-street, Nov. 28, 1761.

I AM much obliged for the notice of sir Compton's illness; if you could send me word of peace too, I should be completely satisfied on Mr. Conway's account. He has been in the late action, and escaped, at a time that, I flattered myself, the campaign was at an end. However, I trust it is now. You will have been concerned for young Courtney. The war, we hear, is to be transferred to these islands; most probably to yours. The black-rod I hope, like a herald, is a sacred personage.

There has been no authentic account of the coronation published; if there should be, I will send it. When I am at Strawberry, I believe I can make you out a list of those that walked; but I have no memorandum in town. If Mr. Bentley's play is printed in Ireland, I depend on your sending me two copies.

There has been a very private ball at court, consisting of not above twelve or thirteen couple; some of the lords of the bedchamber, most of the ladies, the maids of honour, and six strangers, lady Caroline Russell, lady Jane Stewart, lord Suffolk, lord Northampton, lord Mandeville, and lord Grey. Nobody sat by, but the princess, the dutchess of Bedford, and lady Bute. They began before seven, danced till one, and parted without a supper.

Lady S——h L——x has refused lord E——l; the duke of Bedford is privy seal; lord Thomond cofferer; lord George Cavendish comptroller;—George Pitt goes minister to Turin; and Mrs. Speed must go thither, as she is marrying the baron de Perrier, count Virry's son. Adieu! Commend me to your brother.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER CLXI.

Arlington-street, Dec. 8, 1761.

I RETURN you the list of prints, and shall be glad you will bring me all, to which I have affixed this mark ×. The rest I have; yet the expense of the whole list would not ruin me. Lord Farnham, who, I believe, departed this morning, brings you the list of the duke of Devonshire's pictures.

I have been told that Mr. Bourk's history was of England, not of Ireland; I am glad it is the latter, for I am now in Mr. Hume's England, and would fain read no more. I not only know what has been written, but what would be written. Our story is so exhausted, that to make it new, they really *make* it *new*. Mr. Hume has exalted Edward the second, and depressed Edward the third. The next historian, I suppose, will make James the first a hero, and G * * * Charles the second.

Fingal is come out; I have not yet got through it; not but it is very fine—yet I cannot at once compass an epic poem now. It tires me to death to read how many ways a warrior is like the moon, or the sun, or a rock, or a lion, or the ocean. Fingal is a brave collection of similies, and will serve all the boys at Eton and Westminster for these twenty years. I will trust you with a secret, but you must not disclose it; I should be ruined with my scotch friends; in short, I cannot believe it genuine; I cannot believe a regular poem of six books has been preserved, uncorrupted, by oral tradition, from times before Christianity was introduced into the island. What! preserved unadulterated by savages dispersed among mountains, and so often driven from their dens, so wasted by wars civil and foreign! Has one man ever got all by heart? I doubt it; were parts preserved by some, other parts by

others? Mighty lucky, that the tradition was never interrupted, nor any part lost—not a verse, not a measure, not the sense! luckier and luckier. I have been extremely qualified myself lately for this scotch memory; we have had nothing but a coagulation of rains, fogs, and frosts, and though they have clouded all understanding, I suppose, if I had tried, I should have found that they thickened, and gave great consistence to my remembrance.

You want news—I must make it, if I send it. To change the dullness of the scene I went to the play, where I had not been this winter. They are so crowded, that though I went before six, I got no better place than a fifth row, where I heard very ill, and was pent for five hours without a soul near me that I knew. It was Cymbeline, and appeared to me as long as if every body in it went really to Italy in every act, and came back again. With a few pretty passages and a scene or two, it is so absurd and tiresome, that I am persuaded Garrick

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LETTER CLXII.

Arlington-street, Dec. 23, 1761.
Past midnight.

I AM this minute come home, and find such a delightful letter from you, that I cannot help answering it, and telling you so before I sleep. You need not affirm, that your ancient wit and pleasantry are revived; your letter is but five and twenty, and I will forgive any vanity, that is so honest, and so well founded. Ireland I see produces wonders of more sorts than one; if my lord A——n was to go lord-lieutenant, I

[1] The rest of this letter is lost.

suppose he would return a ———. How different am I from this state of revivification! Even such talents, as I had, are far from blooming again; and while my friends, or cotemporaries, or predecessors, are rising to preside over the fame of this age, I seem a mere antediluvian; must live upon what little stock of reputation I had acquired, and indeed grow so indifferent, that I can only wonder how those, whom I thought as old as myself, can interest themselves so much about a world, whose faces I hardly know. You recover your spirits and wit, Rigby is grown a speaker, Mr. Bentley a poet, while I am nursing one or two gouty friends, and sometimes lamenting that I am likely to survive the few I have left. Nothing tempts me to launch out again; every day teaches me how much I was mistaken in my own parts, and I am in no danger now but of thinking I am grown too wise; for every period of life has its mistake.

Mr. Bentley's relation to lord Rochester by the St. John's is not new to me, and you had more reason to doubt of their affinity by the former marrying his mistress, than to ascribe their consanguinity to it. I shall be glad to see the epistle: are not the Wishes to be acted? remember me, if they are printed; and I shall thank you for this new list of prints.

I have mentioned names enough in this letter to lead me naturally to new ill usage I have received. Just when I thought my book finished, my printer ran away, and had left eighteen sheets in the middle of the book untouched, having amused me with sending proofs. He had got into debt, and two girls with child; being two, he could not marry two Hannahs. You see my luck; I had been kind to this fellow; in short, if the faults of my life had been punished as severely as my merits have been, I should be the most unhappy of beings; but let us talk of something else.

I have picked up at Mrs. Dunch's auction the sweetest Petitot in the world—the very picture of James the second, that he gave Mrs. God-

frey, and I paid but six guineas and a half for it. I will not tell you how vast a commission I had given; but I will own, that about the hour of sale, I drove about the door to find what likely bidders there were. The first coach I saw was the ————'s; could I help concluding, that a maid of honour, kept by a duke, would purchase the portrait of a duke kept by a maid of honour—but I was mistaken. The Oxendens reserved the best pictures; the fine china, and even the diamonds sold for nothing; for nobody has a shilling. We shall be beggars if we don't conquer Peru within this half year.

If you are acquainted with my lady Barrymore, pray tell her that in less than two hours t'other night the duke of Cumberland lost four hundred and fifty pounds at loo; Miss Pelham won three hundred, and I the rest. However in general loo is extremely gone to decay; I am to play at princess Emily's to-morrow for the first time this winter, and it is with difficulty she has made a party.

My lady Pomfret is dead on the road to Bath; and unless the deluge stops, and the fogs disperse, I think we shall all die. A few days ago, on the cannon firing for the king going to the house, somebody asked what it was for? Monsieur de Choiseul replied, "*apparemment, c'est qu'on voit le soleil.*"

Shall I fill up the rest of my paper with some extempore lines, that I wrote t'other night on lady Mary Coke having St. Anthony's fire in her cheek? You will find nothing in them to contradict what I have said in the former part of my letter; they rather confirm it.

No rouge you wear, nor can a dart
From Love's bright quiver wound your heart.
And thought you, Cupid and his mother
Would unrevenged their anger smother?
No, no, from heav'n they sent the fire,
That boasts St. Anthony its sire;

They pour'd it on one peccant part,
Inflam'd your cheek if not your heart.
In vain—for see the crimson rise,
And dart fresh lustre thro' your eyes;
While ruddier drops and baffled pain
Enhance the white they meant to stain.
Ah! nymph, on that unfading face
With fruitless pencil time shall trace
His lines malignant, since disease
But gives you mightier pow'r to please.

Willes is dead, and Pratt is to be chief justice; Mr. Yorke attorney-general; solicitor, I don't know who. Good night: the watchman cries, past one!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER CLXIII.

Arlington-street, Dec. 30, 1761.

I HAVE received two more letters from you since I wrote last week, and I like to find by them that you are so well and so happy. As nothing has happened of change in my situation but a few more months passed, I have nothing to tell you new of myself. Time does not sharpen my passions or pursuits, and the experience I have had, by no means prompts me to make new connections. 'Tis a busy world, and well adapted to those, who love to bustle in it; I loved it once, loved its very tempests—now I barely open my window, to view what course the

storm takes. The town, who, like the devil, when one has once sold oneself to him, never permits one to have done playing the fool, believe I have a great hand in their amusements; but to write pamphlets, I mean as a volunteer, one must love or hate, and I have the satisfaction of doing neither. I would not be at the trouble of composing a distich to achieve a revolution. 'Tis equal to me what names are on the scene. In the general view, the prospect is very dark: the Spanish war, added to the load, almost oversets our most sanguine heroism; and now we have an opportunity of conquering all the world, by being at war with all the world, we seem to doubt a little of our abilities. On a survey of our situation, I comfort myself with saying, "well, what is it to me?" A selfishness that is far from anxious, when it is the first thought in one's constitution; not so agreeable when it is the last, and adopted by necessity alone.

You drive your expectations much too fast, in thinking my Anecdotes of Painting are ready to appear, and in demanding *three* volumes. You will see but *two*, and it will be February first. True, I have written three, but I question whether the third will be published at all; certainly not soon; it is not a work of merit enough to cloy the town with a great deal at once. My printer ran away and left a third part of the two first volumes unfinished. I suppose he is writing a tragedy himself, or an epistle to my lord Melcomb, or a panegyric on my lord Bute.

Jemmy Pelham is dead, and has left to his servants what little his servants had left him. Lord Ligonier was killed by the newspapers, and wanted to prosecute them: his lawyer told him it was impossible—a tradesman indeed might prosecute, as such a report might affect his credit. "Well, then," said the old man, "I may prosecute too, for I can prove I have been hurt by this report: I was going to marry a great fortune, who thought I was but seventy-four; the newspapers have said I am eighty, and she will not have me."

Lord Charlemont's Queen Elizabeth I know perfectly; he out-bid me

for it; is his villa finished? I am well pleased with the design in Chambers. I have been *my out-of-town* with lord Waldegrave, Selwyn, and Williams; it was melancholy the missing poor Edgecumbe, who was constantly of the Christmas and Easter parties. Did you see the charming picture Reynolds painted for me of him, Selwyn, and Williams? It is by far one of the best things he has executed. He has just finished a pretty whole-length of lady Elizabeth Keppel,[1] in the bridemaid's habit, sacrificing to Hymen.

If the Spaniards land in Ireland, shall you make the campaign? No, no, come back to England; you and I will not be patriots, till the Gauls are in the city, and we must take our great chairs and our fasces, and be knocked on the head with decorum in St. James's market. Good night.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

P. S. I am told that they bind in vellum better at Dublin than any where; pray bring me one book of their binding, as well as it can be done, and I will not mind the price. If Mr. Bourk's history appears before your return, let it be that.

[1] She was daughter of the earl of Albemarle, and married to the marquis of Tavistock.

LETTER CLXIV.

Arlington-street, Jan. 26, 1762.

We have had as many mails due from Ireland, as you had from us. I have at last received a line from you; it tells me you are well, which I am always glad to hear; I cannot say you tell me much more. My health is so little subject to alteration, and so preserved by temperance, that it is not worth repetition; thank God you may conclude it is good, if I do not say the contrary.

Here is nothing new but preparations for conquest, and approaches to bankruptcy; and the worst is, the former will advance the latter at least as much as impede it. You say the Irish will live and die with your cousin: I am glad they are so well disposed. I have lived long enough to doubt whether all, who like to live with one, would be so ready to die with one. I know it is not pleasant to have the time arrived when one looks about to see whether they would or not; but you are in a country of more sanguine complexion, and where I believe the clergy do not deny the laity the cup.

The queen's brother arrived yesterday; your brother, prince John, has been here about a week; I am to dine with him to-day at lord Dacre's with the Chute.

Our burlettas are gone out of fashion; do the Amicis come hither next year, or go to Guadaloupe, as is said?

I have been told that a lady Kingsland at Dublin has a picture of Madame Grammont, by Petitot; I don't know who lady Kingsland is, whether rich or poor, but I know there is nothing I would not give for such a picture. I wish you would hunt it; and if the dame is above

temptation, do try if you could obtain a copy in water colours, if there is any body at Dublin could execute it.

The dutchess of Portland has lately enriched me exceedingly; nine portraits of the court of Louis quatorze! Lord Portland brought them over; they hung in the nursery at Bulstrode, the children amused themselves with shooting at them. I have got them, but I will tell you no more, you don't deserve it; you write to me as if I were your godfather. "Honoured sir, I am brave and well, my cousin George is well, we drink your health every night, and beg your blessing." This is the sum total of all your letters. I thought in a new country, and with your spirits and humour, you could have found something to tell me. I shall only ask you now when you return; but I declare I will not correspond with you; I don't write letters to divert myself, but in expectation of returns; in short, you are extremely in disgrace with me; I have measured my letters for some time, and for the future will answer you paragraph for paragraph. You yourself don't seem to find letter-writing so amusing as to pay itself. Adieu;

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER CLXV.

Arlington-street, Feb. 2, 1762.

I SCOLDED you in my last, but I shall forgive you if you return soon to England as you talk of doing; for though you are an abominable correspondent, and only write to beg letters, you are good company, and I have a notion I shall still be glad to see you.

Lady M—y W——y is arrived; I have seen her; I think her avarice, her diet, and her vivacity are all increased. Her dress, like her languages, is a galimatias of several countries; the ground work, rags, and the embroidery, nastiness. She needs no cap, no handkerchief, no gown, no petticoat, no shoes. An old black-laced hood represents the first, the fur of a horseman's coat, which replaces the third, serves for the second; a dimity petticoat is deputy, and officiates for the fourth, and slippers act the part of the last. When I was at Florence, and she was expected there, we were drawing *sortes virgilianas* for her; we literally drew

Insanam vatem aspicies.

It would have been a stronger prophecy now, even than it was then.

You told me not a word of Mr. Macnaughton, and I have a great mind to be as coolly indolent about our famous ghost in Cock-lane. Why should one steal half an hour from one's amusements to tell a story to a friend in another island? I could send you volumes on the ghost, and I believe if I were to stay a little, I might send its *life*, dedicated to my lord D———, by the ordinary of Newgate, its two great patrons. A drunken parish clerk set it on foot out of revenge, the methodists have adopted it, and the whole town of London think of nothing else. Elizabeth Canning and the Rabbit-woman were modest impostors in comparison of this which goes on without saving the least appearances. The archbishop, who would not suffer the Minor to be acted in ridicule of the methodists, permits this farce to be played every night, and I shall not be surprised if they perform in the great hall at Lambeth. I went to hear it, for it is not an *apparition*, but an *audition*. We set out from the opera, changed our clothes at Northumberland-house, the duke of York, lady Northumberland, lady Mary Coke, lord Hertford, and I, all in one hackney coach, and drove to the spot: it rained torrents; yet the lane was full of mob, and the house so full we could not get in; at last they discovered it was the duke of York, and the company squeezed themselves into one another's pockets to make

room for us. The house which is borrowed, and to which the ghost has adjourned, is wretchedly small and miserable; when we opened the chamber, in which were fifty people, with no light but one tallow candle at the end, we tumbled over the bed of the child, to whom the ghost comes, and whom they are murdering by inches in such insufferable heat and stench. At the top of the room are ropes to dry clothes. I asked, if we were to have rope-dancing between the acts? We had nothing; they told us, as they would at a puppet show, that it would not come that night till seven in the morning, that is, when there are only 'prentices and old women. We staid however till half an hour after one. The methodists have promised them contributions; provisions are sent in like forage, and all the taverns and ale-houses in the neighbourhood make fortunes. The most diverting part is to hear people wondering *when it will be found out*—as if there was any thing to find out—as if the actors would make their noises when they can be discovered. However, as this pantomine cannot last much longer, I hope lady F——y S——y will set up a ghost of her own at Twickenham, and then you shall *hear* one. The methodists, as lord Aylesford assured Mr. Chute two nights ago at lord Dacres, have attempted ghosts three times in Warwickshire. There, how good I am!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER CLXVI.

Arlington-street, Feb. 6, 1762.

You must have thought me very negligent of your commissions; not only in buying your ruffles, but in never mentioning them; but my

justification is most ample and verifiable. Your letters of Jan. second arrived but yesterday with the papers of Dec. twenty-nine. These are the mails that have so long been missing, and were shipwrecked or something on the Isle of Man. Now you see it was impossible for me to buy you a pair of ruffles for the eighteenth of January, when I did not receive the orders till the fifth of February.

You don't tell me a word (but that is not new to you) of Mr. Hamilton's wonderful eloquence, which converted a whole House of Commons on the five regiments. We have no such miracles here; five regiments might work such prodigies, but I never knew meer rhetoric gain above one or two proselytes at a time in all my practice.

We have a prince Charles here, the queen's brother; he is like her, but more like the Hows; low, but well made, good eyes and teeth. Princess Emily is very ill, has been blistered, and been blooded four times.

My books appear on Monday se'nnight: if I can find any quick conveyance for them, you shall have them; if not, as you are returning soon, I may as well keep them for you. Adieu; I grudge every word I write to you.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER CLXVII.

Arlington-street, Feb. 22, 1762.

My scolding does you so much good, that I will for the future lecture you for the most trifling peccadillo. You have written me a very entertaining letter, and wiped out several debts; not that I will forget one of them if you relapse.

As we have never had a rainbow to assure us that the world shall not be snowed to death, I thought last night was the general *connixation*. We had a tempest of wind and snow for two hours beyond any thing I remember: chairs were blown to pieces, the streets covered with tassels and glasses and tiles, and coaches and chariots were filled like reservoirs. Lady Raymond's house in Berkeley-square is totally unroofed, and lord Robert Bertie, who is going to marry her, may descend into it like a Jupiter Pluvius. It is a week of wonders, and worthy the note of an almanack maker. Miss Draycott, within two days of matrimony, has dismissed Mr. Beauclerc; but this is totally forgotten already in the amazement of a new elopement. In all your reading, true or false, have you ever heard of a young earl, married to the most beautiful woman in the world, a lord of the bedchamber, a general officer, and with a great estate, quitting every thing, resigning wife and world, and embarking for life in a pacquet boat with a Miss? I fear your connexions will but too readily lead you to the name of the peer, it is H——y earl of P———e, the nymph Kitty H——r. The town and lady P——— were but too much witnesses to this intrigue, last Wednesday at a great ball at lord Middleton's. On Thursday they decamped. However, that the writer of their romance, or I, as he is a *noble author*, might not want materials, the earl has left a bushel of letters behind him; to his mother, to lord Bute, to lord Ligonier, (the two last to resign his employments) and to Mr. Stopford, whom he ac-

quits of all privity to his design. In none he justifies himself, unless this is a justification, that having long tried in vain to make his wife hate and dislike him, he had no way left but this, and it is to be hoped he will succeed; and then it may not be the worst event that could have happened to her. You may easily conceive the hubbub such an exploit must occasion. With ghosts, elopements, abortive motions, &c. we can amuse ourselves tolerably well, till the season arrives for taking the field and conquering the Spanish West Indies.

I have sent you my books by a messenger; lord Barrington was so good as to charge himself with them. They barely saved their distance; a week later, and no soul could have read a line in them, unless I had changed the title page, and called them, the Loves of the earl of P——e and Miss H——r.

I am sorry lady Kingsland is so rich. However, if the papists should be likely to rise, pray disarm her of the enamel, and commit it to safe custody in the round tower at Strawberry. Good night, mine is a life of letter-writing, I pray for a peace that I may sheath my pen.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER CLXVIII.

Arlington-street, Feb. 25, 1762.

I SENT you my gazette but two days ago; I now write to answer a kind long letter I have received from you since.

I have heard of my brother's play several years ago; but I never understood that it was completed, or more than a few detached scenes. What is become of Mr. Bentley's play and Mr. Bentley's epistle?

When I go to Strawberry, I will look for where lord Cutts was buried; I think I can find it. I am disposed to prefer the younger picture of Madame Grammont by Lely; but I stumbled at the price; twelve guineas for a copy in enamel is very dear. Mrs. Vezey tells me, his originals cost sixteen, and are not so good as his copies. I will certainly have none of his originals. His, what is his name? I would fain resist this copy; I would more fain excuse myself for having it. I say to myself, it would be rude not to have it, now lady Kingsland and Mr. Montagu have had so much trouble—well—*I think I must have it*, as my lady Wishfort says, *why does not the fellow take me?* Do try if he will not take ten; remember it is the younger picture: and, oh! now you are remembering, don't forget all my prints and a book bound in vellum. There is a thin folio too I want, called Hibernica; it is a collection of curious papers, one a translation by Carew earl of Totness: I had forgot that you have no books in Ireland; however, I must have this, and your pardon for all the trouble I give you.

No news yet of the runaways: but all that comes out antecedent to the escape, is more and more extraordinary and absurd. The day of the elopement he had invited his wife's family and other folk to dinner with her, but said he must himself dine at a tavern; but he dined privately in his own dressing room, put on a sailor's habit, and black wig, that he had brought home with him in a bundle, and threatened the servants he would murder them if they mentioned it to his wife. He left a letter for her, which the duke of M———h was afraid to deliver to her, and opened. It desired she would not write to him, as it would make him completely mad. He desires the king would preserve his rank of major general, as some time or other he may serve again. Here

is an indifferent epigram made on the occasion; I send it you, though I wonder any body could think it a subject to joke upon.

As P——e a horseman by most is accounted,
'Tis not strange that his lordship a H—n—r has mounted.

Adieu;

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER CLXIX.

Arlington-street, March 9, 1762.

I AM glad you have received my books safe, and are content with them. I have little idea of Mr. Bentley's; though his imagination is sufficiently Pindaric, nay obscure, his numbers are not apt to be so tuneful as to excuse his flights. He should always give his wit, both in verse and prose, to somebody else to make up. If any of his things are printed at Dublin, let me have them; I have no quarrel with his talents. Your cousin's behaviour has been handsome, and so was his speech, which is printed in our papers. Advice is arrived to-day, that our troops have made good their landing at Martinico; I don't know any of the incidents yet.

You ask me for an epitaph for lord Cutts; I scratched out the following lines last night as I was going to bed; if they are not good enough, pray don't take them; they were written in a minute, and you are under no obligation to like them.

Late does the muse approach to Cutts's grave,
But ne'er the grateful muse forgets the brave;
He gave her subjects for th' immortal lyre,
And sought in idle hours the tuneful choir;
Skilful to mount by either path to fame,
And dear to mem'ry by a double name.
Yet if ill known amid the Aonian groves,
His shade a stranger and unnotic'd roves,
The dauntless chief a nobler band may join;
They never die, who conquer'd at the Boyn.

The last line intends to be popular in Ireland; but you must take care to be certain that he was at the battle of the Boyn; I conclude so; and it should be specified the year, when you erect the monument. The latter lines mean to own his having been but a moderate poet, and to cover that mediocrity under his valour; all which is true. Make the sculptor observe the stops.

I have not been at Strawberry above a month, nor ever was so long absent; but the weather has been cruelly cold and disagreeable. We have not had a single dry week since the beginning of September; a great variety of weather, all bad. Adieu;

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER CLXX.

Arlington-street, March 22, 1762.

You may fancy what you will, but the eyes of all the world are not fixed upon Ireland. Because you have a little virtue, and a lord lieutenant,[1] that refuses four thousand pounds a year, and a chaplain[2] of a lord lieutenant, that declines a huge bishoprick, and a secretary,[3] whose eloquence can convince a nation of blunderers, you imagine that nothing is talked of but the castle of Dublin. In the first place virtue may sound its own praises, but it never is praised; and in the next place, there are other feats besides self-denials; and for eloquence, we overflow with it. Why, the single eloquence of Mr. Pitt, like an annihilated star, can shine many months after it has set. I tell you it has conquered Martinico. If you will not believe me, read the gazette; read Moncton's letter; there is more martial spirit in it than in half Thucydides, and in all the grand Cyrus. Do you think Demosthenes or Themistocles ever raised the Grecian stocks two per cent. in four-and-twenty hours? I shall burn all my Greek and Latin books; they are histories of little people. The Romans never conquered the world, till they had conquered three parts of it, and were three hundred years about it; we subdue the globe in three campaigns; and a globe, let me tell you, as big again as it was in their days. Perhaps you may think me proud; but you don't know that I had some share in the reduction of Martinico; the express was brought by my godson, Mr. Horatio Gates; and I have a very good precedent for attributing some of the glory to myself; I have by me a love letter, written during my father's administration, by a journeyman tailor to my brother's second cham-

[1] The Irish House of Commons having voted an address to the king to increase the salary of the lord lieutenant, the earl of Halifax declined having any augmentation.

[2] Doctor Crane, chaplain to the earl of Halifax, had refused the bishoprick of Elphin.

[3] Mr. Hamilton.

bermaid; his offers were honourable; he proposed matrimony, and to better his terms, informed her of his pretensions to a place: they were founded on what he called, *some services to the government.* As the nymph could not read, she carried the epistle to the housekeeper to be decyphered, by which means it came into my hands. I inquired what were the merits of Mr. vice Crispin, was informed that he had made the suit of clothes for a figure of lord Marr, that was burned after the rebellion. I hope now you don't hold me too presumptuous for pluming myself on the reduction of Martinico. However, I shall not aspire to a post, nor to marry my lady Bute's Abigail. I only trust my services to you as a friend, and do not mean under your temperate administration to get the list of Irish pensions loaded with my name, though I am godfather to Mr. Horatio Gates.

The dutchess of Grafton and the English have been miraculously preserved at Rome by being at loo, instead of going to a great concert, where the palace fell in, and killed ten persons and wounded several others. I shall send orders to have an altar dedicated in the capitol.

Pammio O. M.
Capitolino
Ob Annam Ducissam de Grafton
Merito Incolumem.

I tell you of it now, because I don't know whether it will be worth while to write another letter on purpose. Lord Albemarle takes up the victorious grenadiers at Martinico, and in six weeks will conquer the Havannah. Adieu;

Yours ever,

HORATIO.

LETTER CLXXI.

Arlington-street, April 29, 1762.

I AM most absurdly glad to hear you are returned well and safe, of which I have at this moment received your account from Hankelow, where you talk of staying a week. However, not knowing the exact day of your departure, I direct this to Greatworth, that it may rather wait for you, than you for it, if it should go into Cheshire and not find you there. As I should ever be sorry to give you any pain, I hope I shall not be the first to tell you of the loss of poor lady Charlotte Johnstone,[1] who, after a violent fever of less than a week, was brought to bed yesterday morning of a dead child, and died herself at four in the afternoon. I heartily condole with you, as I know your tenderness for all your family, and the regard you have for colonel Johnstone. The time is wonderfully sickly; nothing but sore throats, colds, and fevers. I got rid of one of the worst of these disorders, attended with a violent cough, by only taking seven grains of James's powder for six nights. It was the first cough I ever had, and when coughs meet with so spare a body as mine, they are not apt to be so easily conquered. Take great care of yourself, and bring the fruits of your expedition in perfection to Strawberry. I shall be happy to see you there whenever you please. I have no immediate purpose of settling there yet, as they are laying floors, which is very noisy, and as it is uncertain when the parliament will rise, but I would go there at any time to meet you. The town will empty instantly after the king's birth day; and consequently I shall then be less broken in upon, which I know you do not like. If, therefore, it suits you, any time you will name after the fifth of June will be equally agreeable; but sooner if you like it better.

[1] Sister of the earl of Halifax.

We have little news at present, except a profusion of new peerages, but are likely I think to have much greater shortly. The ministers disagree, and quarrel with as much alacrity as ever; and the world expects a total rupture between lord Bute and the late king's servants. This comedy has been so often represented, it scarce interests one, especially one, who takes no part, and who is determined to have nothing to do with the world, but hearing and seeing the scenes it furnishes.

The new peers, I don't know their rank, scarce their titles, are lord Wentworth and sir William Courtenay, viscounts; lord Egmont, lord Milton, Vernon of Sudbury, old Fox-lane, sir Edward Montagu, barons; and lady Caroline Fox, a baroness; the duke of Newcastle is created lord Pelham, with an entail to Tommy Pelham; and lord Brudenel is called to the House of Lords, as lord Montagu. The dutchess of Manchester was to have had the peerage alone, and wanted the latter title: her sister, very impertinently, I think, as being the younger, objected and wished her husband marquis of Monthermer. This difference has been adjusted, by making sir Edward Montagu lord Beaulieu, and giving the title of the family to lord Brudenel. With pardon of your *Cu-blood*, I hold, that lord C———n makes a very trumpery figure by so meanly relinquishing all Brudenelhood.

Adieu; let me know soon when you will keep your Strawberry tide.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

P. S. Lord Anson is in a very bad way; and Mr. Fox, I think, in not a much better.

LETTER CLXXII.

Arlington-street, May 14, 1762.

It is very hard, when you can plunge over head and ears in Irish claret, and not have even your heel vulnerable by the gout, that such a Pythagorean as I am should yet be subject to it! It is not two years since I had it last, and here am I with my foot again upon cushions. But I will not complain; the pain is trifling, and does little more than prevent my frisking about. If I can bear the motion of the chariot, I shall drive to Strawberry to-morrow, for I had rather only look at verdure and hear my nightingales from the bow-window, than receive visits and listen to news. I can give you no certain satisfaction relative to the viceroy, your cousin. It is universally said that he has no mind to return to his dominions, and pretty much believed that he will succeed to lord Egremont's seals, who will not detain them long from whoever is to be his successor.

I am sorry you have lost another Montagu, the duke of Manchester. Your cousin Guildford is among the competitors for chamberlain to the queen. The duke of Chandos, lord Northumberland, and even the duke of Kingston, are named as other candidates; but surely they will not turn the latter loose into another chamber of maids of honour! Lord Cantelupe has asked to rise from vice-chamberlain, but met with little encouragement. It is odd, that there are now seventeen English and Scotch dukes unmarried, and but seven out of twenty-seven have the garter.

It is comfortable to me to have a prospect of seeing Mr. Conway soon; the ruling part of the administration are disposed to recall our troops from Germany. In the meantime our officers and their *wives* are

embarked for Portugal—what must Europe think of us when we make wars and assemblies all over the world?

I have been for a few days this week at lord Thomond's; by making a river-like piece of water, he has converted a very ugly spot into a tolerable one. As I was so near, I went to see Audley Inn once more; but it is only the monument now of its former grandeur. The gallery is pulled down, and nothing remains but the great hall, and an apartment like a tower at each end. In the church I found, still existing and quite fresh, the escutcheon of the famous countess of Essex and Somerset.

Adieu; I shall expect you with great pleasure the beginning of next month.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER CLXXIII.

Strawberry-hill, May 15, 1762.

I AM diverted with your anger at old Richard; can you really suppose that I think it any trouble to frank a few covers for you? Had I been with you, I should have cured you and your whole family in two nights with James's powder. If you have any remains of the disorder, let me beg you take seven or eight grains when you go to bed: if you have none, shall I send you some? For my own part, I am released again, though I have been tolerably bad, and one day had the gout for several hours in my head. I do not like such speedy returns. I have been so much confined, that I could not wait on Mrs. Osborn, and I do not take it unkindly, that she will not let me have the prints without

fetching them. I met her, that is, passed her t'other day as she was going to Bushy, and was sorry to see her look much older.

Well! to-morrow is fixed for that phenomenon, the duke of Newcastle's resignation. He has had a parting levée; and as I suppose all bishops are prophets, they foresee that he will never come into place again, for there was but one that had the decency to take leave of him after crowding his rooms for forty years together; it was Cornwallis. I hear not even lord Lincoln resigns. Lord Bute succeeds to the treasury, and is to have the garter too on Thursday with prince William. Of your cousin I hear no more mention, but that he returns to his island. I cannot tell you exactly even the few changes that are to be made; but I can divert you with a *bon mot*, which they give to my lord Chesterfield. The new peerages being mentioned, somebody said "I suppose there will be no duke made;" he replied, "Oh yes, there is to be one." —"Is? who?"—"Lord T———t, he is to be created duke Humphrey, and there is to be no table kept at court but his." If you don't like this, what do you think of George Selwyn, who asked Charles B———e if it is true that he is going to be married to the fat rich C———y? B———e denied it. "Lord!" said Selwyn, "I thought you were to be Patrick Fleming on the mountain, and that gold and silver you were counting!

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Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

P. S. I cannot help telling you how comfortable the new disposition of the court is to me; the king and queen are settled for good and all at Buckingham-house, and are stripping the other palaces to furnish it.

In short, they have already fetched pictures from Hampton-court, which indicates their never living there; consequently Strawberry-hill will remain in possession of its own tranquillity, and not become a cheese-cake-house to the palace. All I ask of princes is, not to live within five miles of me.

LETTER CLXXIV.

Strawberry-hill, Wednesday night, June 1.

SINCE you left Strawberry, the town (not the king of Prussia) has beaten count Daun, and made the peace, but the benefits of either have not been felt beyond Change-alley. Lord Melcolmb is dying of a dropsy in his stomach, and lady Mary Wortley of a cancer in her breast.

Mr. Hamilton was here last night, and complained of your not visiting him. He pumped me to know if lord Hertford has not thoughts of the crown of Ireland, and was more than persuaded that I should go with him: I told him what was true, that I knew nothing of the former; and for the latter, that I would as soon return with the king of the Cherokees. When England has nothing that can tempt me, it would be strange if Ireland had. The Cherokee majesty dined here yesterday at lord Macclesfield's, where the Clive sang to them and the mob; don't imagine I was there, but I heard so at my lady Suffolk's.

We have tapped a little butt of rain to-night, but my lawn is far from being drunk yet. Did not you find the Vine in great beauty? My compliments to it, and to your society. I only write to enclose the enclosed. I have consigned your button to old Richard. Adieu;

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER CLXXV.

Strawberry-hill, June 8, 1762.

WELL, you have had Mr. Chute. I did not dare to announce him to you, for he insisted on enjoying all your ejaculations. He gives me a good account of your health and spirits, but does not say when you come hither. I hope the general, as well as your brother John, know how welcome they would be, if they would accompany you. I trust it will be before the end of this month, for the very beginning of July I am to make a little visit to lord Ilchester, in Somersetshire, and I should not like not to see you before the middle or end of next month.

Mrs. Osborn has sent me the prints; they are woeful; but that is my fault and the engravers, not yours, to whom I am equally obliged; you don't tell me whether Mr. Bentley's play was acted or not, printed or not.

There is another of the queen's brothers come over. Lady Northumberland made a pompous festino for him t'other night; not only the whole house, but the garden, was illuminated, and was quite a fairy scene. Arches and pyramids of lights alternately surrounded the enclosure; a diamond necklace of lamps edged the rails and descent, with a spiral obelisk of candles on each hand; and dispersed over the lawn were little bands of kettle-drums, clarionets, fifes, &c. and the lovely moon, who came without a card. The birth-day was far from being such a show; empty and unfine as possible. In truth, popularity does not make great promises to the new administration, and for fear it should hereafter be taxed with changing sides, it lets lord Bute be abused every day, though he has not had time to do the least wrong thing. His first levee was crowded. Bothmar, the Danish minister, said, "*La chaleur est excessive!*" George Selwyn replied, "*Pour se mettre au froid, il faut*

aller chez Monsieur le Duc de Newcastle!" There was another George not quite so tender. George Brudenel was passing by; somebody in the mob said, "what is the matter here?" Brudenel answered, "why, there is a Scotchman got into the treasury, and they can't get him out." The archbishop, conscious of not having been at Newcastle's last levee, and ashamed of appearing at lord Bute's, first pretended he had been going by in his way from Lambeth, and, upon inquiry, found it was lord Bute's levee, and so had thought he might as well go in—I am glad he thought he might as well tell it.

The mob call B———m-house, Holyrood-house; in short, every thing promises to be like times *I* can remember. Lord Anson is dead; poor Mrs. O——n will not break her heart; I should think lord Melcomb will succeed to the Admiralty. Adieu.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER CLXXVI.

Strawberry-hill, August 10, 1762.

I HAVE received your letter from Greatworth since your return, but I do not find that you have got one, which I sent you to the Vine, inclosing one directed for you: Mr. Chute says you did not mention hearing from me there. I left your button too in town with old Richard to be transmitted to you. Our drought continues, though we have had one handsome storm. I have been reading the story of Phaeton in the Metamorphosis; it is a picture of Twickenham. *Ardet Athos, taurusque*

Cilix, &c.; mount Richmond burns, parched is Petersham, *Parnassusque biceps*, dry is Pope's grot, the nymphs of Clivden are burning to blackmoors, their faces are already as glowing as a cinder, Cycnus is changed into a swan; *quodque suo Tagus amne vehit, fluit ignibus aurum*; my gold fishes are almost molten. Yet this conflagration is nothing to that in Russia: what do you say to a czarina mounting her horse, and marching at the head of fourteen thousand men, with a large train of artillery to dethrone her husband? Yet she is not the only virago in that country; the conspiracy was conducted by the sister of the czar's mistress, a heroine under twenty! They have no fewer than two czars now in coops—that is, supposing these gentle damsels have murdered neither of them. Turkey will become a moderate government; one must travel to frozen climates if one chuses to see revolutions in perfection. *Here's room for meditation even to madness*; the deposed emperor possessed Muscovy, was heir to Sweden, and the true heir of Denmark; all the northern crowns centred in his person; one hopes he is in a dungeon, that is, one hopes he is not assassinated. You cannot crowd more matter into a lecture of morality, than is comprehended in those few words. This is the fourth czarina that you and I have seen; to be sure, as historians, we have not passed our time ill. Mrs. Anne Pitt, who, I suspect, envies the heroine of twenty a little, says, "the czarina has only robbed *Peter* to pay *Paul*," and I do not believe that her brother, Mr. William Pitt, feels very happy, that he cannot immediately dispatch a squadron to the Baltic to reinstate the friend of the king of Prussia. I cannot afford to live less than fifty years more; for so long, I suppose, at least, it will be before the court of Petersburgh will cease to produce amusing scenes. Think of old count Biron, formerly master of that empire, returning to Siberia, and bowing to Bestucheff, whom he may meet on the road from thence. I interest myself now about nothing but Russia; lord Bute must be sent to the Orcades before I shall ask a question in English politics; at least I shall expect that Mr. Pitt, at the head of the Preobazinski guards, will seize the person of the prime minister for giving up our conquests *to the chief enemy of this nation*.

My pen is in such a sublime humour, that it can scarce condescend to tell you that sir E—— D——— is going to marry Polly Hart, D——r's old mistress; and three more baronets, whose names nobody knows, but Collins, are treading in the same steps.

My compliments to the house of Montagu—upon my word I congratulate the general and you, and your viceroy, that you escaped being deposed by the primate of Novogorod.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER CLXXVII.

Strawberry-hill, September 24, 1762.

I was disappointed at not seeing you, as you had given me hopes, but shall be glad to meet the general, as I think I shall, for I go to town on Monday to restore the furniture to my house, which has been painted; and to stop the gaps as well as I can, which I have made by bringing away every thing hither; but as long as there are auctions, and I have any money or hoards, those wounds soon close.

I can tell you nothing of your dame Montagu and her arms; but I dare to swear Mr. Chute can. I did not doubt but you would approve Mr. Bateman's, since it has changed its religion; I converted it from Chinese to gothic. His cloister of founders, which by the way is Mr. Bentley's, is delightful; I envy him his old chairs, and the tomb of bishop Caducanus; but I do not agree with you in preferring the duke's to Stowe. The first is in a greater style, I grant, but one always per-

ceives the mesalliance; the blood of Bagshot-heath will never let it be green. If Stowe had but half so many buildings as it has, there would be too many; but that profusion, that glut enriches, and makes it look like a fine landscape of Albano; one figures one-self in Tempe or Daphne. I never saw St. Leonard's-hill; would you spoke seriously of buying it! one could stretch out the arm from one's post-chaise, and reach you when one would.

I am here all in ignorance and rain, and have seen nobody these two days since I returned from Park-place. I do not know whether the mob hissed my lord B—e at his installation, as they intended, or whether my lord T——t drubbed them for it. I know nothing of the peace, nor of the Havannah, but I could tell you much of old English engravers, whose lives occupy me at present. On Sunday I am to dine with your prime minister Hamilton; for though I do not seek the world, and am best pleased when quiet here, I do not refuse its invitations, when it does not press one to pass above a few hours with it. I have no quarrel to it, when it comes not to me, nor asks me to lie from home. That favour is only granted to the elect, to Greatworth, and a very few more spots. Adieu.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER CLXXVIII.

Strawberry-hill, October 14, 1762.

You will not make your fortune in the Admiralty at least; your king's cousin is to cross over and figure in with George Grenville; the

latter takes the Admiralty, lord Halifax the seals—still, I believe, reserving Ireland for pocket-money; at least no new viceroy is named. Mr. Fox undertakes the House of Commons—and the peace—and the war—for if we have the first, we may be pretty sure of the second.

You see lord Bute totters; reduced to shift hands so often, it does not look like much stability. The campaign at Westminster will be warm. When Mr. Pitt can have such a mouthfull as lord Bute, Mr. Fox, and the peace, I do not think three thousand pounds a year will stop it. Well, I shall go into my old corner, under the window, and laugh; I had rather sit by my fire here; but if there are to be bullfeasts, one would go and see them, when one has a convenient box for nothing, and is very indifferent about the cavalier combatants. Adieu.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER CLXXIX.

Arlington-street, Thursday, Nov. 4.

THE events of these last eight days will make you stare. This day se'nnight the duke of D——e came to town, was flatly refused an audience, and gave up his key. Yesterday lord Rockingham resigned, and your cousin Manchester was named to the bedchamber. The —— then in council called for the book, and dashed out the duke of D——'s name. If you like spirit, en voila!

Do you know I am sorry for all this? You will not suspect me of tenderness for his grace of D——e, nor, recollecting how the whole

house of C——— h treated me on my breach with my uncle, will any affronts, that happen to them, call forth my tears. But I think the act too violent and too serious, and dipped in a deeper dye than I like in politics. Squabbles, and speeches, and virtue, and prostitution; amuse one sometimes; less and less indeed every day; but measures, from which you must advance and cannot retreat, is a game too deep; one neither knows who may be involved, nor where will be the end. It is not pleasant. Adieu.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER CLXXX.

Arlington-street, Dec. 20, 1762.

As I am far from having been better since I wrote to you last, my post-chaise points more and more to Naples. Yet Strawberry, like a mistress,

> As oft as I descend the hill of health,
> Washes my hold away.

Your company would have made me decide much faster, but I see I have little hopes of that, nor can I blame you; I don't use so rough a word with regard to myself, but to your pursuing your amusement, which I am sure the journey would be. I never doubted your kindness to me one moment; the affectionate manner in which you offered, three weeks ago, to accompany me to Bath, will never be forgotten. I do not think my complaint very serious, for how can it be so, when it has never confined me a whole day? But my mornings are so bad, and I

have had so much more pain this last week, with restless nights, that I am convinced it must not be trifled with. Yet I think Italy would be the last thing I would try, if it were not to avoid politics; yet I hear nothing else. The court and opposition both grow more violent every day from the same cause; the victory of the former. Both sides torment me with their affairs, though it is so plain I do not care a straw about either. I wish I were great enough to say, as a French officer on the stage at Paris said to the pit, "*Accordez vous, canaille!*" Yet to a man without ambition or interestedness, politicians are canaille. Nothing appears to me more ridiculous in my life than my having ever loved their squabbles, and that at an age when I loved better things too! My poor neutrality, which thing I signed with all the world, subjects me, like other insignificant monarchs on parallel occasions, to affronts. On Thursday I was summoned to princess E———'s loo. *Loo* she called it, *politics* it was. The second thing she said to me was, "how were you the two long days?" "Madam, I was only there the first." "And how did you vote?" "Madam, I went away." "Upon my word that was carving well." Not a very pleasant apostrophe to one, who certainly never was a time-server! Well, we sat down. She said, "I hear Wilkinson is turned out, and that sir Edward Winnington is to have his place; who is he?" addressing herself to me, who sat over against her. "He is the late Mr. Winnington's heir, madam." "Did you like that Winnington?" "I can't but say I did, madam." She shrugged up her shoulders, and continued; "Winnington originally was a great tory; what do you think he was when he died?" "Madam, I believe what all people are in place." Pray, Mr. Montagu, do you perceive any thing rude or offensive in this? Hear then: she flew into the most outrageous passion, coloured like scarlet, and said, "none of your wit; I don't understand joking on those subjects; what do you think your father would have said if he had heard you say so? He would have murdered you, and you would have deserved it." I was quite confounded and amazed; it was impossible to explain myself across a loo table, as she is so deaf: there was no making a reply to a woman and a princess, and particularly for me, who have made it a rule when I must

converse with royalties, to treat them with the greatest respect, since it is all the court they will ever have from me. I said to those on each side on me, what can I do? I cannot explain myself now. Well, I held my peace, and so did she for a quarter of an hour. Then she began with me again, examined me on the whole debate, and at last asked me directly, which I thought the best speaker, my father or Mr. Pitt. If possible, this was more distressing than her anger. I replied, it was impossible to compare two men so different; that I believed my father was more a man of business than Mr. Pitt. "Well, but Mr. Pitt's language." "Madam," said I, "I have always been remarkable for admiring Mr. Pitt's language." At last, this unpleasant scene ended; but as we were going away, I went close to her, and said, "Madam, I must beg leave to explain myself; your royal highness has seemed to be very angry with me, and I am sure I did not mean to offend you: all I intended to say was, that I supposed tories were whigs when they got places!" "Oh!" said she, "I am very much obliged to you, indeed I was very angry." Why she was angry, or what she thought I meaned, I do not know to this moment, unless she supposed that I would have hinted that the duke of N————e and the opposition were not men of consummate virtue, and had lost their places out of principle. The very reverse was at that time in my head, for I meaned that the tories would be just as loyal as the whigs, when they got any thing by it.

You will laugh at my distresses, and in truth they are little serious; yet they almost put me out of humour. If your cousin realizes his fair words to you, I shall be very good-humoured again. I am not so morose, as to dislike my friends for being in place. Indeed, if they are in great place, my friendship goes to sleep like a paroli at Pharaoh, and does not wake again till their deal is over. Good night;

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER CLXXXI.

Arlington-street, March 29, 1763.

THOUGH you are a runaway, a fugitive, a thing without friendship or feeling, though you grow tired of your acquaintance in half the time you intended, I will not quite give you up; I will write to you once a quarter, just to keep up a connexion that grace may catch at, if it ever proposes to visit you. This is my plan, for I have little or nothing to tell you. The ministers only cut one another's throats, instead of ours. They growl over their prey like two curs over a bone, which neither can determine to quit; and the whelps in opposition are not strong enough to beat either away, though like the species, they will probably hunt the one that shall be worsted. The saddest dog of all, Wilkes, shews most spirit. The last North Briton is a master-piece of mischief. He has written a dedication too to an old play, the Fall of Mortimer, that is wormwood; and he had the impudence t'other day to ask Dyson if he was going to the treasury; "because," said he, "a friend of mine has dedicated a play to lord Bute, and it is usual to give dedicators something; I wish you would put his lordship in mind of it." Lord and lady P———— are reconciled, and live again together. Mr. H———— would have taken his daughter too, but upon condition she should give back her settlement to lord P———— and her child: she replied nobly, that she did not trouble herself about fortune, and would willingly depend on her father; but for her child, she had nothing left to do but to take care of that, and would not part with it; so she keeps both, and I suppose will soon have her lover again too, for * * * * * * * * * * * T'other sister has been sitting to Reynolds, who by her husband's direction has made a speaking picture. Lord B———— said to him, "you must give the eyes something of Nelly O'Brien, or it will not do." As he has given Nelly something of his wife's, it was but fair to give her something of Nelly's, and my lady will not throw away the present!

I am going to Strawberry for a few days, *pour faire mes paques.* The gallery advances rapidly. The ceiling is Harry the Seventh's chapel in propriâ personâ; the canopies are all placed; I think three months will quite complete it. I have bought at lord Granville's sale the original picture of Charles Brandon and his queen; and have to-day received from France a copy of Madame Maintenon, which with my La Valiere, and copies of Madame Grammont, and of the charming portrait of the Mazarine at the duke of St. Alban's, is to accompany Bianca Capello and Ninon L'Enclos in the round tower. I hope now there will never be another auction, for I have not an inch of space, or a farthing left. As I have some remains of paper, I will fill it up with a song that I made t'other day in the post-chaise, after a particular conversation that I had had with Miss Pelham the night before at the duke of Richmond's.

THE ADVICE.

1.

The bus'ness of woman, dear Chloe, is pleasure,
And by love ev'ry fair one her minutes should measure.
" Oh! for love we're all ready," you cry—very true;
Nor would I rob the gentle fond god of his due.
Unless in the sentiments Cupid has part,
And dips in the amorous transport his dart;
'Tis tumult, disorder, 'tis loathing and hate,
Caprice gives it birth, and contempt is its fate.

2.

True passion insensibly leads to the joy,
And grateful esteem bids its pleasures ne'er cloy.
Yet here you should stop—but your whimsical sex
Such romantic ideas to passion annex,

That poor men, by your visions and jealousy worried,
To nymphs less extatic, but kinder are hurried.
In your heart, I consent, let your wishes be bred;
Only take care your heart don't get into your head.

Adieu, till Midsummer-day!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER CLXXXII.

Arlington-street, April 6, 1763.

You will pity my distress when I tell you that lord Waldegrave has got the small-pox, and a bad sort. This day se'nnight, in the evening, I met him at Arthur's; he complained to me of the head-ache, and a sickness in the stomach. I said, "my dear lord, why don't you go home, and take James's powder, you will be well in the morning." He thanked me, said he was glad I had put him in mind of it, and he would take my advice. I sent in the morning; my niece said he had taken the powder, and that James thought he had no fever, but that she found him very low. As he had no fever, I had no apprehension. At eight o'clock on Friday night, I was told abruptly at Arthur's, that lord Waldegrave had the small-pox. I was excessively shocked, not knowing if the powder was good or bad for it. I went instantly to the house; at the door I was met by a servant of lady Ailesbury,[1] sent to tell me that Mr. Conway was arrived. These two opposite strokes of terror and

[1] She was daughter of the duke of Argyle, wife of general Conway, and mother of the dutchess of Richmond, and of the honourable Mrs. Damer.

joy overcome me so much, that when I got to Mr. Conway's I could not speak to him, but burst into a flood of tears. The next morning, lord Waldegrave hearing I was there, desired to speak to me alone. I should tell you, that the moment he knew it was the small-pox, he signed his will. This has been the unvaried tenor of his behaviour, doing just what is wise and necessary, and nothing more. He told me, he knew how great the chance was against his living through that distemper at his age. That, to be sure, he should like to have lived a few years longer, but if he did not, he should submit patiently. That all he desired was, that if he should fail, we would do our utmost to comfort his wife, who, he feared, was breeding, and who, he added, was the best woman in the world. I told him he could not doubt our attention to her, but that at present all our attention was fixed on him. That the great difference between having the small-pox young, or more advanced in years, consisted in the fear of the latter, but that as I had so often heard him say, and now saw, that he had none of those fears, the danger of age was considerably lessened. Dr. Wilmot says, that if any thing saves him, it will be his tranquillity. To my comfort I am told, that James's powder has probably been a material ingredient towards his recovery. In the mean time the universal anxiety about him is incredible. Dr. Barnard, the master of Eton, who is in town for the holidays, says, that, from his situation, he is naturally invited to houses of all ranks and parties, and that the concern is general in all. I cannot say so much of my lord, and not do a little justice to my niece too. Her tenderness, fondness, attention, and courage are surprising. She has no fears to become her, nor heroism for parade. I could not help saying to her, "there never was a nurse of your age had such attention." She replied, "there never was a nurse of my age had such an object." It is this astonishes one, to see so much beauty sincerely devoted to a man so unlovely in his person; but if Adonis was sick, she could not stir seldomer out of his bedchamber. The physicians seem to have little hopes, but, as their arguments are not near so strong as their alarms, I own I do not give it up, and yet I look on it in a very dangerous light.

I know nothing of news and the world, for I go to Albemarle-street early in the morning, and don't come home till late at night. Young Mr. Pitt has been dying of a fever in Bedfordshire. The bishop of Carlisle, whom I have appointed visitor of Strawberry, is gone down to him. You will be much disappointed if you expect to find the gallery near finished. They threaten me with three months before the gilding can be begun. Twenty points are at a stand by my present confinement, and I have a melancholy prospect of being forced to carry my niece thither the next time I go. The duc de Nivernois, in return for a set of the Strawberry editions, has sent me four seasons, which, I conclude, he thought good, but they shall pass their whole round in London, for they have not even the merit of being badly old enough for Strawberry. Mr. Bentley's epistle to lord Melcomb has been published in a magazine. It has less wit by far than I expected from him, and to the full as bad English. The thoughts are old Strawberry phrases; so are *not* the panegyrics. Here are six lines written extempore by lady Temple, on lady Mary Coke, easy and genteel, and almost true:

> She sometimes laughs, but never loud;
> She's handsome too, but somewhat proud:
> At court she bears away the bell;
> She dresses fine, and figures well;
> With decency she's gay and airy;
> Who can this be but lady Mary?

There has been tough doings in parliament about the tax on cyder; and in the western counties the discontent is so great, that if Mr. Wilkes will turn patriot-hero, or patriot-incendiary in earnest, and put himself at their head, he may obtain a rope of martyrdom before the summer is over. Adieu! I tell you my sorrows, because, if I escape them, I am sure nobody will rejoice more.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER CLXXXIII.

Arlington-street, Friday-night, late.

AMIDST all my own grief and all the distress, which I have this moment left, I cannot forget you, who have so long been my steady and invariable friend. I cannot leave it to newspapers and correspondents to tell you my loss. Lord Waldegrave died to-day. Last night he had some glimmerings of hope. The most desponding of the faculty flattered us a little. He himself joked with the physicians, and expressed himself in this engaging manner; asking what day of the week it was; they told him Thursday: "sure," said he, "it is Friday;" "no, my lord, indeed it is Thursday." "Well," said he, "see what a rogue this distemper makes one; I want to steal nothing but a day." By the help of opiates, with which, for two or three days, they had numbed his sufferings, he rested well. This morning he had no worse symptoms. I told lady Waldegrave, that as no material alteration was expected before Sunday, I would go to dine at Strawberry, and return in time to meet the physicians in the evening; in truth, I was worn out with anxiety and attendance, and wanted an hour or two of fresh air. I left her at twelve, and had ordered dinner at three that I might be back early. I had not risen from table when I received an express from lady Betty Waldegrave, to tell me that a sudden change had happened, that they had given him James's powder, but that they feared it was too late, and that he probably would be dead before I could come to my niece, for whose sake she begged I would return immediately. It was indeed too late! too late for every thing—late as it was given, the powder vomited him even in the agonies—had I had power to direct, he should never have quitted James; but these are vain regrets! vain to recollect how particularly kind he, who was kind to every body, was to me! I found lady Waldegrave at my brother's; she weeps without

ceasing, and talks of his virtues and goodness to her in a manner that distracts one. My brother bears this mortification with more courage than I could have expected from his warm passions: but nothing struck me more than to see my rough savage Swiss, Louis, in tears, as he opened my chaise. I have a bitter scene to come; to-morrow morning I carry poor lady Waldegrave to Strawberry. Her fall is great, from that adoration and attention that he paid her, from that splendour of fortune, so much of which dies with him, and from that consideration, which rebounded to her from the great deference which the world had for his character. Visions perhaps. Yet who could expect that they would have passed away even before that fleeting thing, her beauty!

If I had time or command enough of my thoughts, I could give you as long a detail of as unexpected a revolution in the political world. To-day has been as fatal to a whole nation, I mean to the Scotch, as to our family. Lord Bute resigned this morning. His intention was not even suspected till Wednesday, nor at all known a very few days before. In short, there is nothing, more or less, than a panic; a fortnight's opposition has demolished that scandalous but vast majority, which a fortnight had purchased, and in five months a plan of absolute power has been demolished by a panic. He pleads to the world bad health; to his friends, more truly, that the nation was set at him. He pretends to intend retiring absolutely, and giving no umbrage. In the mean time he is packing up a sort of ministerial legacy, which cannot hold even till next session, and I should think would scarce take place at all. George Grenville is to be at the head of the treasury and chancellor of the exchequer, Charles Townshend to succeed him, and lord Shelburn Charles. Sir Francis Dashwood to have his barony of Despencer and the great wardrobe, in the room of lord Gower, who takes the privy seal, if the duke of Bedford takes the presidentship; but there are many ifs in this arrangement; the principal *if* is, if they dare stand a tempest, which has so terrified the pilot. You ask what becomes of Mr. Fox? Not at all pleased with this sudden determination, which has blown up so many of his projects, and left him time to heat no more

furnaces, he goes to France by the way of the House of Lords, but keeps his place and his tools till something else happens. The confusion I suppose will be enormous, and the next act of the drama a quarrel among the opposition, who would be all powerful, if they could do what they cannot, hold together and not quarrel for the plunder. As I shall be at a distance for some days, I shall be able to send you no more particulars of this interlude, but you will like a pun my brother made when he was told of this explosion; "then," said he, "they must turn the *Jacks* out of the drawing-room again, and again take them into the kitchen." Adieu; what a world to set one's heart on!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER CLXXXIV.

Strawberry-hill, April 14, 1763.

I HAVE received your two letters together, and foresaw that your friendly good heart would feel for us just as you do. The loss is irreparable, and my poor niece is sensible it is. She has such a veneration for her lord's memory, that if her sister and I make her cheerful for a moment, she accuses herself of it the next day to the bishop of Exeter,[1] as if he was her confessor, and that she had committed a crime. She cried for two days to such a degree, that if she had been a fountain it must have stopped. Till yesterday she scarce eat enough to keep her alive, and looks accordingly; but at her age she must be comforted: her esteem will last, but her spirits will return in spite of herself. Her lord

[1] The bishop of Exeter was married to a sister of lady Waldegrave.

has made her sole executrix, and added what little douceurs he could to her jointure, which is but a thousand pounds a-year, the estate being but three-and-twenty hundred. The little girls will have about eight thousand pounds a-piece; for the teller's place was so great during the war, that notwithstanding his temper was a sluice of generosity, he had saved thirty thousand pounds since his marriage.

Her sisters have been here with us the whole time. Lady Huntingtower is all mildness and tenderness; and by dint of attention I have not displeased the other. Lord Huntingtower has been here once; the bishop most of the time: he is very reasonable and good-natured, and has been of great assistance and comfort to me in this melancholy office, which is to last here till Monday or Tuesday. We have got the eldest little girl too, lady Laura, who is just old enough to be amusing; and last night my nephew arrived here from Portugal. It was a terrible meeting at first, but as he is very soldierly and lively, he got into spirits and diverted us much with his relations of the war and the country. He confirms all we have heard of the villany, poltroonery, and ignorance of the Portuguese, and of their aversion to the English; but I could perceive, even through his relation, that our flippancies and contempt of them must have given a good deal of play to their antipathy.

You are admirably kind, as you always are, in inviting me to Greatworth, and proposing Bath; but besides its being impossible for me to take any journey just at present, I am really very well in health, and the tranquillity and air of Strawberry have done much good. The hurry of London, where I shall be glad to be just now, will dissipate the gloom that this unhappy loss has occasioned; though a deep loss I shall always think it. The time passes tolerably here; I have my painters and gilders and constant packets of news from town, besides a thousand letters of condolence to answer; for both my niece and I have received innumerable testimonies of the regard that was felt for lord Waldegrave. I have heard of but one man who ought to have known his worth, that has shewn no concern; but I suppose his childish mind is too much oc-

cupied with the loss of his last governor! I have given up my own room to my niece, and have betaken myself to the Holbein chamber, where I am retired from the rest of the family when I choose it, and nearer to overlook my workmen. The chapel is quite finished except the carpet. The sable mass of the altar gives it a very sober air; for notwithstanding the solemnity of the painted windows, it had a gawdiness that was a little profane.

I can know no news here but by rebound; and yet, though they are to rebound again to you, they will be as fresh as any you can have at Greatworth. A kind of administration is botched up for the present, and even gave itself an air of that fierceness with which the winter sat out. Lord H——— was told, that his sons must vote with the court, or be turned out; he replied, as he meant to have them in place, he chose they should be removed now. It looks ill for the court when he is sturdy. They wished too to have had Pitt, if they could have had him without consequences; but they don't find any recruits repair to their standard. They brag that they should have had lord Waldegrave; a most notorious falsehood, as he had refused every offer they could invent the day before he was taken ill. The duke of Cumberland orders his servants to say, that so far from joining them, he believes if lord Waldegrave could have been foretold of his death, he would have preferred it to an union with B—e and F—x. The former's was a decisive panic; so sudden, that it is said lord Egremont was sent to break his resolution of retiring to the king. The other, whose journey to France does not indicate much less apprehension, affects to walk in the streets at the most public hours to mark his not trembling. In the mean time the two chiefs have paid their bravoes magnificently: no less than fifty-two thousand pounds a-year are granted in reversion! *Young* Martin, who is older than I am, is named my successor; but I intend he shall wait some years: if they had a mind to serve me, they could not have selected a fitter tool to set my character in a fair light by the comparison. Lord Bute's son has the reversion of an auditor of the imprest; this is all he has done ostensibly for his family, but the great things be-

stowed on the most insignificant objects, make me suspect some private compacts. Yet I may wrong him, but I do not mean it. Lord Granby has refused Ireland, and the Northumberlands are to transport their magnificence thither. I lament that you made so little of that voyage, but is this the season of unrewarded merit? One should blush to be preferred within the same year. Do but think that C———t is to be an Irish lord! F——'s millions, or C——'s tythes of millions, cannot purchase a grain of your virtue or character. Adieu!

Yours most truly,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER CLXXXV.

Arlington-street, April 22, 1763.

I HAVE two letters from you, and shall take care to execute the commission in the second. The first diverted me much.

I brought my poor niece from Strawberry on Monday. As executrix, her presence was quite necessary, and she has never refused to do any thing reasonable that has been desired of her. But the house and the business have shocked her terribly; she still eats nothing, sleeps worse than she did, and looks dreadfully: I begin to think she will miscarry. She said to me t'other day, "They tell me that if my lord had lived, he might have done great service to this country at this juncture, by the respect all parties had for him. This is very fine; but as he did not live to do those services, it will never be mentioned in history!" I thought this solicitude for his honour charming. But he will be known by history; he has left a small volume of memoirs, that are a chef-d'œuvre.

He twice shewed them to me, but I kept his secret faithfully; *now* it is for his glory to divulge it.

I am glad you are going to Dr. Lewis. After an Irish voyage I do not wonder you want careening. I have often preached to you—nay, and lived to you too; but my sermons were flung away and my example.

This ridiculous administration is patched up for the present; the detail is delightful, but that I shall reserve for Strawberry-tide. Lord Bath has complained to Fanshaw of lord Pulteney's[1] extravagance, and added, "if he had lived he would have spent my whole estate." This almost comes up to sir Robert B——n, who, when his eldest daughter was given over, but still alive, on that uncertainty sent for an undertaker, and bargained for her funeral in hopes of having it cheaper, as it was possible she might recover. Lord B—— has purchased the Hatton vault in Westminster-abbey, squeezed his wife, son, and daughter into it, reserved room for himself, and has set the rest to sale. Come; all this is not far short of sir Robert B——n.

To my great satisfaction, the new lord H——d has not taken the least friendly, or even formal notice of me, on lord Waldegrave's death. It dispenses me from the least farther connexion with him, and saves explanations, which always entertain the world more than satisfy.

Dr. Cumberland is an Irish bishop; I hope before the summer is over that some beam from your cousin's portion of the triumvirate may light on poor Bentley. If he wishes it till next winter, he will be forced to try still new sunshine. I have taken Mrs. Pritchard's house for lady Waldegrave; I offered her to live with me at Strawberry, but with her usual good sense she declined it, as she thought the children would be troublesome.

[1] Son of the earl of Bath.

Charles Townshend's episode in this revolution passes belief, though he does not tell it himself. If I had a son born, and an old fairy were to appear and offer to endow him with her choicest gifts, I should cry out, "Powerful Goody, give him any thing but parts!" Adieu!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER CLXXXVI.

Strawberry-hill, May 17, 1763.

On vient de nous donner une trés jolie fête au chateau de Straberri, tout etoit tapissè de narcisses, de tulipes, et de lilacs; des cors de chasse, des clarionettes, des petits vers galants faits par des feès, et qui se trouvoient sous la presse, des fruits à la glace, du thè, du caffè, des biscuits, et force hot-rolls. This is not the beginning of a letter to you, but of one, that I might suppose sets out to-night for Paris, or rather, which I do not suppose will set out thither, for though the narrative is circumstantially true, I don't believe the actors were pleased enough with the scene, to give so favourable an account of it.

The French do not come hither to see. A l'Anglais happened to be the word in fashion; and half a dozen of the most fashionable people have been the dupes of it. I take for granted that their next mode will be a *l'Iroquoise*, that they may be under no obligation of realizing their pretensions. Madame de Boufflers I think will die a martyr to a taste, which she fancied she had, and finds she has not. Never having stirred ten miles from Paris, and having only rolled in an easy coach from one

hotel to another on a gliding pavement, she is already worn out with being hurried from morning till night from one sight to another. She rises every morning so fatigued with the toils of the preceding day, that she has not strength, if she had inclination, to observe the least, or the finest thing she sees! She came hither to-day to a great breakfast I made for her, with her eyes a foot deep in her head, her hands dangling, and scarce able to support her knitting bag. She had been yesterday to see a ship launched, and went from Greenwich by water to Ranelagh. Madame Dusson, who is Dutch built, and whose muscles are pleasure proof, came with her; there were besides, lady Mary Coke, lord and lady Holderness, the duke and dutchess of Grafton, lord Hertford, lord Villiers, Offley, Messieurs de Fleury, Deon, et Duclos. The latter is author of the Life of Louis onze; dresses like a dissenting minister, which I suppose is the livery of a *bel esprit*, and is much more impetuous than agreeable. We breakfasted in the great parlour, and I had filled the hall and large cloister by turns with French horns and clarionettes. As the French ladies had never seen a printing-house, I carried them into mine; they found something ready set, and desiring to see what it was, it proved as follows:—

The Press speaks—

For Madame de Boufflers.

The graceful fair, who loves to know,
Nor dreads the north's inclement snow;
Who bids her polished accent wear
The British diction's harsher air;
Shall read her praise in every clime,
Where types can speak or poets rhyme.

For Madame Dusson.

Feign not an ignorance of what I speak;
You could not miss my meaning were it Greek:

'Tis the same language Belgium utter'd first,
The same which from admiring Gallia burst.
True sentiment a like expression pours;
Each country says the same to eyes like yours.

You will comprehend that the first speaks English, and that the second does not; that the second is handsome, and the first not; and that the second was born in Holland. This little gentilesse pleased, and atoned for the popery of my house, which was not serious enough for Madame de Boufflers, who is Montmorency, *et du sang du premier Chretien;* and too serious for Madame Dusson, who is a Dutch Calvinist. The latter's husband was not here, nor Drumgold,[1] who have both got fevers, nor the duc de Nivernois, who dined at Claremont. The gallery is not advanced enough to give them any idea at all, as they are not apt to go out of their way for one; but the cabinet, and the glory of yellow glass at top, which had a charming sun for a foil, did surmount their indifference, especially as they were animated by the dutchess of Grafton, who had never happened to be here before, and who perfectly entered into the air of enchantment and fairyism, which is the tone of the place, and was peculiarly so to-day—à-propos, when do you design to come hither? Let me know, that I may have no measures to interfere with receiving you and your grandsons.

Before lord Bute run away, he made Mr. Bentley a commissioner of the lottery; I don't know whether a single or double one: the latter, which I hope it is, is two hundred a-year.

Thursday, 19th.

I AM ashamed of myself to have nothing but a journal of pleasures to send you; I never passed a more agreeable day than yesterday. Miss Pelham gave the French an entertainment at Esher; but they

[1] Secretary to the duc de Nivernois.

have been so feasted and amused, that none of them were well enough, or reposed enough to come, but Nivernois and Madame Dusson. The rest of the company were, the Graftons, lady Rockingham, lord and lady Pembroke, lord and lady Holderness, lord Villiers, count Woronzow the Russian minister, lady Sondes, Mr. and Miss Mary Pelham, lady Mary Coke, Mrs. Anne Pitt, and Mr. Shelley. The day was delightful, the scene transporting, the trees, lawns, concaves, all in the perfection in which the ghost of Kent would joy to see them. At twelve we made the tour of the farm in eight chaises and calashes, horsemen and footmen, setting out like a picture of Wouverman's. My lot fell in the lap of Mrs. Anne Pitt, which I could have excused, as she was not at all in the style of the day, romantic, but political. We had a magnificent dinner, cloked in the modesty of earthen ware; French horns and hautboys on the lawn. We walked to the Belvidere on the summit of the hill, where a theatrical storm only served to heighten the beauty of the landscape, a rainbow on a dark cloud falling precisely behind the tower of a neighbouring church, between another tower and the building at Claremont. Monsieur de Nivernois, who had been absorbed all day, and lagging behind, translating my verses, was delivered of his version, and of some more lines which he wrote on Miss Pelham in the Belvidere, while we drank tea and coffee. From thence we passed into the wood, and the ladies formed a circle on chairs before the mouth of the cave, which was overhung to a vast height with woodbines, lilacs, and laburnums, and dignified by the tall shapely cypresses. On the descent of the hill were placed the French horns; the abigails, servants, and neighbours wandering below by the river; in short, it was Parnassus, as Watteau would have painted it. Here we had a rural syllabub, and part of the company returned to town; but were replaced by Giardini and Onofrio, who with Nivernois on the violin, and lord Pembroke on the base, accompanied Miss Pelham, lady Rockingham, and the dutchess of Grafton, who sang. This little concert lasted till past ten; then there were minuets, and as we had seven couple left, it concluded with a country dance. I blush again, for I danced, but was kept in countenance by Nivernois, who has one wrinkle more than I have. A quarter after

twelve they sat down to supper, and I came home by a charming moonlight. I am going to dine in town, and to a great ball with fireworks at Miss Chudleigh's,[2] but I return hither on Sunday, to bid adieu to this abominable Arcadian life; for really when one is not young, one ought to do nothing but *s'ennuyer*; I will try, but I always go about it awkwardly. Adieu!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

P. S. I enclose a copy of both the English and French verses.

LETTER CLXXXVII.

Strawberry-hill, Jun 16, 1763.

I DO not like your putting off your visit hither for so long. Indeed, by September the gallery will probably have all its fine clothes on, and by what have been tried, I think it will look very well. The fashion of the garments to be sure will be ancient, but I have given them an air that is very becoming. Princess Amelia was here last night while I was abroad; and if Margaret is not too much prejudiced by the guinea left, or by natural partiality to what servants call *our house*, I think was pleased, particularly with the chapel.

As Mountain-George will not come to Mahomet-me, Mahomet-I must come to Greatworth. Mr. Chute and I think of visiting you about the seventeenth of July, if you shall be at home, and nothing hap-

[2] Afterwards dutchess of Kingston.

pens to derange our scheme, possibly we may call at Horton ;[1] we certainly shall proceed to Drayton, Burleigh, Fotheringay, Peterborough, and Ely; and shall like much of your company, all, or part of the tour. The only present proviso I have to make is the health of my niece, who is at present much out of order, we think not breeding, and who was taken so ill on Monday, that I was forced to carry her suddenly to town, where I yesterday left her better at her father's.

There has been a report that the new lord H————d was dead at Paris, but I believe it is not true. I was very indifferent about it: eight months ago it had been lucky. I saw his jackall t'other night in the meadows, the secretary at war, so emptily-important and distilling paragraphs of old news with such solemnity, that I did not know whether it was a man or the Utrecht gazette.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER CLXXXVIII.

Strawberry-hill, July 1, 1763.

Mr. Chute and I intend to be with you on the seventeenth or eighteenth, but as we are wandering swains, we do not drive one nail into one day of the almanack irremovably. Our first stage is to Bleckley, the parsonage of venerable Cole, the antiquarian of Cambridge. Bleckley lies by Fenny Stratford; now can you direct us how to make Horton[1] in our way from Stratford to Greatworth? If this meander

[1] The seat of the earl of Halifax.

engrosses more time than we propose, do not be disappointed, and think we shall not come, for we shall. The journey you must accept as a great sacrifice either to you or to my promise, for I quit the gallery almost in the critical minute of consummation. Gilders, carvers, upholsterers, and picture cleaners are labouring at their several forges, and I do not love to trust a hammer or a brush without my own supervisal. This will make my stay very short, but it is a greater compliment than a month would be at another season; and yet I am not profuse of months. Well, but I begin to be ashamed of my magnificence; Strawberry is growing sumptuous in its latter day; it will scarce be any longer like the fruit of its name, or the modesty of its ancient demeanour, both which seem to have been in Spencer's prophetic eye, when he sung of

> ——————— the blushing strawberries
> Which lurk, close-shrouded from high-looking eyes,
> Shewing that sweetness low and hidden lies.

In truth, my collection was too great already to be lodged humbly; it has extended my walls, and pomp followed. It was a neat, small house; it now will be a comfortable one, and, except one fine apartment, does not deviate from its simplicity. Adieu! I know nothing about the world, and am only Strawberry's and

Yours sincerely,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER CLXXXIX.

Stamford, Saturday night, July 23, 1763.

"THUS far our arms have with success been crowned," bating a few mishaps, which will attend long marches like ours. We have conquered as many towns as Louis quatorze in the campaign of seventy-two; that is, seen them, for he did little more, and into the bargain he had much better roads, and a dryer summer. It has rained perpetually till to-day, and made us experience the rich soil of Northamptonshire, which is a clay-pudding, stuck full of villages. After we parted with you on Thursday, we saw Castle Ashby[1] and Easton Mauduit.[2] The first is most magnificently triste, and has all the formality of the Comptons. I should admire it if I could see out of it, or any thing in it, but there is scarce any furniture, and the bad little frames of glass exclude all objects. Easton is miserable enough; there are many modern portraits, and one I was glad to see of the dutchess of Shrewsbury. We lay at Wellinborough—pray never lie there—the beastliest inn upon earth is there! We were carried into a vast bedchamber, which I suppose is the clubroom, for it stunk of tobacco like a justice of peace. I desired some boiling water for tea; they brought me a sugar dish of hot water in a pewter plate. Yesterday morning we went to Boughton, where we were scarce landed, before the C———ns in a coach and six and three chaises arrived with a cold dinner in their pockets, on their way to Deane; for as it is in dispute, they never reside at Boughton. This was most unlucky, that we should pitch on the only hour in the year in which they are there. I was so disconcerted, and so afraid of falling foul of the countess and her caprices, that I hurried from chamber to chamber, and scarce knew what I saw, but that the house is in the grand old French style, that gods and goddesses lived over my

[1] A seat of the earl of Northampton.

[2] A seat of the earl of Sussex.

head in every room, and that there was nothing but pedigrees all around me, and under my feet, for there is literally a coat of arms at the end of every step of the stairs: did the duke mean to pun, and intend this for the *descent* of the Montagu's? Well! we hurried away and got to Drayton an hour before dinner. Oh! the dear old place! you would be transported with it. In the first place, it stands in as ugly a hole as Boughton: well! that is not its beauty. The front is a brave strong castle wall, embattled and loop-holed for defence. Passing the great gate, you come to a sumptuous but narrow modern court, behind which rises the old mansion, all towers and turrets. The house is excellent; has a vast hall, ditto dining room, king's chamber, trunk gallery at the top of the house, handsome chapel, and seven or eight distinct apartments, besides closets and conveniences without end. Then it is covered with portraits, crammed with old china, furnished richly, and not a rag in it under forty, fifty, or a thousand years old; but not a bed or chair that has lost a tooth, or got a grey hair, so well are they preserved. I rummaged it from head to foot, examined every spangled bed, and enamelled pair of bellows, for such there are; in short, I do not believe the old mansion was ever better pleased with an inhabitant, since the days of Walter de Drayton, except when it has received its divine old mistress. If one could honour her more than one did before, it would be to see with what religion she keeps up the old dwelling and customs, as well as old servants, who you may imagine do not love her less than other people do. The garden is just as sir John Germain brought it from Holland; pyramidal yews, treillages, and square cradle walks with windows clipped in them. Nobody was there but Mr. Beauclerc[1] and lady Catherine,[2] and two parsons: the two first suffered us to ransack and do as we would, and the two last assisted us, informed us, and carried us to every tomb in the neighbourhood. I have got every circumstance by heart, and was pleased beyond my expectation, both with the place and the comfortable way of seeing it. We staid here till after

[1] Afterwards duke of St. Albans, and father to the present duke.

[2] Daughter of the earl of Besborough.

dinner to-day and saw Fotheringhay in our way hither. The castle is totally ruined. The mount, on which the keep stood, two door cases, and a piece of the moat, are all the remains. Near it is a front and two projections of an ancient house, which, by the arms about it, I suppose was part of the palace of Richard and Cicely, duke and dutchess of York. There are two pretty tombs for them and their uncle duke of York in the church, erected by order of queen Elizabeth. The church has been very fine, but is now intolerably shabby, yet many large saints remain in the windows, two entire, and all the heads well painted. You may imagine we were civil enough to the queen of Scots, to feel a feel of pity for her, while we stood on the very spot where she was put to death; my companion,[1] I believe, who is a better royalist than I am, felt a little more. There I have obeyed you. To-morrow we see Burleigh and Peterborough, and lie at Ely; on Monday I hope to be in town, and on Tuesday I hope much more to be in the gallery at Strawberry-hill, and to find the gilders laying on the last leaf of gold. Good night;

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER CXC.

Hockerill, Monday night, July 25, Vol. 2d.

I CONTINUE. You must know we were drowned on Saturday-night. It rained, as it did at Greatworth on Wednesday, all night and all next

[1] Mr. Cole.

morning, so we could not look even at the outside of Burleigh; but we saw the inside pleasantly; for lord Exeter, whom I had prepared for our intentions, came to us, and made every door and every lock fly open, even of his magazines, yet unranged. He is going through the house by degrees, furnishing a room every year, and has already made several most sumptuous. One is a little tired of Carlo Maratti and Lucca Jordano, yet still these are treasures. The china and japan are of the finest; miniatures in plenty, and a shrine full of crystal vases, filigree, enamel, jewels, and the trinkets of taste, that have belonged to many a noble dame. In return for his civilities, I made my lord Exeter a present of a glorious cabinet, whose drawers and sides are all painted by Rubens. This present you must know is his own, but he knew nothing of the hand or the value. Just so I have given lady Betty Germain a very fine portrait, that I discovered at Drayton in the woodhouse.

I was not much pleased with Peterborough; the front is adorable, but the inside has no more beauty than consists in vastness. By the way, I have a pen and ink that will not form a letter. We were now sent to Huntingdon in our way to Ely, as we found it impracticable from the rains and floods to cross the country thither. We landed in the heart of the assizes, and almost in the middle of the races, both which, to the astonishment of the virtuosi, we eagerly quitted this morning. We were hence sent south to Cambridge, still on our way northward to Ely, but when we got to Cambridge we were forced to abandon all thoughts of Ely, there being nothing but lamentable stories of inundations and escapes. However, I made myself amends with the university, which I have not seen these four-and-twenty years, and which revived many youthful scenes, which, merely from their being youthful, are forty times pleasanter than any other ideas. You know I always long to live at Oxford: I felt that I could like to live even at Cambridge again. The colleges are much cleaned and improved since my days, and the trees and groves more venerable; but the town is tumbling about their ears. We surprised Gray with our appearance, dined and drank tea

with him, and are come hither within sight of land. I always find it worth my while to make journies, for the joy I have in getting home again.

A second adieu.

LETTER CXCI.

Strawberry-hill, August 15, 1763.

THE most important piece of news I have to tell you is, that the gallery is finished; that is, the workmen have quitted it. For chairs and tables not one is arrived yet. Well, how you will tramp up and down in it! Methinks I wish you would. We are in the perfection of beauty; verdure itself was never green till this summer, thanks to the deluges of rain. Our complexion used to be mahogany in August. Nightingales and roses indeed are out of blow, but the season is celestial. I don't know whether we have not even had an earthquake to-day. Lady Buckingham, lady Waldegrave, the bishop of Exeter, and Mrs. Keppel, and the little Hotham dined here; between six and seven we were sitting in the great parlour; I sat in the window looking at the river: on a sudden I saw it violently agitated, and, as it were, lifted up and down by a thousand hands. I called out, they all ran to the window; it continued; we hurried into the garden, and all saw the Thames in the same violent commotion for I suppose an hundred yards. We fancied at first there must be some barge rope; not one was in sight. It lasted in this manner, and at the farther end, towards Teddington, even to dashing. It did not cease before I got to the middle of the terrace, between the fence and the hill. Yet this is nothing to what is to come. The bishop and I walked down to my meadow by the river. At this end

were two fisherman in a boat, but their backs had been turned to the agitation, and they had seen nothing. At the farther end of the field was a gentleman fishing, and a woman by him; I had perceived him on the same spot at the time of the motion of the waters, which was rather beyond where it was terminated. I now thought myself sure of a witness, and concluded he could not have recovered his surprise. I ran up to him; "sir," said I, "did you see that strange agitation of the waters?" "When, sir? when, sir?" "Now, this very instant, not two minutes ago." He replied, with the phlegm of a philosopher or of a man, that *can* love fishing, "stay, sir, let me recollect if I remember nothing of it." "Pray, sir," said I, scarce able to help laughing, "you must remember whether you remember it or not, for it is scarce over." "I am trying to recollect," said he, with the same coolness. "Why, sir," said I, "six of us saw it from my parlour window yonder." "Perhaps," answered he, "you might perceive it better where you were, but I suppose it was an earthquake." His nymph had seen nothing neither, and so we returned as wise as most who inquire into natural phenomena. We expect to hear to-morrow that there has been an earthquake somewhere; unless this appearance portended a state-quake. You see, my impetuosity does not abate much; no, nor my youthfullity, which bears me out even at a sabat. I dined last week at lady Blandford's, with her, the old Denbigh, the old Litchfield, and Methuselah knows who. I had stuck some sweet peas in my hair, was playing at quadrille, and singing to my sorcieres. The dutchess of Argyle and Mrs. Young came in; you may guess how they stared; at last the dutchess asked what was the meaning of those flowers? "Lord, madam," said I, "don't you know, it is the fashion?" The duke of B——— is come over with his hair full. Poor Mrs. Young took this in sober sadness, and has reported, that the duke of B——— wears flowers. You will not know me less by a precipitation of this morning. Pitt and I were busy adjusting the gallery. Mr. Elliot came in and discomposed us; I was horridly tired of him. As he was going, he said, "well, this house is so charming, I don't wonder at your being able to live so much alone." I, who shudder at the thought of any body's living

with me, replied very innocently, but a little too quick—" no, only pity me when I don't live alone." Pitt was shocked, and said, " to be sure he will never forgive you as long as he lives." Mrs. Leneve used often to advise me never to begin being civil to people I did not care for; " for," says she, " you grow weary of them, and can't help shewing it, and so make it ten times worse, than if you had never attempted to please them."

I suppose you have read in the papers the massacre of my innocents. Every one of my Turkish sheep, that I have been nursing up these fourteen years, torn to pieces in one night by three strange dogs! They killed sixteen outright, and mangled the two others in such a manner, that I was forced to have them knocked on the head. However, I bore this better than an interruption.

I have scrawled and blotted this letter so I don't know whether you can read it; but it is no matter, for I perceive it is all about myself; but what has one else in the dead of summer? In return, tell me as much as you please about yourself, which you know is always a most welcome subject to me. One may preserve one's spirits with one's juniors, but I defy any body to care but about their cotemporaries. One wants to know about one's predecessors, but who has the least curiosity about their successors? This is abominable ingratitude: one takes wondrous pains to consign one's own memory to them at the same time that one feels the most perfect indifference to whatever relates to them themselves. Well, they will behave just so in their turns. Adieu.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER CXCII.

Strawberry-hill, September 3, 1763.

I HAVE but a minute's time for answering your letter; my house is full of people, and has been so from the instant I breakfasted, and more are coming; in short, I keep an inn; the sign, the Gothic Castle. Since my gallery was finished, I have not been in it a quarter of an hour together; my whole time is passed in giving tickets for seeing it, and hiding myself while it is seen. Take my advice, never build a charming house for yourself between London and Hampton-court: every body will live in it but you. I fear you must give up all thoughts of the Vine for this year, at least for some time. The poor master is on the rack; I left him the day before yesterday in bed, where he had been ever since Monday with the gout in both knees and one foot, and suffering martyrdom every night. I go to see him again on Monday. He has not had so bad a fit these four years, and he has probably the other foot still to come. You must come to me at least in the mean time, before he is well enough to receive you. After next Tuesday I am unengaged, except on Saturday, Sunday, and Monday following; that is, the tenth, eleventh, and twelfth, when the family from Park-place are to be with me. Settle your motions, and let me know them as soon as you can, and give me as much time as you can spare. I flatter myself the general and lady Grandison will keep the kind promise they made me, and that I shall see your brother John and Mr. Miller too.

My niece is not breeding. You shall have the auction books as soon as I can get them, though I question if there is any thing in your way; however, I shall see you long before the sale, and we will talk on it.

There has been a revolution and a re-revolution, but I must defer the history till I see you, for it is much too big for a letter written in such hurry as this. Adieu.

Yours faithfully,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER CXCIII.

Strawberry-hill, Sept. 7, 1763.

As I am sure the house of Conway will not stay with me beyond Monday next, I shall rejoice to see the house of Montagu this day se'nnight (Wednesday), and shall think myself highly honoured by a visit from lady Beaulieu; I know nobody that has a better taste, and it would flatter me exceedingly if she should happen to like Strawberry.

I knew you would be pleased with Mr. T. Pitt; he is very amiable and very sensible, and one of the very few that I reckon quite worthy of being at home at Strawberry.

I have again been in town to see Mr. Chute; he thinks the worst over, yet he gets no sleep, and is still confined to his bed; but his spirits keep up surprisingly. As to your gout, so far from pitying you, 'tis the best thing that can happen to you. All that claret and port are very kind to you, when they prefer the shape of lameness to that of apoplexies, or dropsies, or fevers, or pleurisies.

Let me have a line certain what day I may expect your party, that I may pray to the sun to illuminate the cabinet. Adieu.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER CXCIV.

Strawberry-hill, Oct. 3, 1763.

I WAS just getting into my chaise to go to Park-place, when I received your commission for Mrs. Crosby's pictures; but I did not neglect it, though I might as well, for the old gentlewoman was a little whimsical, and though I sent my own gardener and farmer with my cart to fetch them on Friday, she would not deliver them, she said, till Monday; so this morning they were forced to go again. They are now all safely lodged in my cloister; when I say safely, you understand, that two of them have large holes in them, as witness this bill of lading signed by your aunt. There are eleven in all, besides lord Halifax, seven half-lengths and four heads; the former are all desirable, and one of the latter; the three others woeful. Mr. Wicks is now in the act of packing them, for we have changed our minds about sending them to London by water, as your waggoner told Louis last time I was at Greatworth, that if they were left at the old hat near Acton, he would take them up and convey them to Greatworth; so my cart carries them thither, and they will set out towards you next Saturday.

I felt shocked as you did, to think how suddenly the prospect of joy at Osterly was dashed after our seeing it. However, the young lover died handsomely. Fifty thousand pounds will dry tears, that at most could be but two months old. His brother, I heard, has behaved still more handsomely, and confirmed the legacy, and added from himself the diamonds that had been prepared for her. Here is a charming wife ready for any body that likes a sentimental situation, a pretty woman, and a large fortune.

I have been often at Bulstrode from Chaffont, but I don't like it. It is Dutch and triste. The pictures you mention in the gallery would be

curious if they knew one from another; but the names are lost, and they are only sure that they have so many pounds of ancestors in the lump. One or two of them indeed I knew, as the earl of Southampton, that was lord Essex's friend.

The works of Park-place go on bravely; the cottage will be very pretty, and the bridge sublime, composed of loose rocks, that will appear to have been tumbled together there the very wreck of the deluge. One stone is of fourteen hundred weight. It will be worth a hundred of Palladio's bridges, that are only fit to be used in an opera. I had a ridiculous adventure on my way hither. A sir Thomas Reeves wrote to me last year, that he had a great quantity of heads of painters, drawn by himself from Dr. Meade's collection, of which many were English, and offered me the use of them. This was one of the numerous unknown correspondents, which my books have drawn upon me. I put it off then, but being to pass near his door, for he lives but two miles from Maidenhead, I sent him word I would call on my way to Park-place. After being carried to three wrong houses, I was directed to a very ancient mansion, composed of timber, and looking as unlike modern habitations, as the picture of Penderel's house in Clarendon. The garden was overrun with weeds, and with difficulty we found a bell. Louis came riding back in great haste, and said, "sir, the gentleman is dead suddenly." You may imagine I was surprised; however, as an acquaintance I had never seen was a very endurable misfortune, I was preparing to depart; but happening to ask some women, that were passing by the chaise, if they knew any circumstance of sir Thomas's death, I discovered that this was not sir Thomas's house, but belonged to a Mr. Meake, a fellow of a college at Oxford, who was actually just dead, and that the antiquity itself had formerly been the residence of Nell Gwyn. Pray inquire after it the next time you are at Frogmore. I went on, and after a mistake or two more found sir Thomas, a man about thirty in age, and twelve in understanding; his drawings very indifferent, even for the latter calculation. I did not know what to do or say, but commended them, and his child, and his house, said I had all the heads,

hoped I should see him at Twickenham, was afraid of being too late for dinner, and hurried out of his house before I had been there twenty minutes. It grieves one to receive civilities when one feels obliged, and yet finds it impossible to bear the people that bestow them.

I have given my assembly, to shew my gallery, and it was glorious; but happening to pitch upon the feast of tabernacles, none of my Jews could come, though Mrs. Clive proposed to them to change the irreligion; so I am forced to exhibit once more. For the morning spectators, the crowd augments instead of diminishing. It is really true that lady Hertford called here t'other morning, and I was reduced to bring her by the back gate into the kitchen; the house was so full of company, that came to see the gallery, that I had no where else to carry her. Adieu;

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

P. S. I hope the least hint has never dropped from the Beaulieus of that terrible picture of sir C——s W———, that put me into such confusion the morning they breakfasted here. If they did observe the inscription, I am sure they must have seen too how it distressed me. Your collection of pictures is packed up, and makes two large cases and one smaller.

My next assembly will be entertaining; there will be five countesses, two bishops, fourteen Jews, five papists, a doctor of physic, and an actress; not to mention Scotch, Irish, East and West Indians.

I find that, to pack up your pictures, Louis has taken some paper out of a hamper of waste, into which I had cast some of the Conway papers, perhaps only as useless; however, if you find any such in the packing, be so good as to lay them by for me.

LETTER CXCV.

Strawberry-hill, Nov. 12, 1763.

I SEND you the catalogue as you desired; and as I told you, you will, I think, find nothing to your purpose: the present lord bought all the furniture-pictures at Navestock: the few now to be sold are the very fine ones of the best masters, and likely to go at vast prices, for there are several people determined to have some one thing that belonged to lord Waldegrave. I did not get the catalogue till the night before last, too late to send by the post, for I had dined with sir Richard Lyttleton at Richmond, and was forced to return by Kew bridge, for the Thames was swelled so violently that the ferry could not work. I am here quite alone in the midst of a deluge, without Mrs. Noah, but with half as many animals. The waters are as much out as they were last year, when her vice-majesty of Ireland, that now is sailed to Newmarket with both legs out at the fore glass, was here. Apropos, the Irish court goes on ill: they lost a question by forty the very first day on the address. The Irish, not being so absurd or so complimental as Mr. Allen, they would not suffer the word *adequate* to pass. The prime minister is so unpopular, that they think he must be sent back. His patent and Rigby's are called in question. You see the age is not favourable to prime ministers: well! I am going amidst it all, very unwillingly, I had rather stay here, for I am sick of the storms that once loved them so cordially; over and above, I am not well; this is the third winter my nightly fever has returned; it comes like the bellman before Christmas to put me in mind of my mortality.

Sir Michael Foster is dead, a whig of the old rock: he is a greater loss to his country than the prim attorney-general, who has resigned, or than the attorney's father, who is dying, will be.

My gallery is still in such request, that, though the middle of November, I gave out a ticket to-day for seeing it. I see little of it myself, for I cannot sit alone in such state; I should think myself like the mad dutchess of Albemarle,[1] who fancied herself empress of China. Adieu;

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

I ask you nothing about your coming, for I conclude we shall not see you till Christmas. My compliments to your brother John and your almoner Mr. Miller.

LETTER CXCVI.

Arlington-street, Nov. 20, 1763.

You are in the wrong; believe me you are in the wrong to stay in the country, London never was so entertaining since it had a steeple or a mad-house. Cowards fight duels; secretaries of state turn methodists on the Tuesday, and are expelled the playhouse for blasphemy on Friday. I am not turned methodist, but patriot, and what is more extraordinary, am not going to have a place. What is more wonderful still, lord H———ke has made two of his sons resign their employments. I know my letter sounds as enigmatic as Merlin's almanack; but *my* events have really happened. I had almost persuaded myself like you to quit the world; thank my stars I did not. Why I have done nothing but laugh since last Sunday; though on Tuesday I was one of an hundred and eleven, who were outvoted by three hundred; no laughing matter generally to a *true* patriot, whether he thinks

[1] Widow of Christopher duke of Albemarle, and daughter of the duke of Newcastle.

his country undone or himself. Nay, I am still more absurd; even for my dear country's sake I cannot bring myself to connect with lord H———, or the duke of N————, though they are in the minority—an unprecedented case, not to love every body one despises, when they are of the same side. On the contrary, I fear I resemble a fond woman, and doat on the *dear betrayer*. In short, and to write something that you can understand, you know I have long had a partiality for your cousin S——h, who has out S——hed himself. He has impeached Wilkes for a blasphemous poem, and has been expelled for blasphemy himself by the beef-steak club at Covent-garden. Wilkes has been shot by Martin, and instead of being burnt at an *auto da fe*, as the bishop of Gloucester intended, is reverenced as a saint by the mob, and if he dies, I suppose, the people will squint themselves into convulsions at his tomb, in honour of his memory. Now is not this better than feeding one's birds and one's bantams, poring one's eyes out over old histories, not half so extraordinary as the present, or ambling to squire Bencow's on one's padnag, and playing at cribbage with one's brother John and one's parson? Prithee come to town, and let us put off taking the veil for another year: besides, by this time twelvemonth we are sure the world will be a year older in wickedness, and we shall have more matter for meditation. One would not leave it methinks till it comes to the worst, and that time cannot be many months off. In the mean time I have bespoken a dagger, in case the circumstances should grow so classic as to make it becoming to kill oneself; however though disposed to quit the world, as I have no mind to leave it entirely, I shall put off my death to the last minute, and do nothing rashly, till I see Mr. Pitt and lord Temple place themselves in their curule chairs in St. James's market, and resign their throats to the victors. I am determined to see them dead first, lest they should play me a trick, and be hobbling to Buckingham-house, while I am shivering and waiting for them on the banks of Lethe. Adieu;

Yours,

HORATIUS.

LETTER CXCVII.

Arlington-street, Jan. 11, 1764.

It is an age, I own, since I wrote to you; but except politics, what was there to send you? and for politics, the present are too contemptible to be recorded by any body but journalists, gazetteers, and such historians! The ordinary of Newgate, or Mr. ———, who write for their monthly half-crown, and who are indifferent whether lord Bute, lord Melcombe, or Maclean, is their hero, may swear they find diamonds on dung-hills; but you will excuse *me*, if I let our correspondence lie dormant rather than deal in such trash. I am forced to send lord Hertford and sir Horace Mann such garbage, because they are out of England, and the sea softens and makes palatable any potion, as it does claret; but unless I can divert *you*, I had rather wait till we can laugh together; the best employment for friends, who do not mean to pick one another's pocket, nor make a property of either's frankness. Instead of politics, therefore, I shall amuse you to-day with a fairy tale.

I was desired to be at my lady Suffolk's on new-year's morn, where I found lady Temple and others. On the toilette Miss Hotham spied a small round box. She seized it with all the cagerness and curiosity of eleven years. In it was wrapped up a heart-diamond ring, and a paper in which, in a hand as small as Buckinger's, who used to write the Lord's Prayer in the compass of a silver penny, were the following lines:—

Sent by a sylph, unheard, unseen,
A new-year's gift from Mab our queen:
But tell it not, for if you do,
You will be pinch'd all black and blue.
Consider well, what a disgrace,
To shew abroad your mottled face:

Then seal your lips, put on the ring,
And sometimes think of Ob. the king.

You will easily guess that lady Temple was the poetess, and that we were delighted with the genteelness of the thought and execution. The child, you may imagine, was less transported with the poetry than the present. Her attention however was hurried backwards and forwards from the ring to a new coat, that she had been trying on when sent for down; impatient to revisit her coat, and to shew the ring to her maid, she whisked up stairs; when she came down again, she found a letter sealed, and lying on the floor—new exclamations! lady Suffolk bade her open it: here it is:—

Your tongue, too nimble for your sense,
Is guilty of a high offence;
Hath introduced unkind debate,
And topsy-turvy turned our state.
In gallantry I sent the ring,
The token of a love-sick king:
Under fair Mab's auspicious name
From me the trifling present came.
You blabb'd the news in Suffolk's ear;
The tattling zephyrs brought it here;
As Mab was indolently laid
Under a poppy's spreading shade.
The jealous queen started in rage;
She kick'd her crown, and beat her page:
"Bring me my magic wand," she cries;
"Under that primrose, there it lies;
I'll change the silly, saucy chit,
Into a flea, a louse, a nit,
A worm, a grass-hopper, a rat,
An owl, a monkey, hedge-hog, bat.

Ixion once a cloud embrac'd,
By Jove and jealousy well plac'd.
What sport to see proud Oberon stare,
And flirt it with a *pet-en l'air!*"
Then thrice she stamp'd the trembling ground,
And thrice she wav'd her wand around;
When I, endowed with greater skill,
And less inclin'd to do you ill,
Mutter'd some words, withheld her arm,
And kindly stopp'd th' unfinish'd charm.
But though not chang'd to owl or bat,
Or something more indelicate;
Yet, as your tongue has run too fast,
Your boasted beauty must not last.
No more shall frolic Cupid lie
In ambuscade in either eye,
From thence to aim his keenest dart
To captivate each youthful heart:
No more shall envious misses pine
At charms now flown, that once were thine:
No more, since you so ill behave,
Shall injur'd Oberon be your slave.

The next day my lady Suffolk desired I would write her a patent for appointing lady Temple poet-laureate to the fairies. I was excessively out of order with a pain in my stomach, which I had had for ten days, and was fitter to write verses like a poet-laureate, than for making one; however, I was going home to dinner alone, and at six I sent her some lines, which you ought to have seen how sick I was, to excuse; but first, I must tell you my tale methodically. The next morning by nine o'clock Miss Hotham (she must forgive me twenty years hence for saying she was eleven, for I recollect she is but ten), arrived at lady Temple's, her face and neck all spotted with saffron, and limping. "Oh, madam!" said she, "I am undone for ever if you do not assist me!" "Lord,

child," cried my lady Temple, "what is the matter?" thinking she had hurt herself, or lost the ring, and that she was stolen out before her aunt was up. "Oh, madam," said the girl, "nobody but you can assist me!" My lady Temple protests the child acted her part so well as to deceive her. "What can I do for you?" "Dear madam, take this load from my back; nobody but you can." Lady Temple turned her round and upon her back was tied a child's waggon. In it were three tiny purses of blue velvet; in one of them a silver cup, in another a crown of laurel, and in the third four new silver pennies, with the patent, signed at top, Oberon Imperator; and two sheets of warrants strung together with blue silk according to form; and at top an office seal of wax and a chaplet of cut paper on it. The warrants were these:—

From the Royal Mews:

A waggon with the draught horses delivered by command without fee.

From the Lord Chamberlain's Office:

A warrant with the royal sign manual, delivered by command without fee, being first entered in the office books.

From the Lord Steward's Office:

A butt of sack, delivered without fee or gratuity, with an order for returning the cask for the use of the office, by command.

From the Great Wardrobe.

Three velvet bags, delivered without fee, by command.

From the Treasurer of the Household's Office:

A year's salary paid free from land-tax, poundage, or any other deduction whatever, by command.

From the Jewel Office:

A silver butt, a silver cup, a wreath of bays, by command without fee.

Then came the patent:

By these presents be it known,
To all who bend before our throne,
Fays and fairies, elves and sprites,
Beauteous dames and gallant knights,
That we, Oberon the grand,
Emperor of fairy land,
King of moonshine, prince of dreams,
Lord of Aganippe's streams,
Baron of the dimpled isles,
That lie in pretty maiden's smiles,
Arch-treasurer of all the graces
Dispers'd through fifty lovely faces,
Sovereign of the slipper's order,
With all the rites thereon that border,
Defender of the sylphic faith,
Declare—and thus your monarch saith:
Whereas there is a noble dame,
Whom mortals countess Temple name,
To whom ourself did erst impart
The choicest secrets of our art,
Taught her to tune th' harmonious line
To our own melody divine,
Taught her the graceful negligence,
Which scorning art and veiling sense
Achieves that conquest o'er the heart,
Sense seldom gains, and never art:
This lady, 'tis our royal will
Our laureate's vacant seat should fill!

A chaplet of immortal bays
Shall crown her brow and guard her lays;
Of nectar sack an acorn cup
Be at her board each year fill'd up;
And as each quarter feast comes round
A silver penny shall be found
Within the compass of her shoe—
And so we bid you all adieu!

Given at our palace of Cowslip-castle, the shortest night of the year.

OBERON.

And underneath,

HOTHAMINA.

How shall I tell you the greatest curiosity of the story? The whole plan and execution of the second act was laid and adjusted by my lady Suffolk herself and Will. Chetwynd, master of the mint, lord Bolingbroke's Oroonoko-Chetwynd; he fourscore, she past seventy-six; and, what is more, much worse than I was, for added to her deafness, she has been confined these three weeks with the gout in her eyes, and was actually then in misery, and had been without sleep. What spirits, and cleverness, and imagination, at that age, and under those afflicting circumstances! You reconnoitre her old court knowledge, how charmingly she has applied it! Do you wonder I pass so many hours and evenings with her? Alas! I had like to have lost her this morning! They had poulticed her feet to draw the gout downwards, and began to succeed yesterday, but to-day it flew up into her head, and she was almost in convulsions with the agony, and screamed dreadfully; proof enough how ill she was, for her patience and good breeding makes her for ever sink and conceal what she feels. This evening the gout has been driven back to her foot, and I trust she is out of danger. Her loss would be

irreparable to me at Twickenham, where she is by far the most rational and agreeable company I have.

I don't tell you that the hereditary prince is still expected and not arrived. A royal wedding would be a flat episode after a *real* fairy tale, though the bridegroom is a hero. I have not seen your brother general yet, but have called on him. When come you yourself? Never mind the town and its filthy politics; we can go to the gallery at Strawberry—stay, I don't know whether we can or not, my hill is almost drowned, I don't know how your mountain is—well we can take a boat, and always be gay there; I wish we may be so at seventy-six and eighty! I abominate politics more and more; we had glories, and would not keep them: well! content, that there was an end of blood; then perks prerogative its ass's ears up; we are always to be saving our liberties, and then staking them again! 'Tis wearisome! I hate the discussion, and yet one cannot always sit at a gaming-table and never make a bet. I wish for nothing, I care not a straw for the ins or the outs; I determine never to think of them, yet the contagion catches one; can you tell any thing that will prevent infection! Well then, here I swear, no I won't swear, one always breaks one's oath. Oh, that I had been born to love a court like sir William Breton! I should have lived and died with the comfort of thinking that courts there will be to all eternity, and the liberty of my country would never once have ruffled my smile, or spoiled my bow. I envy sir William! Good night;

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER CXCVIII.

Arlington-street, May 10, 1764.

I HOPE I have done well for you, and that you will be content with the execution of your commission. I have bought you two pictures, No. 14, which is by no means a good picture, but it went so cheap and looked so old-fashionably, that I ventured to give eighteen shillings for it. The other is very pretty, No. 17; two sweet children, undoubtedly by sir Peter Lely. This costs you four pounds ten shillings; what shall I do with them—how convey them to you? The picture of lord Romney, which you are so fond of, was not in this sale, but I suppose remains with lady Sidney. I bought for myself much the best picture in the auction, a fine Vandyke of the famous lady Carlisle and her sister Leicester in one piece: it cost me nine-and-twenty guineas.

In general the pictures did not go high, which I was glad of, that the vulture, who sells them, may not be more enriched than could be helped. There was a whole length of sir Henry Sidney, which I should have liked, but it went for fifteen guineas. Thus ends half the glory of Penshurst! Not one of the miniatures was sold.

I go to Strawberry to-morrow for a week. When do you come to Frogmore? I wish to know, because I shall go soon to Park-place, and would not miss the visit you have promised me. Adieu;

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER CXCIX.

Strawberry-hill, June 18, 1764.

I TRUST that you have thought I was dead, it is so long since you heard of me. In truth I had nothing to talk of but cold and hot weather, of rain and want of rain, subjects that have been our summer conversation for these twenty years. I am pleased that you was content with your pictures, and shall be glad if you have begotten ancestors out of them. You may tell your uncle Algernon that I go to-morrow, where he would not be ashamed to see me; as there are not many such spots at present; you and he will guess it is to Park-place.

Strawberry, whose glories perhaps verge towards their setting, has been more sumptuous to day than ordinary, and banquetted their representative majesties of France and Spain. I had Monsieur and Madame de Guerchy, Mademoiselle de Nangis their daughter, two other French gentlemen, the prince of Masserano, his brother and secretary, lord March, George Selwyn, Mrs. Ann Pitt, and my neice Waldegrave. The refectory never was so crowded; nor have any foreigners been here before that comprehended Strawberry. Indeed every thing succeeded to a hair. A violent shower in the morning laid the dust, brightened the green, refreshed the roses, pinks, orange-flowers, and the blossoms, with which the acacias are covered. A rich storm of thunder and lightning gave a dignity of colouring to the heavens; and the sun appeared enough to illuminate the landscape, without basking himself over it at his length. During dinner there were French horns and clarionettes in the cloister, and after coffee I treated them with an English, and to them a very new collation, a syllabub milked under the cows that were brought to the brow of the terrace. Thence they went to the printing-house, and saw a new fashionable French song printed. They drank tea in the gallery, and at eight went away to Vauxhall.

They really seemed quite pleased with the place and the day; but I must tell you, the treasury of the abbey will feel it, for without magnificence, all was handsomely done. I must keep maigre; at least till the interdict is taken off from my convent. I have kings and queens, I hear, in my neighbourhood, but this is no royal foundation. Adieu;

Your poor beadsman,

THE ABBOT OF STRAWBERRY.

P. S. Mr. T———'s servile poem is rewarded with one hundred and sixty pounds a year in the post office.

LETTER CC.

Strawberry-hill, July 16, 1764.

Mr. Chute says you are peremptory that you will not cast a look southwards. Do you know that in that case you will not set eyes on me the Lord knows when? My mind is pretty much fixed on going to Paris the beginning of September. I think I shall go, if it is only to scold my lord and lady Hertford for sending me their cousins, the duke and dutchess of Berwick, who say they are come to see their relations. By their appearance, you would imagine they were come to beg money of their family. He has just the sort of capacity, which you would expect in a Stuart engrafted on a Spaniard. He asked me which way he was to come to Twickenham? I told him through Kensington, to which I supposed his geography might reach. He replied, "*Oh! du cotè de la mer.*" She, who is sister of the duke of Aloa, is a decent kind of a body; but they talk wicked French. I gave them a dinner

here t'other day, with the marquis of Jamaica, their only child, and a fat tutor, and the few Fitzroys I could amass at this season. They were very civil and seemed much pleased. To-day they are gone to Blenheim by invitation. I want to send you something from the Strawberry press; tell me how I shall convey it; it is nothing less than the most curious book that ever set its foot in the world. I expect to hear you scream hither: if you don't I shall be disappointed, for I have kept it as a most profound secret from you, till I was ready to surprise you with it; I knew your impatience, and would not let you have it peacemeal. It is the life of the great philosopher, lord Herbert, written by himself. Now are you disappointed? Well, read it—not the first forty pages, of which you will be sick—I will not anticipate it, but I will tell you the history. I found it a year ago at lady Hertford's, to whom lady Powis had lent it. I took it up, and soon threw it down again, as the dullest thing I ever saw. She persuaded me to take it home. My lady Waldegrave was here in all her grief; Gray and I read it to amuse her. We could not get on for laughing and screaming. I begged to have it to print: lord Powis, sensible of the extravagance, refused—I insisted—he persisted. I told my lady Hertford, it was no matter, I would print it, I was determined. I sat down and wrote a flattering dedication to lord Powis, which I knew he would swallow: he did, and gave up his ancestor. But this was not enough; I was resolved the world should not think I admired it seriously, though there are really fine passages in it, and good sense too: I drew up an equivocal preface, in which you will discover my opinion, and sent it with the dedication. The earl gulphed down the one under the palliative of the other, and here you will have all. Pray take notice of the pedigree, of which I am exceedingly proud; observe how I have clearly arranged so involved a descent: one may boast of one's heraldry. I shall send you too lady Temple's poems. Pray keep both under lock and key, for there are but two hundred copies of lord Herbert, and but one hundred of the poems suffered to be printed.

I am almost crying to find the glorious morsel of summer, that we

have had, turned into just such a watery season as the last. Even my excess of verdure, which used to comfort me for every thing, does not satisfy me now, as I live entirely alone. I am heartily tired of my large neighbourhood, who do not furnish me two or three rational beings at most, and the best of them have no vivacity. London, whither I go at least once a fornight for a night, is a perfect desart. As the court is gone into a convent at Richmond, the town is more abandoned than ever. I cannot, as you do, bring myself to be content without variety, without events; my mind is always wanting new food; summer does not suit me; but I will grow old some time or other. Adieu;

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER CCI.

Arlington-street, Aug. 16, 1764.

I AM not gone north, so pray write to me. I am not going south, so pray come to me. The duke of Devonshire's journey to Spa has prevented the first, and twenty reasons the second; whenever therefore you are disposed to make a visit to Strawberry, it will rejoice to receive you in its old ruffs and fardingales, and without rouge, blonde, and run silks.

You have not said a word to me, ingrate as you are, about lord Herbert; does not he deserve one line? Tell me when I shall see you, that I may make no appointments to interfere with it. Mr. Conway, lady Ailesbury, and lady Lyttleton, have been at Strawberry with me for four and five days, so I am come to town to have my house washed,

for you know I am a very Hollander in point of cleanliness. This town is a deplorable solitude; one meets nothing but Mrs. Holman, like the pelican in the wilderness. Adieu;

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER CCII.

Arlington-street, Dec. 16, 1764.

As I have not read in the papers that you died lately at Greatworth, in Northamptonshire, nor have met with any Montagu or Trevor in mourning, I conclude you are living: I send this, however, to inquire, and if you should happen to be departed, hope your executor will be so kind as to burn it. Though you do not seem to have the same curiosity about my existence, you may gather from my hand-writing that I am still in being; which being perhaps full as much as you want to know of me, I will trouble you with no farther particulars about myself—nay, nor about any body else; your curiosity seeming to be pretty much the same about all the world. News there are certainly none; nobody is even dead, as the bishop of Carlisle told me to-day, which I repeat to you in general, though I apprehend in his own mind he meant no possessor of a better bishoprick.

If you like to know the state of the town, here it is. In the first place, it is very empty; in the next, there are more diversions than the week will hold. A charming Italian opera, with no dances and no company, at least on Tuesdays, to supply which defect, the subscribers are to have a ball and supper; a plan that in my humble opinion will fill the Tues-

day's and empty the Saturdays. At both playhouses are woeful English operas, which however fill better than the Italian, patriotism being entirely confined to our ears; how long the sages of the law may leave us those I cannot say. Mrs. Cornelis, apprehending the future assembly at Almack's, has enlarged her vast room, and hung it with blue satin, and another with yellow satin, but Almack's room, which is to be ninety feet long, proposes to swallow up both hers, as easily as Moses's rod gobbled down those of the magicians. Well; but there are more joys, a dinner and assembly every Tuesday at the Austrian minister's; ditto on Thursdays at the Spaniard's; ditto on Wednesdays and Sundays at the French ambassador's; besides Madame de Welderen's on Wednesdays, lady Harrington's Sundays, and occasional private mobs at my lady Northumberland's. Then for the mornings, there are levees and drawing-rooms without end. Not to mention the maccaroni-club, which has quite absorbed Arthur's, for you know old fools will hobble after young ones. Of all these pleasures, I prescribe myself a very small pittance, my dark corner in my own box at the opera, and now and then an ambassador; to keep my French going till my journey to Paris. Politics are gone to sleep, like a paroli at Pharaoh, though there is the finest tract lately published that ever was written, called an Inquiry into the doctrine of Abels. It would warm your old Algernon blood; but for what any body cares, might as well have been written about the wars of York and Lancaster. The thing most in fashion is my edition of lord Herbert's life; people are mad after it, I believe because only two hundred were printed; and by the numbers that admire it, I am convinced that if I had kep his lordship's counsel, very few would have found out the absurdity of it. The caution, with which I hinted at its extravagance, has passed with several for approbation, and drawn on theirs. This is nothing new to me; it is when one laughs out at their idols that one angers people. I do not wonder now that sir Philip Sidney was the darling hero, when lord Herbert, who followed him so close and trod in his steps, is at this time of day within an ace of rivalling him. I wish I had let him; it was contradicting one of my own maxims, which I hold to be

very just; that it is idle to endeavour to cure the world of any folly, unless we could cure it of being foolish.

Tell me whether I am likely to see you before I go to Paris, which will be early in February. I hate you for being so indifferent about me. I live in the world, and yet love nothing; care a straw for nothing, but two or three old friends, that I have loved these thirty years. You have buried yourself with half a dozen parsons and squires, and yet never cast a thought upon those you have always lived with. You come to town for two months, grow tired in six weeks, hurry away, and then one hears no more of you till next winter. I don't want you to like the world, I like it no more than you; but I stay awhile in it, because while one sees it one laughs at it, but when one gives it up one grows angry with it; and I hold it much wiser to laugh than to be out of humour. You cannot imagine how much ill blood this perseverance has cured me of; I used to say to myself, "Lord! this person is so bad, that person is so bad, I hate them." I have now found out that they are all pretty much alike, and I hate nobody. Having never found you out, but for integrity and sincerity, I am much disposed to persist in a friendship with you, but if I am to be at all the pains of keeping it up, I shall imitate my neighbours (I don't mean those at next door, but in the scripture sense of neighbour, any body) and say, "that is a very good man, but I don't care a farthing for him." Till I have taken my final resolution on that head, I am,

Yours most cordially,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER CCIII.

Christmas-eve, 1764.

You are grown so good, and I delight so much in your letters when you please to write them, that though it is past midnight and I am to go out of town to-morrow morning, I must thank you.

I shall put your letter to Rheims into the foreign post with a proper penny, and it will go much safer and quicker than if I sent it to lord Hertford, for his letters lie very often till enough are assembled to compose a jolly caravan. I love your good brother John, as I always do, for keeping your birth-day; I who hate ceremonious customs, approve of what I know comes so much from the heart as all he and you do and say. The general surely need not ask leave to inclose letters to me.

There is neither news nor any body to make it but the clergy, who are all gaping after or about the Irish mitre, which your old antagonist has quitted. Keene has refused it, Newton hesitates, and they think will not accept it, Ewer pants for it, and many of the bench I believe do every thing but pray for it. Goody Carlisle hopes for Worcester if it should be vacated, but I believe would not dislike to be *her Grace*.

This comes with your muff, my Anecdotes of Painting, the fine pamphlet on libels, and the Castle of Otranto, which came out to-day. All this will make some food for your fireside. Since you will not come and see me before I go, I hope not to be gone before you come, though I am not quite in charity with you about it. Oh, I had forgot; don't lend your lord Herbert, it will grow as dirty as the street; and as there are so few, and they have been so lent about, and so dirtied, the few clean copies will be very valuable. What signifies whether they read it or not? there will be a new fashion, or a new separation, or a new something or

other, that will do just as well, before you can convey your copy to them; and seriously, if you lose it, I have not another to give you; and I would fain have you keep my editions together, as you have had the complete set. As I want to make you an economist of my books, I will inform you that this second set of anecdotes sells for three guineas. Adieu!

Yours ever,

HOR WALPOLE.

P. S. I send you a decent smallish muff, that you may put in your pocket, and it costs but fourteen shillings.

LETTER CCIV.

Arlington-street, Feb. 19, 1765.

YOUR health and spirits and youth delight me; yet I think you make but a bad use of them, when you destine them to a triste house in a country solitude. If you were condemned to retirement, it would be fortunate to have spirits to support it; but great vivacity is not a cause for making it one's option.

Why waste your sweetness on the desert air? at least, why bestow so little of your cheerfulness on your friends? I do not wish you to parade your rubicundity and grey hairs through the mobs and assemblies of London; I should think you bestowed them as ill as on Greatworth; but you might find a few rational creatures here, who are heartily tired of what are called our pleasures, and who would be glad to have you in their chimney corner. There you might have found *me* any time this

fortnight; I have been dying of the worst and longest cold I ever had in my days, and have been blooded, and taken James's powder to no purpose. I look almost like the skeleton that Frederick found in the oratory: my only comfort was, that I should have owed my death to the long day in the House of Commons, and have perished with our liberties; but I think I am getting the better of my martyrdom and shall live to see you; nay, I shall not be gone to Paris. As I design that journey for the term of my figuring in the world, I would fain wind up my politics too, and quit all public ties together. As I am not old yet, and have an excellent though delicate constitution, I may promise myself some agreeable years, if I could detach myself from all connexions, but with a very few persons that I value. Oh, with what joy I could bid adieu to loving and hating! to crowds, public places, great dinners, visits; and above all, to the House of Commons; but pray mind, when *I* retire, it shall only be to London and Strawberry-hill—in London one can live as one will, and at Strawberry I will live as I will. Apropos, my good old tenant Frankland is dead, and I am in possession of his cottage, which will be a delightfully additional plaything at Strawberry. I shall be violently tempted to stick in a few cypresses and lilacs there, but go to Paris. I don't know a jot of news: I have been a perfect this fortnight, and buried in Runic poetry and Danish wars. I have been deep in a late history of Denmark, written by a Frenchman, a sensible man, but I cannot say he has the a very tiresome subject agreeable. There are six vol stuck fast in the fourth.

Lord Byron's trial I hear is to be in May. If you a bus abo it, I can secure you a ticket for lord Lincoln's gallery. The Antiquarian Society have got goody C——le for their president, and I suppose she will sit upon a Saxon chalkstone till the return of king Arthur. Adieu.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER CCV.

Arlington-street, April 5, 1765.

I SENT you two letters t'other day from your kin, and might as well have written then as now, for I have nothing to tell you. Mr. Chute has quitted his bed to-day the first time for above five weeks, but is still swathed like a mummy. He was near relapsing, for old Mildmay, whose lungs, and memory, and tongue, will never wear out, talked to him t'other night from eight till half an hour after ten on the poor bill; but he has been more comfortable with lord Dacre and me this evening.

I have read the Siege of Calais, and dislike it extremely, though there are fine lines, but the conduct is woeful. The outrageous applause it s received at Paris was certainly political, and intended to spur up spirit and animosity against us, their good, merciful, and forgiving They will have no occasion for this ardour; they may smite one d we shall turn t'other.

ve little to say, it is worth while to write, only to tell *ts* of Quin, to that turn-coat hypocrite infidel, bishop t saucy priest was haranguing at Bath in behalf of n said, "pray, my lord, spare me, you are not ac- principles, I am a republican; and perhaps I even nk that ecution of Charles the First might be justified"—"aye!" said W—b——n, "by what law?" Quin replied, "*by all the laws he had left them.*" The bishop would have got off upon judgments, and bade the player remember that all the regicides came to violent ends; a lie, but no matter. "*I would not advise your lordship,*" said Quin, "*to make use of that inference, for if I am not mistaken, that was the case of the twelve apostles.*" There was great wit *ad hominem* in the latter reply, but I think the former equal to any thing I ever heard. It is the sum

of the whole controversy couched in eight monosyllables, and comprehends at once the king's guilt and the justice of punishing it. The more one examines it, the finer it proves. One can say nothing after it, so good night.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER CCVI.

Strawberry-hill, May 26, 1765.

If one of the one hundred events, and one hundredth part of the one hundred thousand reports that have passed, and been spread in this last month, have reached your solitary hill, you must be surprised at not a single word from me during that period. The number of events is my excuse. Though mine is the pen of a pretty ready writer, I could not keep pace with the revolutions of each day, each hour. I had not time to begin the narrative, much less to finish it: no, I must keep the whole to tell you at once, or to read it to you, for I think I shall write the history, which, let me tell you, Buckinger himself could not have crowded into a nut-shell.

For your part, you will be content, though the house of Montagu has not made an advantageous figure in this political warfare, yet it is crowned with victory, and laurels you know compensate for every scar. You went out of town frightened out of your senses at the giant prerogative; alack! he is grown so tame, that, as you said of our earthquake, you may stroke him. The regency-bill, not quite calculated with that intent, has produced four regents, king B——-d, king G——e, king

H——x, and king T——r. Lord Holland is turned out, and Stuart Mackenzie. Charles Townshend is paymaster, and lord Bute annihilated; and all done without the help of the whigs. You love to guess what one is going to say; now you may guess what I am not going to say. Your newspapers perhaps have given you a long roll of opposition-names, who were coming into place, and so all the world thought, but the wind turned quite round, and left them on the strand, and just where they were, except in opposition, which is declared to be at an end. Enigma as all this may sound, the key would open it all to you in the twinkling of an administration. In the mean time, we have family reconciliations without end. The ——— and the duke of Cumberland have been shut up together day and night; lord Temple and George Grenville are sworn brothers; well, but Mr. Pitt, where is he? In the clouds, for ought I know, in one of which he may descend like the kings of Bantam, and take quiet possession of the throne again.

As a thorough-bass to these squabbles, we have had an insurrection, and a siege. Bedford-house, though garrisoned by horse and foot-guards, was on the point of being taken. The besieged are in their turn triumphant; and if any body now was to publish Droit le Duc, I do not think the House of Lords would censure his book. Indeed the regents may do what they please, and turn out whom they will; I see nothing to resist them. Lord Bute will not easily be tempted to rebel when the last struggle has cost him so dear.

I am sorry for some of my friends, to whom I wished more fortune. For myself, I am but just where I should have been, had they succeeded. It is satisfaction enough to me to be delivered from politics, which you know I have long detested. When I was tranquil enough to write Castles of Otranto, in the midst of grave nonsense, and foolish councils of war, I am not likely to disturb myself with the diversions of the court, where I am not connected with a soul. As it has proved to be the interest of the present ministers, however contrary to their former views, to lower the crown, they will scarce be in a hurry to aggrandize

it again. That will satisfy you, and I you know am satisfied if I have any thing to laugh at—'tis a lucky age for a man who is so easily contented.

The poor Chute has had another relapse, but is out of bed again. I am thinking of my journey to France, but as Mr. Conway has a mind I should wait for him, I don't know whether it will take place before the autumn. I will by no means release you from your promise of making me a visit here before I go.

Poor Mr. Bentley, I doubt, is under the greatest difficulties of any body. His poem, which he modestly delivered over to immortality, must be cut and turned, for lord Halifax and lord Bute cannot sit in the same canto together; then the horns and hoofs, that he had bestowed on lord T——, must be pared away, and beams of glory distributed over his whole person. 'Tis a dangerous thing to write political panegyrics or satires; it draws the unhappy bard into a thousand scrapes and contradictions. The edifices and inscriptions at Stowe should be a lesson not to erect monuments to the living. I will not place an ossuarium in my garden for my cat, before her bones are ready to be placed in it. I hold contradictions to be as essential to the definition of a political man, as any visible or featherless quality can be to man in general. Good night.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

28th.

I shall send this by the coach, so whatever comes with it, is only to make bundle. Here are some lines that came into my head yesterday in the post-chaise, as I was reading in the Annual Register an account of a fountain-tree in one of the Canary Islands, which never dies, and

supplies the inhabitants with water. I don't warrant the longevity, though the hypostatic union of a fountain may eternize the tree.

> In climes adust, where rivers never flow,
> Where constant suns repel approaching snow,
> How nature's various and inventive hand
> Can pour unheard-of moisture o'er the land!
> Immortal plants she bids on rocks arise,
> And from the dropping branches streams supplies.
> The thirsty native sucks the falling shower,
> Nor asks for juicy fruit, or blooming flower;
> But haply doubts, when travellers maintain,
> That Europe's forests melt not into rain.

LETTER CCVII.

Strawberry-hill, June 10, 1765. Eleven at night.

I AM just come out of the garden in the most oriental of all evenings, and from breathing odours beyond those of Araby. The acacias, which the Arabians have the sense to worship, are covered with blossoms, the honey-suckles dangle from every tree in festoons, the seringas are thickets of sweets, and the new cut hay in the field tempers the balmy gales with simple freshness, while a thousand sky rockets launched into the air at Ranelagh or Marybone illuminate the scene, and give it an air of Haroun Alraschid's paradise. I was not quite so content by day light, some foreigners dined here, and though they admired our verdure, it mortified me by its brownness; we have not had a drop of rain this month to cool the tip of our daisies. My company was lady Lyttleton, lady Schaub, a Madame de Juliac from the Pyreneans, very handsome, not a girl, and of lady Schaub's mould; the comte de Caraman, nephew

of Madame de Mirepoix, a Monsieur de Claussonnette, and general Schouallow, the favourite of the late czarina; absolute favourite for a dozen years, without making an enemy. In truth, he is very amicable, humble, and modest. Had he been ambitious, he might have mounted the throne: as he was not, you may imagine they have plucked his plumes a good deal. There is a little air of melancholy about him, and if I am not mistaken, some secret wishes for the fall of the present empress, which, if it were civil to suppose, I could heartily join with him in hoping for. As we have still liberty enough left to dazzle a Russian, he seems charmed with England, and perhaps liked even this place the more as belonging to the son of one that, like himself, had been prime minister. If he has no more ambition left than I have, he must taste the felicity of being a private man. What has lord Bute gained but the knowledge of how many ungrateful sycophants favour and power can create?

If you have received the parcel that I consigned to Richard Brown for you, you will have found an explanation of my long silence. Thank you for being alarmed for my health.

The day after to-morrow I go to Park-place for four or five days, and soon after to Goodwood. My French journey is still in suspense; lord Hertford talks of coming over for a fortnight; perhaps I may go back with him; but I have determined nothing yet, till I see farther into the present chase, that some how or other I may take my leave of politics for ever; for can any thing be so wearisome as politics on the account of others? Good night; shall I not see you here?

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER CCVIII.

Arlington-street, Saturday night.

I MUST scrawl a line to you, though with the utmost difficulty, for I am in my bed: but I see they have foolishly put it into the Chronicle that I am dangerously ill; and as I know you take in that paper, and are one of the very, very few, of whose tenderness and friendship I have not the smallest doubt, I give myself pain, rather than let you feel a moment's unnecessarily. It is true, I have had a terrible attack of the gout in my stomach, head, and both feet, but have truly never been in danger any more than one must be in such a situation. My head and stomach are perfectly well; my feet far from it. I have kept my room since this day se'nnight, and my bed these three days, but hope to get up to-morrow. You know my writing and my veracity, and that I would not deceive you. As to my person, it will not be so easy to reconnoitre it, for I question whether any of it will remain; it was easy to annihilate so airy a substance. Adieu;

Yours most truly,

HOR WALPOLE.

LETTER CCIX.

Arlington-street, July 11, 1765.

YOU are so good, I must write you a few lines, and you will excuse my not writing many, my posture is so uncomfortable, lying on a couch

by the side of my bed, and writing on the bed. I have in this manner been what they call out of bed for two days, but I mend very slowly, and get no strength in my feet at all; however, I must have patience.

Thank you for your kind offer; but, my dear sir, you can do me no good but what you always do me, in coming to see me. I should hope that would be before I go to France, whither I certainly go the beginning of September, if not sooner. The great and happy change, happy I hope for this country, is actually begun. The duke of B——, George G——, and the two secretaries are discarded. Lord Rockingham is first lord of the treasury, Dowdswell chancellor of the exchequer, the duke of Grafton and Mr. Conway secretaries of state. You need not wish me joy, for I know you do. There is a good deal more to come, and what is better, regulation of general warrants, and undoing of at least some of the mischiefs these ——— have been committing; some, indeed, is past recovery! I long to talk it all over with you; though it is hard that when I *may* write what I will, I am not able.

The poor Chute is relapsed again, and we are no comfort to one another but by messages. An offer of Ireland was sent to Lord Hertford last night *from his brother's office*. Adieu!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER CCX.

Strawberry-hill, July 28, 1765.

THE less one is disposed, if one has any sense, to talk of one's self to people that inquire only out of compliment, and do not listen to the answer, the more satisfaction one feels in indulging a self complacency, by sighing to those that really sympathize with our griefs. Do not think it is pain that makes me give this low-spirited air to my letter. No, it is the prospect of what is to come, not the sensation of what is passing, that affects me. The loss of youth is melancholy enough; but to enter into old age through the gate of infirmity, most disheartening. My health and spirits made me take but slight notice of the transition, and under the persuasion of temperance being a talisman, I marched boldly on towards the descent of the hill, knowing I must fall at last, but not suspecting that I should stumble by the way. This confession explains the mortification I feel. A month's confinement to one, who never kept his bed a day, is a stinging lesson, and has humbled my insolence to almost indifference. Judge then how little I interest myself about public events. I know nothing of them since I came hither, where I had not only the disappointment of not growing better, but a bad return in one of my feet, so that I am still wrapped up and upon a couch. It was the more unlucky, as lord Hertford is come to England for a very few days. He has offered to come to me, but as I then should see him only for some minutes, I propose being carried to town to-morrow. It will be so long before I can expect to be able to travel, that my French journey will certainly not take place so soon as I intended, and if lord Hertford goes to Ireland, I shall be still more fluctuating; for though the duke and dutchess of Richmond will replace them at Paris, and are as eager to have me with them, I have had so many more years heaped upon me within this month, that I have not the conscience to trouble young people, when I can no longer

be as juvenile as they are. Indeed I shall think myself decrepit, till I can again saunter into the garden in my slippers and without my hat in all weathers, a point I am determined to regain if possible, for even this experience cannot make me resign my temperance and my hardiness. I am tired of the world, its politics, its pursuits, and its pleasures, but it will cost me some struggles before I submit to be tender and careful. Christ! can I ever stoop to the regimen of old age? I do not wish to dress up a withered person, nor drag it about to public places; but to sit in one's room, clothed warmly, expecting visits from folks I don't wish to see, and tended and flattered by relations impatient for one's death! let the gout do its worst as expeditiously as it can; it would be more welcome in my stomach than in my limbs. I am not made to bear a course of nonsense and advice, but must play the fool in my own way to the last, alone with all my heart, if I cannot be with the very few I wish to see; but to depend for comfort on others, who would be no comfort to me, this surely is not a state to be preferred to death, and nobody can have truly enjoyed the advantages of youth, health, and spirits, who is content to exist without the two last, which alone bear any resemblance to the first.

You see how difficult it is to conquer my proud spirit: low and weak as I am, I think my resolution and perseverance will get the better, and that I shall still be a gay shadow; at least I will impose any severity upon myself, rather than humour the gout, and sink into that indulgence with which most people treat it. Bodily liberty is as dear to me as mental, and I would as soon flatter any other tyrant as the gout, my whiggism extending as much to my health as to my principles, and being as willing to part with life, when I cannot preserve it, as your uncle Algernon when his freedom was at stake. Adieu;

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER CCXI.

Strawberry-hill, August 23, 1765.

As I know that when you love people, you love them, I feel for the concern that the death of lady Bab Montagu[1] will give you. Though you have long lived out of the way of seeing her, you are not a man to forget by absence, or all your friends would have still more reason to complain of your retirement. Your solitude prevents your filling up the places of those that are gone. In the world, new acquaintances slide into our habits, but you keep so strict a separation between your old friends and new faces, that the loss of any of the former must be more sensible to you than to most people. I heartily condole with you, and yet I must make you smile. The second Miss Jefferies was to go to a ball yesterday at Hampton-court with lady Sophia Thomas's daughters. The news came, and your aunt Cosby said the girl must not go to it. The poor child then cried in earnest. Lady Sophia went to intercede for her, and found her grandmother at back-gammon, who would hear no entreaties. Lady Sophia represented that Miss Jefferies was but a second cousin, and could not have been acquainted. "Oh! madam if there is no tenderness left in the world—cinq ace—sir, you are to throw."

We have a strange story come from London. Lord ——— was dead suddenly; there was a great mob about his house in Grosvenor-square, and a buz that my lady had thrown up the sash and cried murder, and that he then shot himself. How true all this I don't know; at least it is not so false as if it was in the newspapers. However, these sultry summers do not suit English heads: this last month puts even the month of November's nose out of joint for self murders. If it was not

[1] Sister of the earl of Halifax.

for the queen the peerage would be extinct: she has given us another duke.

My two months are up, and yet I recover my feet very slowly. I have crawled once round my garden, but it sent me to my couch for the rest of the day. This duration of weakness makes me very impatient, as I wish much to be at Paris before the fine season is quite gone. This will probably be the last time I shall travel *to finish my education*, and I should be glad to look once more at their gardens and villas; nay, churches and palaces are but uncomfortable sights in cold weather, and I have much more curiosity for their habitations than their company. They have scarce a man, or a woman of note, that one wants to see; and for their authors, their style is grown so dull in imitation of us, they are *si philosophes, si geometres, si moraux*, that I certainly should not cross the sea in search of an ennui, that I can have in such perfection at home. However, the change of scene is my chief inducement, and to get out of politics. There is no going through another course of patriotism in your cousin S——h and G——e G——e. I think of setting out by the middle of September, have I any chance of seeing you here before that? Won't you come and commission me to offer up your devotions at *Notre Dame de Livry? or chez nos filles de Sainte Marie.* If I don't make haste, the reformation in France will demolish half that I want to see. I tremble for the *Val de Grace and St. Cyr.* The devil take Luther for putting it into the heads of his methodists to pull down churches! I believe in twenty years there will not be a convent left in Europe but this at Strawberry. I wished for you today; Mr. Chute and Cowslade dined here; the day was divine; the sun gleamed down into the chapel in all the glory of popery; the gallery was all radiance; we drank our coffee on the bench under the great ash, the verdure was delicious; our tea in the Holbein room, by which a thousand chaises and barges passed; and I shewed them my new cottage and garden over the way, which they had never seen, and with which they were enchanted. It is so retired, so modest, and yet so cheerful and trim, that I expect you to fall in love with it. I intend

to bring it a handful of treillage and agremens from Paris; for being cross the road, and quite detached, it is to have nothing gothic about it, nor pretend to call cousins with the mansion-house.

I know no more of the big world at London, than if I had not a relation in the ministry. To be free from pain and politics is such a relief to me, that I enjoy my little comforts and amusements here beyond expression. No mortal ever entered the gate of ambition with such transport as I took leave of them all at the threshold. Oh! if my lord T—— knew what pleasures he could create for himself at Stowe, he would not harass a shattered carcase, and sigh to be insolent at St. James's! For my part, I say with the bastard in king John, though with a little more reverence, and only as touching his ambition,

Oh! old sir Robert, father, on my knee
I give heaven thanks I was not like to thee.

Adieu;

Yours most cordially,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER CCXII.

Saturday, Aug. 31, 1765, Strawberry-hill.

I THOUGHT it would happen so; that I should not see you before I left England! Indeed, I may as well give you quite up, for every year reduces our intercourse. I am prepared, because it must happen, if I live, to see my friends drop off; but my mind was not turned to see them

entirely separated from me while they live. This is very uncomfortable, but so are many things!—well! I will go and try to forget you all—all! God knows *the all* that I have left to forget is small enough; but the warm heart, that gave me affections, is not so easily laid aside. If I could divest myself of that, I should not I think find much cause for friendship remaining; you, against whom I have no complaint, but that you satisfy yourself with loving me without any desire of seeing me, are one of the very last that I wish to preserve; but I will say no more on a subject that my heart is too full of.

I shall set out on Monday se'nnight, and force myself to believe that I am glad to go, and yet this will be my chief joy, for I promise myself little pleasure in arriving. Can you think me boy enough to be fond of a new world at my time of life? If I did not hate the world I know, I should not seek another. My greatest amusement will be in reviving old ideas. The memory of what made impressions on one's youth is ten times dearer than any new pleasure can be. I shall probably write to you often, for I am not disposed to communicate myself to any thing that I have not known these thirty years. My mind is such a compound from the vast variety that I have seen, acted, pursued, that it would cost me too much pains to be intelligible to young persons, if I had a mind to open myself to them. They certainly do not desire I should. You like my gossipping *to* you, though you so seldom gossip *with* me. The trifles that amuse my mind, are the only points I value now. I have seen the vanity of every thing serious, and the falsehood of every thing that pretended to be serious. I go to see French plays and buy French china, not to know their ministers, to look into their government, or think of the interests of nations—in short, unlike most people that are growing old, I am convinced that nothing is charming but what appeared important in one's youth, which afterwards passes for follies. Oh, but those follies were sincere; if the pursuits of age are so, they are sincere alone to self interest. Thus I think, and have no other care but not to think aloud. I would not have respectable youth think me an old fool.

For the old knaves, they may suppose me one of their number if they please; I shall not be so—but neither the one nor the other shall know what I am. I have done with them all, shall amuse myself as well as I can, and think as little as I can; a pretty hard task for an active mind!

Direct your letters to Arlington-street, whence Favre will take care to convey them to me. I leave him to manage all my affairs, and take no soul but Louis. I am glad I don't know your Mrs. Anne; her partiality would make me love her; and it is entirely incompatible with my present system to leave even a postern door open to any feeling, which would steal in, if I did not double bolt every avenue.

If you send me any parcel to Arlington-street before Monday se'nnight I will take great care of it. Many English books I conclude are to be bought at Paris. I am sure Richardson's works are, for they have stupified the whole French nation: I will not answer for our best authors. You may send me your list, and if I do not find them, I can send you word, and you may convey them to me by Favre's means, who will know of messengers, &c. coming to Paris.

I have fixed no precise time for my absence. My wish is to like it enough to stay till February, which may happen, if I can support the first launching into new society. I know four or five very agreeable and sensible people there, as the Guerchys, Madame de Mirepoix, Madame de Boufflers, and lady Mary Chabot. These intimately, besides the duc de Nivernois, and several others that have been here. Then the Richmonds will follow me in a fortnight or three weeks, and their house will be a sort of home. I actually go into it at first, till I can suit myself with an apartment, but I shall take care to quit it before they come, for though they are in a manner my children, I do not intend to adopt the rest of my countrymen; nor, when I quit the best company here, to live in the worst there; such are young travelling boys, and what is still worse, old travelling boys, governors.

Adieu; remember you have defrauded me of this summer; I will be amply repaid the next, so make your arrangements accordingly.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER CCXIII.

Paris, Sept. 22, 1765.

THE concern I felt at not seeing you before I left England, might make me express myself warmly, but I assure you it was nothing but concern, nor was mixed with a grain of pouting. I knew some of your reasons, and guessed others. The latter grieve me heartily; but I advise you to do as I do: when I meet with ingratitude, I take a short leave both of it and its host. Formerly I used to look out for indemnification somewhere else; but having lived long enough to learn, that the reparation generally proved a second evil of the same sort, I am content now to skin over such wounds with amusements, which at least leave no scars. It is true amusements do not always amuse when we bid them. I find it so here; nothing strikes me; every thing I do is indifferent to me. I like the people very well, and their way of life very well; but as neither were my object, I should not much care if they were any other people, or it was any other way of life. I am out of England, and my purpose is answered.

Nothing can be more obliging than the reception I meet with every where. It may not be more sincere (and why should it?) than our cold and bare civility; but it is better dressed, and looks natural; one asks no more. I have begun to sup in French houses, and as lady Hertford

has left Paris to-day, shall increase my intimacies. There are swarms of English here, but most of them are going, to my great satisfaction. As the greatest part are very young, they can no more be entertaining to me than I to them, and it certainly was not my countrymen that I came to live with. Suppers please me extremely; I love to rise and breakfast late, and to trifle away the day as I like. There are sights enough to answer that end, and shops you know are an endless field for me. The city appears much worse to me than I thought I remembered it. The French music as shocking as I knew it was. The French stage is fallen off, though in the only part I have seen Le Kain I admire him extremely. He is very ugly and ill made, and yet has an heroic dignity which Garrick wants, and great fire. The Dumenil I have not seen yet, but shall in a day or two. It is a mortification that I cannot compare her with the Clairon, who has left the stage. Grandval I saw through a whole play without suspecting it was he. Alas! four-and-twenty years make strange havock with us mortals! You cannot imagine how this struck me! The Italian comedy, now united with their *opera comique*, is their most perfect diversion; but alas! harlequin, my dear favourite harlequin, my passion, makes me more melancholy than cheerful. Instead of laughing, I sit silently reflecting how every thing loses charms when one's own youth does not lend it gilding! When we are divested of that eagerness and illusion, with which our youth presents objects to us, we are but the *caput mortuum* of pleasure.

Grave as these ideas are they do not unfit me for French company. The present tone is serious enough in conscience. Unluckily the subjects of their conversation are duller to me than my own thoughts, which may be tinged with melancholy reflections, but I doubt from my constitution will never be insipid. The French affect philosophy, literature, and free-thinking; the first never did, and never will possess me; of the two others I have long been tired. Free-thinking is for one's self, surely not for society; besides one has settled one's way of thinking, or knows it cannot be settled, and for others I do not see why there is not as much bigotry in attempting conversions from any religion as to it. I

dined to-day with a dozen sçavants, and though all the servants were waiting, the conversation was much more unrestrained, evèn on the Old Testament, than I would suffer at my own table in England if a single footman was present. For literature it is very amusing when one has nothing else to do. I think it rather pedantic in society; tiresome when displayed professedly; and besides in this country one is sure it is only the fashion of the day. Their taste in it is worst of all: could one believe that when they read our authors, Richardson and Mr. Hume should be their favourites? The latter is treated here with perfect veneration. His history, so falsified in many points, so partial in as many, so very unequal in its parts, is thought the standard of writing.

In their dress and equipages they are grown very simple. We English are living upon their old gods and goddesses; I roll about in a chariot decorated with Cupids, and look like the grandfather of Adonis.

Of their parliaments and clergy I hear a good deal and attend very little: I cannot take up any history in the middle, and was too sick of politics at home to enter into them here. In short, I have done with the world, and live in it rather than in a desert, like you. Few men can bear absolute retirement, and we English worst of all. We grow so humoursome, so obstinate, and capricious, and so prejudiced, that it requires a fund of good nature like yours not to grow morose. Company keeps our rind from growing too coarse and rough; and though at my return I design not to mix in public, I do not intend to be quite a recluse. My absence will put it in my power to take up or drop as much as I please. Adieu; I shall inquire about your commission of books, but having been arrived but ten days, have not yet had time. Need I say, no I need not, that nobody can be more affectionately yours than

HOR. WALPOLE?

LETTER CCXIV.

Paris, Oct. 16, 1765.

I AM here, in this supposed metropolis of pleasure, triste enough; hearing from nobody in England, and again confined with the gout in both feet; yes, I caught cold, and it has returned; but as I begin to be a little acquainted with the nature of its caresses, I think the violence of its passion this time will be wasted within the fortnight. Indeed a stick and a great shoe do not commonly compose the dress which the English come hither to learn; but I shall content myself if I can limp about enough to amuse my eyes; my ears have already had their fill, and are not at all edified. My confinement preserves me from the journey to Fontainbleau, to which I had no great appetite; but then I lose the opportunity of seeing Versailles and St. Cloud at my leisure.

I wrote to you soon after my arrival; did you receive it? All the English books you named to me are to be had here at the following prices. Shakspeare in eight volumes unbound for twenty-one livres; in larger paper for twenty-seven. Congreve in three volumes for nine livres. Swift in twelve volumes for twenty-four livres, another edition for twenty-seven. So you see I do not forget your commissions: if you have farther orders let me know.

Wilkes is here, and has been twice to see me in my illness. He was very civil, but I cannot say entertained me much. I saw no wit; his conversation shews how little he has lived in good company, and the chief turn of it is the grossest bawdy. He has certainly one merit, notwithstanding the bitterness of his pen, that is, he has no rancour; not even against Sandwich, of whom he talked with the utmost temper. He shewed me some of his notes on Churchill's works, but they

contain little more than one note on each poem to explain the subject of it.

The Dumenil is still the Dumenil, and nothing but curiosity could make me want the Clairon. Grandval is grown so fat and old, that I saw him through a whole play and did not guess him. Not one other, that you remember on the stage, remains there.

It is not a season for novelty in any way, as both the court and the world are out of town. The few that I know are almost all dispersed. The old president Heynault made me a visit yesterday: he is extremely amiable, but has the appearance of a superannuated bacchanal; superannuated, poor soul! indeed he is! The duc de Richelieu is a lean old resemblance of old general Churchill, and like him affects still to have his Boothbies. Alas! poor Boothbies!

I hope, by the time I am convalescent, to have the Richmonds here. One of the miseries of chronical illnesses is, that you are a prey to every fool, who, not knowing what to do with himself, brings his ennui to you, and calls it charity. Tell me a little the intended dates of your motions, that I may know where to write at you. Commend me kindly to Mr. John, and wish me a good night, of which I have had but one these ten days.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER CCXV.

Paris, November 21, 1765.

You must not be surprised when my letters arrive long after their date. I write them at my leisure, and send them when I find any Englishmen going to London, that I may not be kept in check, if they were to pass through both French and English posts.

Your letter to Madame Roland, and the books for her, will set out very securely in a day or two. My bookseller here happens to be of Rheims and knows Madame Roland, *comme deux gouttes d'eau.* This perhaps is not a well-placed simile, but the French always use one, and when they are once established, and one knows the tune, it does not signify sixpence for the sense.

My gout and my stick have entirely left me. I totter still, it is true, but I trust shall be able to whisk about at Strawberry as well almost as ever. When that hour strikes, to be sure I shall not be very sorry. The sameness of the life here is worse than any thing but English politics and the House of Commons. Indeed I have a mind still to see more people here, more sights, and more of the Dumenil. The dauphin, who is not dead yet, detains the whole court at Fontainbleau, whither I dare not venture, as the situation is very damp, and the lodgings abominable. Sights too, I have scarce seen any yet; and I must satisfy my curiosity; for hither, I think, I shall never come again. No, let us sit down quietly and comfortably, and enjoy our coming old age. Oh! if you are in earnest, and will transplant yourself to Roehampton, how happy I shall be! You know, if you believe an experience of above thirty years, that you are one of the very, very few, for whom I really care a straw. You know how long I have been vexed at seeing so little of you. What has one to do, when one grows tired of the world, as we

both do, but to draw nearer and nearer, and gently waste the remains of life with the friends with whom one began it! Young and happy people will have no regard for us and our old stories; and they are in the right: but we shall not tire one another; we shall laugh together, when nobody is by to laugh at us, and we may think ourselves young enough, when we see nobody younger. Rochampton is a delightful spot, at once cheerful and retired. You will amble in your chaise about Richmond-park: we shall see one another as often as we like; I shall frequently peep at London, and bring you tales of it, and we shall sometimes touch a card with the Clive, and laugh our fill; for I must tell you, I desire to die, when I have nobody left to laugh with me. I have never yet seen or heard any thing serious, that was not ridiculous. Jesuits, methodists, philosophers, politicians, the hypocrite Rousseau, the scoffer Voltaire, the encyclopedists, the Humes, the L——s, the G——s, the atheist tyrant of Prussia, and the mountebank of history, Mr. P——t, all are to me but impostors in their various ways. Fame or interest are their objects; and after all their parade, I think a ploughman who sows, reads his almanack, and believes the stars but so many farthing candles, created to prevent his falling into a ditch as he goes home at night, a wiser and more rational being, and I am sure an honester than any of them. Oh! I am sick of visions and systems, that shove one another aside, and come over again, like the figures in a moving picture. Rabelais brightens up to me as I see more of the world; he treated it as it deserved, laughed at it all, and as I judge from myself, ceased to hate it; for I find hatred an unjust preference. Adieu;

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER CCXVI.

Paris, January 5, 1766.

LADY Beaulieu acts like herself, and so do you in being persuaded that nobody will feel any satisfaction that comes to you with more transport than I do; you deserve her friendship, because you are more sensible to the grace of the action, than to the thing itself; of which, besides approving the sentiment, I am glad, for if my lady Cardigan is as happy in drawing a straw, as in *picking straws*, you will certainly miss your green coat. Yet methinks you would make an excellent Robin Hood reformè, with *little John* your brother. How you would carol Mr. Percy's old ballads under the green-wood tree! I had rather have you in my *merry Sherwood* than at Greatworth, and should delight in your picture drawn as a bold forester, in a green frock, with your rosy hue, grey locks, and comely belly. In short, the favour itself, and the manner are so agreeable, that I shall be at least much disappointed as you can be, if it fails. One is not ashamed to wear a feather from the hand of a friend. We both scorn to ask or accept boons; but it is pleasing to have life painted with images by the pencil of friendship. Visions you know have always been my pasture; and so far from growing old enough to quarrel with their emptiness, I almost think there is no wisdom comparable to that of exchanging what is called the realities of life for dreams. Old castles, old pictures, old histories, and the babble of old people, make one live back into centuries, that cannot disappoint one. One holds fast and surely what is past. The dead have exhausted their power of deceiving, one can trust Catherine of Medicis now. In short, you have opened a new landscape to my fancy; and my lady Beaulieu will oblige me as much as you, if she puts the long bow into your hands. I don't know but the idea may produce some other Castle of Otranto.

The victorious arms of the present ministry in parliament will make me protract my stay here, lest it should be thought I awaited the decision of the event; next to successful enemies I dread triumphant friends. To be sure, lord Temple and George Grenville are very proper to be tied to a conqueror's car, and to *drag their slow lengths along;* but it is too ridiculous to see goody Newcastle exulting like old Marius in a seventh consulship. Don't tell it, but as far as I can calculate my own intention, I shall not set out before the twenty-fifth of March. That will meet your abode in London; and I shall get a day or two out of you for some chat at Strawberry on all I have seen and done here. For this reason I will anticipate nothing now, but bid you good morrow, after telling you a little story. The canton of Berne ordered all the impressions of Helvetius's Esprit, and Voltaire's Pucelle to be seized. The officer of justice employed by them came into the council and said, " Magnifiques Seigneurs, àpres toutes les recherches possibles, on n'a pû trouver dans toute la ville que très peu de l'Esprit, et pas une Pucelle. Adieu, Robin and John.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

January 9th.

I had not sent away my letter, being disappointed of a messenger, and now receive yours of December the thirtieth. My house is most heartily at your service, and I shall write to Favre to have it ready for you. You will see by the former part of this letter, that I do not think of being in England before the end of March. All I dislike in this contract is the fear, that if I drive you out of my house, I shall drive you out of town; and as you will find, I have not a bed to offer you, but my own, and Favre's, in which your servant will lie, for I have stripped Arlington-street to furnish Strawberry. In the mean time you will be comfortable in my bed, and need have no trouble about Favre,

as he lodges at his wife's while I am absent. Let them know in time to have the beds aired.

I don't understand one syllable of your paragraph about Miss Talbot, admiral Cornish, and Mr. Hampden's son. I thought she was married, and I forget to whom.

LETTER CCXVII.

Paris, February 4, 1766.

I WRITE on small paper, that the nothing I have to say may look like a letter. Paris, that supplies me with diversions, affords me no news. England sends me none, on which I care to talk by the post. All seems in confusion; but I have done with politics!

The marriage of your cousins puts me in mind of the two owls, whom the vizier in some eastern tale told the sultan were treating on a match between their children, on whom they were to settle I don't know how many ruined villages. Trouble not your head about it. Our ancestors were rogues, and so will our posterity be.

Madame Roland has sent to me, by lady Jerningham, to beg my works. She shall certainly have them when I return to England; but how comes she to forget that you and I are friends? or does she think that all Englishmen quarrel on party? If she does, methinks she is a good deal in the right, and it is one of the reasons why I have bid adieu to politics, that I may not be expected to love those I hate, and hate those I love. I supped last night with the dutchess de Choiseul, and saw a magnificent robe she is to wear to-day for a great wedding between a

Biron and a Boufflers. It is of blue satin, embroidered all over in a Mosaic, diamond wise, with gold: in every diamond is a silver star edged with gold, and surrounded with spangles in the same way; it is trimmed with double sables, crossed with frogs and tassels of gold; her head, neck, breast, and arms covered with diamonds. She will be quite the fairy queen, for it is the prettiest little reasonable amiable Titania you ever saw; but Oberon does not love it. He prefers a great mortal Hermione, her sister. I long to hear that you are lodged in Arlington-street, and invested with your green livery; and I love lord Beaulieu for his *cudom*. Adieu;

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER CCXVIII.

Paris, Sunday, February 23d.

I CANNOT know that you are in my house, and not say, you are welcome. Indeed you are, and I am heartily glad you are pleased there. I have neither matter nor time for more, as I have heard of an opportunity of sending this away immediately with some other letters. News do not happen here as in London; the parliaments meet, draw up a remonstrance, ask a day for presenting it, have the day named a week after, and so forth. At their rate of going on, if Methusalem was first president, he would not see the end of a single question. As your histories are somewhat more precipitate, I wait for their coming to some settlement, and then will return; but if the old ministers are to be replaced, bastille for bastille, I think I had rather stay where I

am. I am not half so much afraid of any power, as the French are of Mr. Pitt. Adieu;

Yours most faithfully,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER CCXIX.

Paris, March 3, 1766.

I WRITE because I ought, and because I have promised you I would, and because I have an opportunity by Monsieur de Lillebonne, and in spite of a better reason for being silent, which is, that I have nothing to say. People marry, die, and are promoted here, about whom neither you nor I care a straw. No truly, and I am heartily tired of them, as you may believe when I am preparing to return. There is a man in the next room actually nailing my boxes; yet it will be the beginning of April before I am at home. I have not had so much as a cold in all this Siberian winter, and I will not venture tempting the gout by lying in a bad inn, till the weather is warmer. I wish too to see a few leaves out at Versailles, &c. If I stayed till August I could not see many, for there is not a tree twenty miles, that is not hacked and hewed, till it looks like the stumps that beggars thrust into coaches to excite charity and miscarriages.

I am going this evening in search of Madame Roland; I doubt we shall both miss each other's lilies and roses: she may have got some pionies in their room, but mine are replaced with crocusses.

I love lord Harcourt for his civility to you; and I would fain see you situated under the greenwood-tree, even by a compromise.

You may imagine I am pleased with the defeat, hisses, and mortification of George G——e, and the more by the disappointment it has occasioned here. If you have a mind to vex them thoroughly, you must make Mr. Pitt minister. They have not forgot him, whatever we have done.

The king has suddenly been here this morning to hold a *lit de justice;* I don't yet know the particulars, except that it was occasioned by some bold remonstrances of the parliament on the subject of that of Bretagne. Louis told me when I waked, that the duke de *Chevreuil*, the governor of Paris, was just gone by in great state. I long to chat with Mr. Chute and you in the blue room at Strawberry: though I have little to write, I have a great deal to say. How do you like his new house? has he no gout! Are your cousins Cortez and Pizarro heartily mortified that they are not to roast and plunder the Americans? Is goody C——le disappointed at not being appointed grand inquisitor? Adieu; I will not seal this till I have seen or missed Madame Roland.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

P.S. I have been prevented going to Madame Roland, and must defer giving an account of her by this letter.

LETTER CCXX.

Paris, March 12, 1766.

I CAN write but two lines, for I have been confined these four or five days with a violent inflammation in my eyes, and which has prevented

my returning to Madame Roland. I did not find her at home, but left your letter. My right eye is well again, and I have been to take the air.

How can you *ask leave* to carry any body to Strawberry? May not you do what you please with me and mine? Does not Arlington-street comprehend Strawberry? why don't you go and lie there if you like it? It will be, I think, the middle of April before I return; I have lost a week by this confinement, and would fain satisfy my curiosity entirely now I am here. I have seen enough, and too much of the people. I am glad you are upon civil terms with Habiculeo. The less I esteem folks, the less I would quarrel with them.

I don't wonder that Colman and Garrick write ill in concert, when they write ill separately; however I am heartily glad the Clive shines. Adieu. Commend me to Charles-street. Kiss Fanny, and Mufti, and Ponto for me, when you go to Strawberry; dear souls, I long to kiss them myself.

LETTER CCXXI.

Paris, March 21, 1766.

You make me very happy, in telling me you have been so comfortable in my house. If you would set up a bed there, you need never go out of it. I want to invite you, not to expel you. April the tenth, my pilgrimage will end, and the fifteenth or sixteenth you may expect to see me, not much fattened with the flesh-pots of Egypt, but almost as glad to come amongst you again, as I was to leave you.

Your Madame Roland is not half so fond of me as she tells me; I have been twice at her door, left your letter and my own direction, but have not received so much as a message to tell me she is sorry she was not at home. Perhaps this is her first vision of Paris, and it is natural for a Frenchwoman to have her head turned with it; though what she takes for rivers of emerald, and hotels of ruby and topaz, are to my eyes, that have been purged with euphrasy and rue, a filthy stream, in which every thing is washed without being cleaned, and dirty houses, ugly streets, worse shops, and churches loaded with bad pictures. Such is the material part of this paradise; for the corporeal, if Madame Roland admires it, I have nothing to say; however I shall not be sorry to make one at lady Frances Elliot's. Thank you for admiring my deaf old woman; if I could bring my old blind one with me, I should resign this paradise as willingly as if it was built of opal, and designed by a fisherman, who thought that what makes a fine necklace would make a finer habitation.

We did not want your sun; it has shone here for a fortnight with all its lustre; but yesterday a north wind, blown by the czarina herself I believe, arrived, and declared a month of March of full age. This morning it snowed; and now clouds of dust are whisking about the streets and quays, edged with an east wind, that gets under one's very shirt. I should not be quite sorry if a little of it tapped my lilacs on their green noses, and bade them wait for their master.

The princess of Talmond sent me this morning a picture of two pug-dogs, and a black and white greyhound, wretchedly painted. I could not conceive what I was to do with this daub, but in her note she warned me not to hope to keep it. It was only to imprint on my memory the size, and features, and spots of Diana her departed greyhound, in order that I might get her exactly such another. Don't you think my memory will return well stored, if it is littered with defunct lap-dogs. She is so devout, that I did not dare send her word, that I am not possessed of a twig of Jacob's broom, with which he streaked cattle as he pleased.

T'other day in the street I saw a child in a leading-string, whose nurse gave it a farthing for a beggar; the babe delivered its mite with a grace, and a twirl of the hand. I don't think your cousin T——'s first grandson will be so well bred. Adieu;

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER CCXXII.

Paris, April 3, 1766.

One must be just to all the world; Madame Roland, I find, has been in the country, and at Versailles, and was so obliging as to call on me this morning, but I was so disobliging as not to be awake. I was dreaming dreams; in short, I had dined at Livry; yes, yes, at Livry, with a Langlade and de la Rochefoucaulds. The abbey is now possessed by an abbé de Malherbe, with whom I am acquainted, and who had given me a general invitation. I put it off to the last moment, that the *bois* and *allées* might set off the scene a little, and contribute to the vision; but it did not want it. Livry is situated in the foret de Bondi, very agreeably on a flat, but with hills near it, and in prospect. There is a great air of simplicity, and rural about it, more regular than our taste, but with an old-fashioned tranquillity, and nothing of colifichet. Not a tree exists, that remembers the charming woman, because in this country an old tree is a traitor, and forfeits its head to the crown; but the plantations are not young, and might very well be, as they were in her time. The abbé's house is decent and snug; a few paces from it is the sacred pavillion, built for Madame de Sevigné by her uncle, and much as it was in her day; a small saloon below for dinner, then

an arcade, but the niches now closed, and painted in fresco with medallions of her, the Grignan, the Fayette, and the Rochefoucauld. Above, a handsome large room, with a chimney-piece in the best taste of Louis the fourteenth's time; a holy family in good relief over it, and the cypher of her uncle Coulanges; a neat little bed-chamber within, and two or three clean little chambers over them. On one side of the garden, leading to the great road, is a little bridge of wood, on which the dear woman used to wait for the courier, that brought her daughter's letters. Judge with what veneration and satisfaction I set my foot upon it! If you will come to France with me next year, we will go and sacrifice on that sacred spot together.

On the road to Livry I passed a new house, on the pilasters of the gate to which were two sphynxes in stone, with their heads coquetly reclined, straw hats, and French cloaks slightly pinned, and not hiding their bosoms. I don't know whether I or Memphis would have been more diverted.

I shall set out this day se'nnight, the tenth, and be in London about the fifteenth or sixteenth, if the wind is fair. Adieu;

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

P. S. I need not say, I suppose, that this letter is to Mr. Chute too.

LETTER CCXXIII.

Strawberry-hill, May 25, 1766.

When the weather will please to be in a little better temper, I will call upon you to perform your promise; but I cannot in conscience invite you to a fire-side. The Guerchys and French dined here last Monday, and it rained so that we could no more walk in the garden than Noah could. I came again to-day, but shall return to town to-morrow, as I hate to have no sun in May, but what I can make with a peck of coals.

I know no news, but that the duke of Richmond is secretary of state, and that your cousin N——h has refused the vice-treasurer of Ireland. It cost him bitter pangs, not to preserve his virtue, but his vicious connexions. He goggled his eyes, and groped in his money pocket, more than half consented; nay, so much more, that when he got home he wrote an excuse to lord Rockingham, which made it plain that he thought he had accepted. As nobody was dipped deeper in the warrants and prosecution of Wilkes, there is no condoling with the ministers on missing so foul a bargain. They are only to be pitied, that they can purchase nothing but damaged goods.

So my lord Grandison is dead! Does the general inherit much?

Have you heard the great loss the church of England has had! It is not avowed, but hear the evidence and judge. On Sunday last George Selwyn was strolling home to dinner at half an hour after four. He saw my lady Townshend's coach stop at Caraccioli's chapel. He watched, saw her go in; her footman laughed; he followed. She went up to the altar, a woman brought her a cushion; she knelt, crossed herself, and prayed. He stole up, and knelt by her. Conceive her face, if you

can, when she turned and found his close to her. In his most demure voice, he said, " pray, madam, how long has your ladyship left the pale of our church?" She looked furies, and made no answer. Next day he went to her, and she turned it off upon curiosity; but is any thing more natural? No, she certainly means to go armed with every viaticum, the church of England in one hand, methodism in the other, and the host in her mouth.

Have you ranged your forest, and seen your lodge yourself? I could almost wish it may not answer, and that you may cast an eye towards our neighbourhood. My lady Shelburne has taken a house here, and it has produced a bon-mot from Mrs. Clive. You know my lady Suffolk is *deaf*, and I have talked much of a charming old passion I have at Paris, who is *blind;* " well," said the Clive, " if the new countess is but *lame*, I shall have no chance of ever seeing you." Good night.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER CCXXIV.

Strawberry-hill, June 20, 1766.

I DON'T know when I shall see you, but therefore must not I write to you? yet I have as little to say as may be. I could cry through a whole page over the bad weather. I have but a lock of hay, you know; and I cannot get it dry, unless I bring it to the fire. I would give half-a crown for a pennyworth of sun. It is abominable to be ruined in coals in the middle of June.

What pleasure have you to come! there is a new thing published, that will make you split your cheeks with laughing. It is called the New Bath Guide. It stole into the world, and for a fortnight no soul looked into it, concluding its name was its true name. No such thing. It is a set of letters in verse, in all kind of verses, describing the life at Bath, and incidentally, every thing else; but so much wit, so much humour, fun, and poetry, so much originality, never met together before. Then the man has a better ear than Dryden or Handel. Apropos to Dryden, he has burlesqued his St. Cecilia; that you will never read it again without laughing. There is a description of a milliner's box in all the terms of landscape, *painted lawns and chequered shades*, a Moravian ode, and a methodist ditty that are incomparable, and the best names that ever were composed. I can say it by heart though a quarto, and if I had time would write it you down; for it is not yet reprinted, and not one to be had.

There are two new volumes too of Swift's correspondence, that will not amuse you less in another way, though abominable, for there are letters of twenty persons now alive; fifty of lady Betty Germain, one that does her great honour, in which she defends her friend my lady Suffolk, with all the spirit in the world, against that brute, who hated every body that he hoped would get him a mitre, and did not. * *

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His own journal sent to Stella during the four last years of the queen is a fund of entertainment. You will see his insolence in full colours, and, at the same time, how daily vain he was of being noticed by the ministers he affected to treat arrogantly. His panic at the Mohocks is comical; but what strikes one, is bringing before one's eyes the incidents of a curious period. He goes to the rehearsal of Cato, and says the *drab* that acted Cato's daughter could not say her part. This was only Mrs. Oldfield. I was saying before George Selwyn, that this journal put me in mind of the present time, there was the same indecision, irresolution,

and want of system, but I added, "there is nothing new under the sun;" "no," said Selwyn, "nor under the grandson."

My lord Chesterfield has done me much honour: he told Mrs. Anne Pitt that he would subscribe to any politics I should lay down. When she repeated this to me, I said, "pray tell him I have laid down politics."

I am got into puns, and will tell you an excellent one of the king of France, though it does not spell any better than Selwyn's. You must have heard of count Lauragais, and his horse-race, and his quacking his horse till he killed it. At his return the king asked him what he had been doing in England? "Sire, j'ai appris à *penser*"—"des chevaux?" replied the king.

Good night! I am tired, and going to bed.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER CCXXV.

Arlington-street, July 10, 1766.

Don't you think a complete year enough for any administration to last? One, who at least can remove them, though he cannot make them, thinks so; and, accordingly, yesterday notified that he had sent for Mr. Pitt. Not a jot more is known; but as this set is sacrificed to their resolution of having nothing to do with lord Bute, the new list will probably not be composed of such hostile ingredients. The arrange-

ment I believe settled in the outlines; if it is not, it may still never take place: it will not be the first time this egg has been addled. One is very sure that many people on all sides will be displeased, and I think no side quite contented. Your cousins, the house of Yorke, lord George Sackville, Newcastle, and lord Rockingham, will certainly not be of the elect. What lord Temple will do, or if any thing will be done for George Grenville, are great points of curiosity. The plan will probably be, to pick and cull from all quarters, and break all parties, as much as possible. From this moment I date the wane of Mr. Pitt's glory; he will want the thorough-base of drums and trumpets, and is not made for peace. The dismission of a most popular administration, a leaven of Bute, whom too he can never trust, and the numbers he will discontent, will be considerable objects against him.

For my own part, I am much pleased, and much more diverted. I have nothing to do but to sit by and laugh, a humour you know I am apt to indulge. You shall hear from me again soon.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER CCXXVI.

Arlington-street, July 21, 1766.

You may strike up your sackbut, psaltery, and dulcimer; for Mr. Pitt comes in, and lord T——— does not. Can I send you a more welcome affirmative or negative? My sackbut is not very sweet, and here is the ode I have made for it:—

When Britain heard the woeful news,
That T——— was to be minister,
To look upon it could she chuse
But as an omen most sinister?
But when she heard he did refuse,
In spite of lady Chat his sister,
What could she do, but laugh, O muse?
And so she did, till she —— her.

If that snake had wriggled in, he would have drawn after him the whole herd of vipers; his brother Demogorgon and all. 'Tis a blessed deliverance.

The changes I should think now would be few. They are not yet known; but I am content already, and shall go to Strawberry to-morrow, where I shall be happy to receive you and Mr. John any day after Sunday next, the twenty-seventh, and for as many days as ever you will afford me. Let me know your mind by the return of the post. Strawberry is in perfection; the verdure has all the bloom of spring; the orange trees are loaded with blossoms, the gallery all sun and gold, Mrs. Clive all sun and vermilion—in short, come away to

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

P. S. I forgot to tell you, and I hate to steal and not tell, that my ode is imitated from Fontaine.

LETTER CCXVII.

Strawberry-hill, Sept. 23, 1766.

I AM this moment come hither with Mr. Chute, who has shewed me your most kind and friendly letter, for which I give you a thousand thanks. It did not surprise me, for you cannot alter.

I have been most extremely ill; indeed never well since I saw you. However I think it is over, and that the gout is gone without leaving a codicil in my foot. Weak I am to the greatest degree, and no wonder. Such explosions make terrible havoc in a body of paper. I shall go to the Bath in a few days, which they tell me will make my quire of paper hold out a vast while! as to that, I am neither credulous nor earnest. If it can keep me from pain and preserve me the power of motion, I shall be content. Mr. Chute, who has been good beyond measure, goes with me for a few days. A thousand thanks and compliments to Mr. and Mrs. Whetenhall and Mr. John, and excuse my writing more, as I am a little fatigued with my little journey.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER CCXXXVIII.

Bath, October 5, 1766.

YES, thank you, I am quite well again; and if I had not a mind to continue so, I would not remain here a day longer, for I am tired to death of the place. I sit down by the waters of Babylon and weep,

when I think of thee, oh Strawberry! The elements certainly agree with me, but I shun the gnomes and salamanders, and have not once been at the rooms. Mr. Chute stays with me till Tuesday; when he is gone, I do not know what I shall do; for I cannot play at cribbage by myself, and the alternative is to see my lady Vane open the ball, and glimmer at fifty-four. All my comfort is, that I lodge close to the cross bath, by which means I avoid the pump-room and all its works. We go to dine and see Bristol to-morrow, which will terminate our sights, for we are afraid of your noble cousins at Badminton; and as Mrs. Allen is dead, and Warburton entered upon the premises, you may swear we shall not go thither.

Lord Chatham, the late and present chancellors, and sundry more, are here, and their graces of Bedford expected. I think I shall make your Mrs. Trevor and lady Lucy a visit, but it is such an age since we met, that I suppose we shall not know one another by sight. Adieu! These watering places, that mimic a capital, and add vulgarisms and familiarities of their own, seem to me like abigails in cast gowns, and I am not young enough to take up with either.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER CCXXIX.

Bath, Oct. 18, 1766.

Well, I went last night to see lady Lucy and Mrs. Trevor, was let in, and received with great kindness. I found them little altered; lady

Lucy was much undressed, but looks better than when I saw her last, and as well as one could expect; no shyness, nor singularity, but very easy and conversable. They have a very pretty house, with two excellent rooms on a floor, and extremely well furnished. You may be sure your name was much in request. If I had not been engaged, I could have staid much longer with satisfaction; and if I am doomed, as probably I shall be, to come hither again, they would be a great resource to me, for I find much more pleasure now in renewing old acquaintances, than in forming new.

The waters do not benefit me so much as at first; the pains in my stomach return almost every morning, but do not seem the least allied to the gout. This decrease of their virtue is not near so great a disappointment to me as you might imagine; for I am so childish as not to think health itself a compensation for passing my time very disagreeably. I can bear the loss of youth heroically, provided I am comfortable, and can amuse myself as I like. But health does not give one the sort of spirits that make one like diversions, public places, and mixed company. Living here is being a shopkeeper, who is glad of all kinds of customers; but does not suit me, who am leaving off trade. I shall depart on Wednesday, even on the penalty of coming again. To have lived three weeks in a fair appears to me a century! I am not at all in love with their country, which so charms every body. Mountains are very good frames to a prospect, but here they run against one's nose, nor can one stir out of the town without clambering. It is true one may live as retired as one pleases, and may always have a small society. The place is healthy, every thing is cheap, and the provisions better than ever I tasted. Still I have taken an insupportable aversion to it, which I feel rather than can account for; I do not think you would dislike it; so you see I am just in general, though very partial as to my own particular.

You have raised my curiosity about lord Scarsdale's, yet I question whether I shall ever take the trouble of visiting it. I grow every year

more averse to stirring from home, and putting myself out of my way. If I can but be tolerably well at Strawberry, my wishes are bounded. If I am to live at watering-places, and keep what is called *good hours*, life itself will be very indifferent to me. I do not talk very sensibly, but I have a contempt for that fictitious character styled philosophy; I feel what I feel, and say I feel what I do feel. Adieu;

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER CCXXX.

Strawberry-hill, Oct. 22, 1766.

THEY may say what they will, but it does one ten times more good to leave Bath than to go to it. I may sometimes drink the waters, as Mr. Bentley used to say I invited company hither that I did not care for, that I might enjoy the pleasure of their going away. My health is certainly mended, but I did not feel the satisfaction of it till I got home. I have still a little rheumatism in one shoulder, which was not dipped in Styx, and is still mortal; but while I went to the rooms, or staid in my chambers in a dull court, I thought I had twenty complaints. I don't perceive one of them.

Having no companion, but such as the place afforded, and which I did not accept, my excursions were very few; besides that the city is so guarded with mountains, that I had not patience to be jolted like a pea in a drum, in my chaise alone. I did go to Bristol, the dirtiest great shop I ever saw, with so foul a river, that had I seen the least appearance of cleanliness, I should have concluded they washed all their linen

in it, as they do at Paris. Going into the town, I was struck with a large gothic building, coal black, and striped with white; I took it for the devil's cathedral. When I came nearer, I found it was an uniform castle, lately built, and serving for stables and offices to a smart false gothic house on the other side of the road.

The real cathedral is very neat, and has pretty tombs; besides the two windows of painted glass, given by Mrs. Ellen Gwyn. There is a new church besides of St. Nicholas, neat and truly gothic; besides a charming old church at the other end of the town. The cathedral, or abbey at Bath is glaring and crowded with modern tablet-monuments; among others, I found two, of my cousin sir Erasmus Phillips, and of colonel Madan. Your cousin bishop Montagu decked it much. I dined one day with an agreeable family two miles from Bath, a captain Miller and his wife, and her mother Mrs. Biggs. They have a small new-built house, with a bow-window, directly opposite to which the Avon falls in a wide cascade, a church behind it in a vale, into which two mountains descend, leaving an opening into the distant country. A large village with houses of gentry is on one of the hills to the left. Their garden is little but pretty, and watered with several small rivulets among the bushes. Meadows fall down to the road, and above the garden is terminated by another view of the river, the city, and the mountains. 'Tis a very diminutive principality with large pretensions.

I must tell you a quotation I lighted upon t'other day from Persius, the application of which has much diverted Mr. Chute. You know my lord Milton, from nephew of the old * * * * * * Damer of Dublin, has endeavoured to erect himself into the representative of the ancient barons Damory—momento turbinis exit

Marcus Dama.

Apropos, or rather not apropos, I wish you joy of the restoration of the dukedom in your house, though I believe we both think it very hard upon my lady Beaulieu.

I made a second visit to lady Lucy and Mrs. Trevor, and saw the latter one night at the rooms. She did not appear to me so little altered as in the dusk of her own chamber. Adieu;

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER CCXXXI.

Strawberry-hill, Dec. 12, 1766.

PRAY what are you doing?
Or reading or feeding?
Or drinking or thinking?
Or praying or playing?
Or walking or talking?
Or riding about to your neighbours?

I AM sure you are not writing, for I have not had a word from you this century; nay, nor you from me. In truth we have had a most busy month, and many grumbles of a state-quake; but the session has however ended very triumphantly for the great earl. I mean, we are adjourned for the holidays for above a month, after two divisions of one hundred and sixty-six to forty-eight, and one hundred and forty to fifty-six. The earl chaffered for the B———s, and who so willing as they? However, the bargain went off, and they are forced to return to George Grenville. Lord Rockingham and the Cavendishes have made a jaunt to the same quarter, but could carry only eight along with them, which swelled that little minority to fifty-six. I trust and I hope it will not rise higher in haste. Your cousin, I hear, has been two hours with the earl, but to what purpose I know not. Nugent is made lord Clare, I think to no purpose at all.

I came hither to-day for two or three days, and to empty my head. The weather is very warm and comfortable. When do you move your tents southward? I left little like news in town, except politics. That pretty young woman, lady Fortrose, lady Harrington's eldest daughter, is at the point of death, killed, like Coventry and others, by white lead, of which nothing could break her. Lord Beauchamp is going to marry the second Miss Windsor. It is odd that those two ugly girls, though such great fortunes, should get the two best figures in England, him and lord Mount-Stuart.

The duke of York is erecting a theatre at his own palace, and is to play Lothario in the Fair Penitent himself. A-propos, have you seen that delightful paper composed out of scraps in the newspapers? I laughed till I cried, and literally burst out so loud, that I thought Favre, who was waiting in next room, would conclude I was in a fit; I mean the paper[1] that says,

> This day his ——— will go in state
> To fifteen notorious common prostitutes, &c. &c.

It is the newest piece of humour, except the Bath Guide, that I have seen of many years. Adieu! Do let me hear from you soon. How does brother John?

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

[1] Cross-readings from the Public Advertiser, by Caleb Whitefoord.

LETTER CCXXXII.

Arlington-street, Dec. 16, 1766.

I WROTE to you last post on the very day I ought to have received yours, but being at Strawberry, did not get it in time. Thank you for your offer of a doe; you know, when I dine at home here, it is quite alone, and venison frightens my little meal; yet as half of it is designed for dimidium animæ meæ Mrs. Clive (a pretty round half), I must not refuse it; venison will make such a figure at her Christmas gambols! only let me know when and how I am to receive it, that she may prepare the rest of her banquet; I will convey it to her.

I don't like your wintering so late in the country. Adieu;

Yours ever,

HOR WALPOLE.

LETTER CCXXXIII.

Tuesday, Jan. 13, 1767.

I AM going to eat some of your venison, and dare to say it is very good; I am sure you are, and thank you for it. Catherine, I do not doubt, is up to the elbows in currant jelly and gratitude.

I have lost poor Louis, who died last week at Strawberry. He had no fault but what has fallen upon himself, poor soul! drinking; his honesty and good-nature were complete; and I am heartily concerned for him, which I shall seldom say so sincerely.

There has been printed a dull complimentary letter to me on the quarrel of Hume and Rousseau. In one of the reviews they are so obliging as to say I wrote it myself; it is so dull, that I should think they wrote it themselves—a kind of abuse I should dislike much more than their criticism.

Are not you frozen, perished? How do you keep yourself alive on your mountain? I scarce stir from my fire-side. I have scarce been at Strawberry for a day this whole Christmas, and there is less appearance of a thaw to-day than ever. There has been dreadful havoc at Margate and Aldborough, and along the coast. At Calais the sea rose above sixty feet perpendicular, which makes people conclude there has been an earthquake somewhere or other. I shall not think of my journey to France yet; I suffered too much with the cold last year at Paris, where they have not the least idea of comfortable, but sup in stone halls, with all the doors open.

Adieu! I must go dress for the drawing-room of the princess of Wales.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER CCXXXIV.

Arlington-street, July 31, 1767.

I FIND one must cast you into debt, if one has a mind to hear of you. You would drop one with all your heart, if one would let you alone. Did not you talk of passing by Strawberry in June, on a visit to the bishop? I did not summon you, because I have not been sure of my

own motions for two days together for these three months. At last all is subsided; the administration will go on pretty much as it was, with Mr. Conway for part of it. The fools and the rogues, or, if you like proper names, the R———s and the G———s have bungled their own game, quarrelled, and thrown it away.

Where are you? What are you doing? Where are you going or staying? I shall trip to Paris in about a fortnight, for a month or six weeks. Indeed I have had such a loss in poor lady Suffolk, that my autumns at Strawberry will suffer exceedingly, and will not be repaired by my lord B———m. I have been in pain too, and am not yet quite easy about my brother, who is in a bad state of health. Have you waded through or into lord Lyttleton? How dull one may be, if one will but take pains for six or seven-and-twenty years together! Except one day's gout, which I cured with the bootikins, I have been quite well since I saw you: nay, with a microscope you would perceive I am fatter. Mr. Hawkins saw it with his naked eye, and told me it was common for lean people to grow fat when they grow old. I am afraid the latter is more certain than the former, and I submit to it with a good grace. There is no keeping off age by sticking roses and sweet peas in one's hair, as Miss Chudleigh does still.

If you are not totally abandoned, you will send me a line before I go. The Clive has been desperately nervous, but I have convinced her it did not become her, and she has recovered her rubicundity. Adieu;

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER CCXXXV.

Friday, August 7, 1767.

As I am turned knight-errant, and going again in search of my old fairy, I will certainly transport your enchanted casket, and will endeavour to procure some talisman, that may secrete it from the eyes of those unheroic harpies, the officers of the custom-house. You must take care to let me have it before to-morrow se'nnight.

The house at Twickenham, with which you fell in love, is still unmarried; but they ask an hundred and thirty pounds a year for it. If they asked one hundred and thirty thousand pounds for it, perhaps my lord Clive might snap it up; but that not being the case, I don't doubt but it will fall, and I flatter myself that you and it may meet at last upon reasonable terms. That of general Trapaud is to be had at fifty pounds a year, but with a fine on entrance of five hundred pounds. As I propose to return by the beginning of October, perhaps I may see you, and then you may review both. Since the loss of poor lady Suffolk, I am more desirous than ever of having you in my neighbourhood, as I have not a rational acquaintance left. Adieu!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER CCXXXVI.

Strawberry-hill, Sunday, Nov. 1, 1767.

THE house is taken, that you wot of, but I believe you may have general Trapaud's for fifty pounds a year, and a fine of two hundred and fifty, which is less by half, look you, than you was told at first. A jury of matrons, composed of lady Frances, my dame Bramston, lady Pembroke, and lady Carberry, and the merry Catholic lady Brown, have sat upon it, and decide that you should take it. But you must come and treat in person, and may hold the congress here. I hear lord Guildford is much better, so that the exchequer will still find you in funds. You will not dislike to hear, shall you, that Mr. Conway does not take the appointments of secretary of state. If it grows the fashion to give up above five thousand pounds a year, this ministry will last for ever, for I do not think the opposition will struggle for places without salaries. If my lord Ligonier does not go to heaven, or sir R—— R—— to the devil soon, our general will run considerably in debt; but he had better be too poor than too rich. I would not have him die like old P———y, loaded with the spoils of other families and the crimes of his own. Adieu! I will not write to you any more, so you may as well come.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER CCXXXVII.

Arlington-street, March 12, 1768.

THE house, &c. described in the inclosed advertisement I should think might suit you; I am sure its being in my neighbourhood would

make me glad, if it did. I know no more than what you will find in this scrap of paper, nor what the rent is, nor whether it has a chamber as big as Westminster-hall; but as you have flown about the world, and are returned to your ark without finding a place to rest your foot, I should think you might as well inquire about the house I notify to you, as set out with your caravan to Greatworth, like a tartar chief; especially as the laws of this country will not permit you to stop in the first meadow you like, and turn your horses to grazing, without saying by your leave.

As my senatorial dignity is gone, and the sight of my name is no longer worth threepence, I shall not put you to the expense of a cover, and I hope the advertisement will not be taxed, as I seal it to the paper. In short, I retain so much iniquity from the last infamous parliament that you see I would still cheat the public. The comfort I feel in sitting peaceably here, instead of being at Lynn in the high fever of a contested election, which at best would end in my being carried about that large town like a figure of a pope at a bonfire, is very great. I do not think, when that function is over, that I shall repent my resolution. What could I see but sons and grandsons playing over the same knaveries, that I have seen their fathers and grandfathers act? Could I hear oratory beyond my lord Chatham's? Will there ever be parts equal to Charles Townshend's? Will G—— G——— cease to be the most tiresome of beings? Will he not be constantly whining and droning and interrupting, like a cigala in a sultry day in Italy?

Guthrie has published two criticisms on my Richard; one abusive in the Critical Review; t'other very civil and even flattering in a pamphlet; both so stupid and contemptible, that I rather prefer the first, as making some attempt at vivacity; but in point of argument, nay, and of humour, at which he makes an effort too, both things are below scorn. As an instance of the former, he says, the duke of Clarence might die of drinking sack, and so be said to be drowned in a butt of malmsey; of the latter sort, are his calling the lady Bridget *lady Biddy*, and the

duke of York *poor little fellow!* I will weary you with no more such stuff!

The weather is so very March, that I cannot enjoy my new holidays at Strawberry yet; I sit reading and writing close to the fire.

Sterne has published two little volumes, called Sentimental Travels. They are very pleasing, though too much dilated, and infinitely preferable to his tiresome Tristram Shandy, of which I never could get through three volumes. In these there is great good-nature and strokes of delicacy. Gray has added to his poems three ancient odes from Norway and Wales. The subjects of the two first are grand and picturesque, and there is *his* genuine vein in them; but they are not interesting, and do not, like his other poems, touch any passion. Our human feelings, which he masters at will in his former pieces, are here not affected. Who can care through what horrors a Runic savage arrived at all the joys and glories they could conceive, the supreme felicity of boozing ale out of the skull of an enemy in Odin's-hall? Oh! yes, just now perhaps these odes would be toasted at many a contested election. Adieu;

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER CCXXXVIII.

Strawberry-hill, April 15, 1768.

MR. Chute tells me that you have taken a new house in Squireland, and have given yourself up for two years more to port and parsons. I

am very angry, and resign you to the works of the devil or the church, I don't care which You will get the gout, turn methodist, and expect to ride to heaven upon your own great toe. I was happy with your telling me how well you love me, and though I don't love loving, I could have poured out all the fullness of my heart to such an old and true friend; but what am I the better for it, if I am to see you but two or three days in the year? I thought you would at last come and while away the remainder of life on the banks of the Thames in gaiety and old tales. I have quitted the stage, and the Clive is preparing to leave it. We shall neither of us ever be grave: dowagers roost all around us, and you could never want cards or mirth. Will you end like a fat farmer, repeating annually the price of oats, and discussing stale newspapers? There have you got, I hear, into an old gallery, that has not been glazed since queen Elizabeth, and under the nose of an infant duke and dutchess, that will understand you no more than if you wore a ruff and a coif, and talked to them of a call of serjeants the year of the Spanish armada! Your wit and humour will be as much lost upon them, as if you talked the dialect of Chaucer; for with all the divinity of wit, it grows out of fashion like a fardingale. I am convinced that the young men at White's already laugh at George Selwyn's *bon-mots* only by tradition. I avoid talking before the youth of the age as I would dancing before them; for if one's tongue don't move in the steps of the day, and thinks to please by its old graces, it is only an object of ridicule, like Mrs. Hobart in her cotillon. I tell you we should get together, and comfort ourselves with reflecting on the brave days that we have known—not that I think people were a jot more clever or wise in our youth than they are now; but as my system is always to live in a vision as much as I can, and as visions don't increase with years, there is nothing so natural as to think one remembers what one does not remember.

I have finished my tragedy, but as you would not bear the subject, I will say no more of it, but that Mr. Chute, who is not easily pleased, likes it, and Gray, who is still more difficult, approves it. I am not

yet intoxicated enough with it to think it would do for the stage, though I wish to see it acted: but as Mrs. Pritchard leaves the stage next month, I know nobody could play the countess; nor am I disposed to expose myself to the impertinences of that jackanapes Garrick, who lets nothing appear but his own wretched stuff, or that of creatures still duller, who suffer him to alter their pieces as he pleases. I have written an epilogue in character for the Clive, which she would speak admirably; but I am not so sure that she would like to speak it. Mr. Conway, lady Aylesbury, lady Lyttleton, and Miss Rich, are to come hither the day after to-morrow, and Mr. Conway and I are to read my play to them, for I have not strength enough to go through the whole alone.

My press is revived, and is printing a French play written by the old president Henault. It was damned many years ago at Paris, and yet I think is better than some that have succeeded, and much better than any of *our* modern tragedies. I print it to please the old man, as he was exceedingly kind to me at Paris; but I doubt whether he will live till it is finished. He is to have an hundred copies, and there are to be but an hundred more, of which you shall have one.

Adieu; though I am very angry with you, I deserve all your friendship, by that I have for you, witness my anger and disappointment.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

P. S Send me your new direction, and tell me when I must begin to use it.

LETTER CCXXXIX.

Strawberry-hill, June 15, 1768.

No, I cannot be so false as to say I am glad you are pleased with your situation. You are so apt to take root, that it requires ten years to dig you out again when you once begin to settle. As you go pitching your tent up and down, I wish you were still more a tartar, and shifted your quarters perpetually. Yes, I will come and see you; but tell me first, when do your duke and dutchess travel to the north? I know he is a very amiable lad, and I do not know that she is not as amiable a *laddess*, but I had rather see their house comfortably, when they are not there.

I perceive the deluge fell upon you, before it reached us. It began here but on Monday last, and then rained near eight and forty hours without intermission. My poor hay has not a dry thread to its back. I have had a fire these three days. In short, every summer one lives in a state of mutiny and murmur, and I have found the reason: it is because we will affect to have a summer, and we have no title to any such thing. Our poets learnt their trade of the Romans, and so adopted the terms of their masters. They talk of shady groves, purling streams, and cooling breezes, and we get sore throats and agues with attempting to realize these visions. Master Damon writes a song, and invites Miss Chloe to enjoy the cool of the evening, and the deuce a bit have we of any such thing as a cool evening. Zephyr is a north-east wind, that makes Damon button up to the chin, and pinches Chloe's nose till it is red and blue; and then they cry, *this is a bad summer*, as if we ever had any other. The best sun we have, is made of Newcastle coal, and I am determined never to reckon upon any other. We ruin ourselves with inviting over foreign trees, and make our houses clamber up hills to look at prospects. How our ancestors would laugh at us, who knew there

was no being comfortable, unless you had a high hill before your nose, and a thick warm wood at your back! Taste is too freezing a commodity for us, and depend upon it, will go out of fashion again.

There is indeed a natural warmth in this country, which, as you say, I am very glad not to enjoy any longer; I mean the hot-house in St. Stephen's chapel. My own sagacity makes me very vain, though there was very little merit in it. I had seen so much of all parties, that I had little esteem left for any; it is most indifferent to me who is in or who is out, or which is set in the pillory, Mr. Wilkes or my lord Mansfield. I see the country going to ruin, and no man with brains enough to save it. That is mortifying; but what signifies who has the undoing it? I seldom suffer myself to think on this subject: *my* patriotism could do no good, and my philosophy can make me be at peace.

I am sorry you are likely to lose your poor cousin lady Hinchinbrook; I heard a very bad account of her when I was last in town. Your letter to Madame Roland shall be taken care of; but as you are so scrupulous of making me pay postage, I must remember not to overcharge you, as I can frank my idle letters no longer; therefore, good night!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

P.S. I was in town last week, and found Mr. Chute still confined. He had a return in his shoulder, but I think it more rheumatism than gout.

LETTER CCXL.

Arlington-street, Aug. 13, 1768.

I WONDERED, indeed, what was become of you, as I had offered myself to you so long ago, and you did not accept my bill; and now it is payable at such short notice, that as I cannot find Mr. Chute, nor know where he is, whether at your brother's or the Vine, I think I had better defer my visit till the autumn, when you say you will be less hurried, and more at leisure. I believe I shall go to Ragley the beginning of September, and possibly on to lord Strafford's, and therefore I may call on you, if it will not be inconvenient to you on my return.

I came to town to see the Danish king. He is as diminutive as if he came out of a kernel in the Fairy Tales. He is not ill made, nor weakly made, though so small; and though his face is pale and delicate, it is not at all ugly, yet has a strong cast of the late king, and enough of the late prince of ——— to put one upon one's guard not to be prejudiced in his favour. Still he has more royalty than folly in his air; and, considering he is not twenty, is as well as one expects any king in a puppet-show to be. He arrived on Thursday, supped and lay at St. James's. Yesterday evening he was at the queen's and Carlton-house, and at night at lady Hertford's assembly. He only takes the title of altesse, an absurd mezzotermine, but acts king exceedingly; struts in the circle like a cock-sparrow, and does the honours of himself very civilly. There is a favourite too, who seems a complete jackanapes; a young fellow called Holke, well enough in his figure, and about three-and-twenty, but who will be tumbled down long before he is prepared for it. Bernsdorff, a Hanoverian, his first minister, is a decent sensible man; I pity him, though I suppose he is envied. From lady Hertford's they went to Ranelagh, and to-night go to the opera. There had like to have been

an untoward circumstance: the last new opera in the spring, which was exceedingly pretty, was called *I Viaggiatori Ridicoli*, and they were on the point of acting it for this royal traveller.

I am sure you are not sorry that Cornwallis is archbishop. He is no hypocrite, time-server, nor high-priest. I little expected so good a choice. Adieu!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER CCXLI.

Arlington-street, Nov. 10, 1768.

I HAVE not received the cheese, but I thank you as much beforehand. I have been laid up with a fit of the gout in both feet and a knee; at Strawberry for an entire month, and eight days here; I took the air for the first time the day before yesterday, and am, considering, surprisingly recovered by the assistance of the bootikins and my own perseverance in drinking water. I moulted my stick to-day, and have no complaint but weakness left. The fit came just in time to augment my felicity in having quitted parliament. I do not find it so uncomfortable to grow old, when one is not obliged to expose one's self in public.

I neither rejoice nor am sorry at your being accommodated in your new habitation. It has long been plain to me that you choose to bury yourself in the ugliest spot you can find, at a distance from almost all your acquaintance; so I give it up; and then I am glad you are pleased.

Nothing is stirring but politics, and chiefly the worst kind of politics, elections. I trouble myself with no sort, but seek to pass what days the gout leaves me or bestows on me, as quietly as I can. I do not wonder at others, because I doubt I am more singular than they are; and what makes me happy, would probably not make them so. My best compliments to your brother; I shall be glad to see you both when you come; though for you, you don't care how little time you pass with your friends. Yet I am, and ever shall be,

Yours most sincerely,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER CCXLII.

Arlington-street, Nov. 15, 1768.

You cannot wonder, when I receive such kind letters from you, that I am vexed our intimacy should be reduced almost to those letters. It is selfish to complain, when you give me such good reasons for your system: but I grow old; and the less time we have to live together, the more I feel a separation from a person I love so well; and that reflection furnishes me with arguments in vindication of my peevishness. Methinks, though the contrary is true in practice, prudence should be the attribute of youth, not of years. When we approach to the last gate of life, what does it signify to provide for new furnishing one's house? Youth should have all those cares; indeed, charming youth is better employed. It leaves foresight to those that have little occasion for it. You and I have both done with the world, the busy world, and therefore I would smile with you over what we have both seen of it, and luckily we can

smile both, for we have quitted it willingly, not from disgust nor mortifications. However, I do not pretend to combat your reasons, much less would I draw you to town a moment sooner than it is convenient to you, though I shall never forget your offering it. Nay, it is not so much in town that I wish we were nearer, as in the country. Unless one lives exactly in the same set of company, one is not much the better for one's friends being in London. I that talk of giving up the world, have only given up the troubles of it, as far as that is possible. I should speak more properly in saying, that I have retired out of the world into London. I always intend to place some months between me and the moroseness of retirement. We are not made for solitude. It gives us prejudices, it indulges us in our own humours, and at last we cannot live without them.

My gout is quite gone; and if I had a mind to disguise its remains, I could walk very gracefully, except on going down stairs. Happily it is not the fashion to hand any body; the nymph and I should soon be at the bottom.

Your old cousin, Newcastle, is going; he has had a stroke of the palsy, and they think will not last two days. I hope he is not sensible, as, I doubt, he would be too averse to his situation. Poor man! he is not like my late amiable friend, lady Harvey; two days before she died, she wrote to her son Bristol these words; "I feel my dissolution coming on, but I have no pain; what can an old woman desire more?" This was consonant to her usual propriety—yes, propriety is grace, and thus every body may be graceful, when other graces are fled. Oh! but you will cry, is not this a contradiction to the former part of your letter? Prudence is one of the graces of age—why—yes, I do not know but it may be—and yet I don't know how, it is a musty quality; one hates to allow it to be a grace—come, at least it is only like that one of the graces that hides her face. In short, I have ever been so imprudent, that though I have much corrected myself, I am not at all vain of such merit. I have purchased it for much more than it was worth.

I wish you joy of lord Guildford's amendment; and always take a full part in your satisfaction or sorrow. Adieu!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER CCXLIII.

Arlington-street, Dec. 1, 1768.

I LIKE your letter, and have been looking at my next door but one. The ground-story is built, and the side walls will certainly be raised another floor, before you think of arriving. I fear nothing for you but the noise of workmen, and of this street in front and Piccadilly on the other side. If you can bear such a constant hammering and hurricane, it will rejoice me to have you so near me; and then I think I must see you oftener than I have done these ten years. Nothing can be more dignified than this position. From my earliest memory Arlington-street has been the ministerial street. The duke of Grafton is actually coming into the house of Mr. Pelham, which my lord president is quitting, and which occupies too the ground, on which my father lived; and lord Weymouth has just taken the duke of Dorset's; yet you and I, I doubt, shall always live on the wrong side of the way.

Lord Chatham is reconciled to lord Temple and George Grenville. The second is in great spirits on the occasion; and yet gives out that lord Chatham earnestly solicited it. The insignificant Lepidus patronizes Antony, and is sued to by Augustus! Still do I doubt whether Augustus will ever come forth again. Is this a peace patched up by

Livia for the sake of her children, seeing the imbecility of her husband? or is Augustus to own he has been acting a changeling, like the first Brutus, for near two years? I do not know, I remain in doubt.

Wilkes has struck an artful stroke. The ministers, devoid of all management in the House of Commons, consented that he should be heard at the bar of the House, and appointed to-morrow, forgetting the election for Middlesex is to come on next Thursday: one would think they were impatient to advance riots. Last Monday Wilkes demanded to examine lord Temple: when that was granted, he asked for lord Sandwich and lord March. As the first had not been refused, the others could not. The Lords were adjourned till to day, and, I suppose, are now sitting on this perplexing demand. If lord Temple desires to go to the bar of the Commons, and the others desire to be excused, it will be difficult for the Lords to know what to do. Sandwich is frightened out of his senses, and March does not like it. Well! this will cure ministers and great lords of being flippant in dirty tyranny, when they see they may be worried for it four years afterwards.

The Commons, I suppose, are at this minute as hotly engaged on the Cumberland election between sir James Lowther and the duke of Portland. Oh! how delightful and comfortable to be sitting quietly here and scribbling to you, perfectly indifferent about both houses!

You will just escape having your brains beaten out, by not coming this fortnight. The Middlesex election will be over. Adieu;

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER CCXLIV.

Strawberry-hill, Sunday, March 26, 1769.

I BEG your pardon, I promised to send you news, and I had quite forgot that we have had a rebellion; at least the duke of B——— says so. Six or eight hundred merchants, English, Dutch, Jews, Gentiles, had been entreated to protect the Protestant succession, and consented. They set out on Wednesday noon in their coaches and chariots, chariots not armed with scythes like our gothic ancestors. At Temple-bar they met several regiments of foot dreadfully armed with mud, who discharged a sleet of dirt on the royal troop. Minerva, who had forgotten her dreadful Ægis, and who, in the shape of Mr. Boehm, carried the address, was forced to take shelter under a cloud in Nando's coffee-house, being more afraid of Buckhorse than ever Venus was of Diomed; in short, it was a dismal day; and if lord T——t had recollected the patriot feats of his youth and re-commenced bruiser, I don't know but the dutchess of K———n, who has so long preserved her modesty, from *both* her husbands, might not have been ravished in the drawing-room. Peace is at present restored, and the rebellion adjourned to the thirteenth of April; when Wilkes and colonel L———l are to fight a pitched battle at Brentford, the Philippi of Antoninus. *Tityre tu patulæ recubans sub tegmine fagi*, know nothing of these broils. You don't convert your plough-shares into falchions, nor the mud of Adderbury into gunpowder. I tremble for my painted windows, and write talismans of number forty-five on every gate and postern of my castle. Mr. Hume is writing the Revolutions of Middlesex, and a troop of barnacle geese are levied to defend the capital. These are melancholy times! Heaven send we do not laugh till we cry!

London, Tuesday 28th.

Our ministers, like their Saxon ancestors, are gone to hold a wittenagemot on horseback at Newmarket. Lord Chatham, we are told,

is to come forth after the holidays and place himself at the head of the discontented. When I see it I shall believe it. Lord Frederick Campbell is at last to be married this evening to the dowager countess of Ferrers. The dutchess of Grafton is actually countess of Ossory. This is a short gazette; but consider, it is a time of truce. Adieu;

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER CCXLV.

Arlington-street, April 15, 1769.

I SHOULD be very sorry to believe half your distempers. I am heartily grieved for the vacancy that has happened in your mouth, though you describe it so comically. As the only physic I believe in is prevention, you shall let me prescribe to you. Use a little bit of allum twice or thrice in a week, no bigger than half your nail, till it has all dissolved in your mouth, and then spit out. This has fortified my teeth, that they are as strong as the pen of Junius. I learned it of Mrs. Grosvenor, who had not a speck in her teeth to her death. For your other complaints I revert to my old sermon, temperance. If you will live in a hermitage, methinks it is no great addition to live like a hermit. Look in Sadeler's prints, they had beards down to their girdles; and with all their impatience to be in heaven, their roots and water kept them for a century from their wishes. I have lived all my life like an anchoret in London and within ten miles, shed my skin after the gout, and am as lively as an eel in a week after. Mr. Chute, who has drunk no more wine than a fish, grows better every year. He has escaped this winter with only a little pain in one hand. Consider that the physicians recommend wine, and

then can you doubt of its being poison? Medicines may cure a few acute distempers, but how should they mend a broken constitution? they would as soon mend a broken leg. Abstinence and time may repair it, nothing else can; for when time has been employed to spoil the blood, it cannot be purified in a moment.

Wilkes, who has been chosen member of parliament almost as often as Marius was consul, was again re-elected on Thursday. The House of Commons, who are as obstinate as the county, have again rejected him. To-day they are to instate colonel Luttrell in his place. What is to follow I cannot say, but I doubt grievous commotions. Both sides seem so warm, that it will be difficult for either to be in the right. This is not a merry subject, and therefore I will have done with it. If it comes to blows, I intend to be as neutral as the gentleman that was going out with his hounds the morning of Edgehill. I have seen too much of parties to list with any of them.

You promised to return to town, but now say nothing of it. You had better come before a passport is necessary. Adieu;

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER CCXLVI.

Arlington-street, May 11, 1769.

You are so wayward, that I often resolve to give you up to your humours. Then something happens with which I can divert you, and my good humour returns. Did not you say you should return to London

long before this time? At least, could you not tell me you had changed your mind? why am I to pick it out from your absence and silence, as Dr. Warburton found a future state in Moses's saying nothing of the matter! I could go on with a chapter of severe interrogatories, but I think it more cruel to treat you as a hopeless reprobate; yes, you are graceless, and as I have a respect for my own scolding, I shall not throw it away upon you.

Strawberry has been in great glory; I have given a festino there that will almost mortgage it. Last Tuesday all France dined there; Monsieur and Madame du Chatelet, the duc de Liancour, three more French ladies, whose names you will find in the enclosed paper, eight other French men, the Spanish and Portuguese ministers, the Holdernesses, Fitzroys, in short we were four-and-twenty. They arrived at two. At the gates of the castle I received them dressed in the cravat of Gibbins's carving, and a pair of gloves embroidered up to the elbows that had belonged to James the first. The French servants stared, and firmly believed this was the dress of English country gentlemen. After taking a survey of the apartments we went to the printing-house, where I had prepared the inclosed verses, with translations by Monsieur de Lille, one of the company. The moment they were printed off, I gave a private signal, and French horns and clarionets accompanied this compliment. We then went to see Pope's grotto and garden, and returned to a magnificent dinner in the refectory. In the evening we walked, had tea, coffee, and lemonade in the gallery, which was illuminated with a thousand, or thirty candles, I forget which, and played at whist and loo till midnight. Then there was a cold supper, and at one the company returned to town saluted by fifty nightingales, who as tenants of the manor came to do honour to their lord.

I cannot say last night was equally agreeable. There was what they called a *ridotto al fresco* at Vauxhall, for which one paid half-a-guinea, though except some thousand more lamps and a covered passage all round the garden, which took off from the gardenhood, there was no-

thing better than on a common night. Mr. Conway and I set out from his house at eight o'clock; the tide and torrent of coaches was so prodigious, that it was half an hour after nine before we got half way from Westminster-bridge. We then alighted, and after scrambling under bellies of horses, through wheels, and over posts and rails, we reached the gardens, where were already many thousand persons. Nothing diverted me but a man in a Turk's dress and two nymphs in masquerade without masks, who sailed amongst the company, and which was surprising seemed to surprise nobody. It had been given out that people were desired to come in fancied dresses without masks. We walked twice round and were rejoiced to come away, though with the same difficulties as at our entrance, for we found three strings of coaches all along the road, who did not move half a foot in half an hour. There is to be a rival mob in the same way at Ranelagh to-morrow, for the greater the folly and imposition the greater is the crowd. I have suspended the vestimenta that were torn off my back to the god of repentance, and shall stay away. Adieu; I have not a word more to say to you.

Yours, &c.

HOR. WALPOLE.

P. S. I hope you will not regret paying a shilling for this packet.

LETTER CCXLVII.

August 18, 1769.

As I have heard nothing of you since the Assyrian calends, which is much longer ago than the Greek, you may perhaps have died in Media, at Ecbatana, or in Chaldæa, and then to be sure I have no reason to

take it ill, that you have forgotten me. There is no post between Europe and the Elysian fields, where I hope in the lord Pluto you are; and for the letters that are sent by Orpheus, Æneas, sir George Villiers, and such accidental passengers, to be sure one cannot wonder if they miscarry. You might indeed have sent one a scrawl by Fanny, as Cock-lane is not very distant from Arlington-street, but when I asked her, she scratched the ghost of a *no*, that made one's ears tingle again. If, contrary to all probability, you should still be above ground, and if, which is still more improbable, you should repent of your sins while you are yet in good health, and should go strangely farther and endeavour to make atonement by writing to me again, I think it conscientiously right to inform you, that I am not in Arlington-street, nor at Strawberry-hill, nor even in Middlesex; nay not in England, I am—I am—guess where—not in Corsica, nor at Spa—stay, I am not at Paris yet, but I hope to be there in two days. In short I am at Calais, having landed about two hours ago, after a tedious passage of nine hours. Having no soul with me but Rosette, I have been amusing myself with the arrival of a French officer and his wife in a berlin, which carried their ancestors to one of Moliere's plays; as madame has no maid with her, she and monsieur very prudently untied the trunks, and disburthened the venerable machine of all its luggage themselves; and then with a proper resumption of their quality, monsieur gave his hand to madame, and conducted her in much ceremony through the yard to their apartment. Here ends the beginning of my letter; when I have nothing else to do, perhaps I may continue it. You cannot have the confidence to complain, if I give you no more than my *momens perdus*; have you deserved any better of me?

Saturday morning.

Having just recollected that the whole merit of this letter will consist in the surprise, I hurry to finish it, and send it away by the captain of the packet, who is returning. You may repay me this surprise by answering my letter, and by directing yours to Arlington-street, from

whence Mary will forward it to me. You will not have much time to consider, for I shall set out on my return from Paris the first of October, according to my solemn promise to Strawberry; and you must know, I keep my promises to Strawberry much better than you do. Adieu; Boulogne hoy.

LETTER CCXLVIII.

Paris, September 7, 1769.

Your two letters flew here together in a breath. I shall answer the article of business first. I could certainly buy many things for you here, that you would like, the reliques of the last age's magnificence; but since my lady Holderness invaded the custom-house with an hundred and fourteen gowns, in the reign of that two-penny monarch George G——e, the ports are so guarded, that not a soul but a smuggler can smuggle any thing into England; and I suppose you would not care to pay seventy-five per cent. on second-hand commodities. All I transported three years ago, was conveyed under the canon of the duke of Richmond. I have no interest in our present representative; nor if I had, is he returning. Plate, of all earthly vanities, is the most impassable: it is not counterband in its metallic capacity, but totally so in its personal; and the officers of the custom-house not being philosophers enough to separate the substance from the superficies, brutally hammer both to pieces and return you only the intrinsic; a compensation which you, who are a member of parliament, would not, I trow, be satisfied with. Thus I doubt you must retrench your generosity to yourself, unless you can contract it into an Elzevir size, and be content with any thing one can bring in one's pocket.

My dear old friend was charmed with your mention of her, and made me vow to return you a thousand compliments. She cannot conceive why you will not step hither. Feeling in herself no difference between the spirits of twenty-three and seventy-three, she thinks there is no impediment to doing whatever one will, but the want of eye-sight. If she had that, I am persuaded no consideration would prevent her making me a visit at Strawberry-hill. She makes songs, sings them, remembers all that ever were made; and having lived from the most agreeable to the most reasoning age, has all that was amiable in the last, all that is sensible in this, without the vanity of the former, or the pedant impertinence of the latter. I have heard her dispute with all sorts of people, on all sorts of subjects, and never knew her in the wrong. She humbles the learned, sets right their disciples, and finds conversation for every body. Affectionate as Madame de Sevignè, she has none of her prejudices, but a more universal taste; and, with the most delicate frame, her spirits hurry her through a life of fatigue that would kill me, if I was to continue here. If we return by one in the morning from suppers in the country, she proposes driving to the boulevard or to the foire St. Ovide, because it is too early to go to bed. I had great difficulty last night to persuade her, though she was not well, not to sit up till between two or three for the comet; for which purpose she had appointed an astronomer to bring his telescopes to the president Henault's, as she thought it would amuse me. In short, her goodness to me is so excessive, that I feel unashamed at producing my withered person in a round of diversions, which I have quitted at home. I tell a story; I do feel ashamed, and sigh to be in my quiet castle and cottage; but it costs me many a pang, when I reflect that I shall probably never have resolution enough to take another journey to see this best and sincerest of friends, who loves me as much as my mother did! but it is idle to look forward ——— what is next year ———, a bubble that may burst for her or me before even the flying year can hurry to the end of its almanack! To form plans and projects in such a precarious life as this, resembles the enchanted castles of fairy legends, in which every gate was guarded by giants, dragons, &c. Death or diseases bar

every portal through which we mean to pass; and, though we may escape them and reach the last chamber, what a wild adventurer is he that centers his hopes at the end of such an avenue! I sit contented with the beggars of the threshold, and never propose going on, but as the gates open of themselves.

The weather here is quite sultry, and I am sorry to say one can send to the corner of the street and buy better peaches than all our expense in kitchen gardens produces. Lord and lady Dacre are a few doors from me, having started from Tunbridge more suddenly than I did from Strawberry-hill, but on a more unpleasant motive. My lord was persuaded to come and try a new physician. His faith is greater than mine; but, poor man! can one wonder that he is willing to believe? My lady has stood her shock, and I do not doubt will get over it.

Adieu, my t'other dear old friend! I am sorry to say I see you almost as seldom as I do Madame de Deffand. However, it is comfortable to reflect that we have not changed to each other for some five-and-thirty years, and neither you nor I haggle about naming so ancient a term. I made a visit yesterday to the abbess of Panthemont, general Oglethorpe's niece, and no chicken. I inquired after her mother, Madame de Mezieres, and I thought I might, to a spiritual votary to immortality, venture to say, that her mother must be very old; she interrupted me tartly, and said, no, her mother had been married extremely young. Do but think of its seeming important to a saint to sink a wrinkle of her own through an iron grate! Oh! we are ridiculous animals; and if angels have any fun in them, how we must divert them!

LETTER CCXLIX.

Paris, Sunday night, Sept. 17, 1769.

I AM heartily tired; but as it is too early to go to-bed, I must tell you how agreeably I have passed the day. I wished for you; the same scenes strike us both, and the same kind of visions has amused us both ever since we were born.

Well then: I went this morning to Versailles with my niece Mrs. Cholmondeley, Mrs. Hart, lady Denbigh's sister, and the count de Grave, one of the most amiable, humane, and obliging men alive. Our first object was to see Madame du Barri. Being too early for mass, we saw the dauphin and his brothers at dinner. The eldest is the picture of the duke of Grafton, except that he is more fair, and will be taller. He has a sickly air, and no grace. The count de Provence has a very pleasing countenance, with an air of more sense than the count d'Artois, the genius of the family. They already tell as many *bon-mots* of the latter as of Henri quatre and Louis quatorze. He is very fat, and the most like his grandfather of all the children. You may imagine this royal mess did not occupy us long: thence to the chapel, where a first row in the balconies was kept for us. Madame du Barri arrived over against us below, without rouge, without powder, and indeed *sans avoir fait sa toilette*; an odd appearance, as she was so conspicuous, close to the altar, and amidst both court and people. She is pretty, when you consider her; yet so little striking, that I never should have asked who she was. There is nothing bold, assuming, or affected in her manner. Her husband's sister was along with her. In the tribune above, surrounded by prelates, was the amorous and still handsome king. One could not help smiling at the mixture of piety, pomp, and carnality. From chapel we went to the dinner of the elder Mesdames. We were

almost stifled in the antichamber, where their dishes were heating over charcoal, and where we could not stir for the press. When the doors are opened every body rushes in, princes of the blood, cordons bleus, abbès, housemaids, and the Lord knows who and what. Yet so used are their highnesses to this trade, that they eat as comfortably and heartily as you or I could do in our own parlours.

Our second act was much more agreeable. We quitted the court and a reigning mistress, for a dead one and a cloyster. In short, I had obtained leave from the bishop of Chartres to enter *into* St. Cyr; and as Madame du Deffand never leaves any thing undone that can give me satisfaction, she had written to the abbess to desire I might see every thing that could be seen there. The bishop's order was to admit me, Monsieur de Grave et les dames de ma compagnie; I begged the abbess to give me back the order, that I might deposit it in the archives of Strawberry, and she complied instantly. Every door flew open to us; and the nuns vied in attentions to please us. The first thing I desired to see was Madame de Maintenon's apartment. It consists of two small rooms, a library, and a very small chamber, the same in which the czar saw her, and in which she died. The bed is taken away, and the room covered now with bad pictures of the royal family, which destroys the gravity and simplicity. It is wainscotted with oak, with plain chairs of the same, covered with dark blue damask. Every where else the chairs are of blue cloth. The simplicity and extreme neatness of the whole house, which is vast, are very remarkable. A large apartment above, (for that I have mentioned is on the ground floor) consisting of five rooms, and destined by Louis quatorze for Madame de Maintenon, is now the infirmary, with neat white linen beds, and decorated with every text of scripture, by which could be insinuated that the foundress was a queen. The hour of vespers being come, we were conducted to the chapel, and as it was *my* curiosity that had led us thither, I was placed in the Maintenon's own tribune; my company in the adjoining gallery. The pensioners two and two, each band headed by a man, march orderly to their seats, and sing the whole service, which, I confess, was

not a little tedious. The young ladies to the number of two hundred and fifty are dressed in black, with short aprons of the same, the latter and their stays bound with blue, yellow, green, or red, to distinguish the classes; the captains and lieutenants have knots of a different colour for distinction. Their hair is curled and powdered, their coiffeure a sort of French round-eared caps, with white tippets, a sort of ruff and large tucker: in short, a very pretty dress. The nuns are entirely in black, with crape veils and long trains, deep white handkerchiefs, and forehead clothes, and a very long train. The chapel is plain but very pretty, and in the middle of the choir under a flat marble lies the foundress. Madame de Cambis, one of the nuns, who are about forty, is beautiful as a Madonna. The abbess has no distinction but a larger and richer gold cross: her apartment consists of two very small rooms. Of Madame de Maintenon we did not see fewer than twenty pictures. The young one looking over her shoulder has a round face, without the least resemblance to those of her latter age. That in the royal mantle, of which you know I have a copy, is the most repeated; but there is another with a longer and leaner face, which has by far the most sensible look. She is in black, with a high point head and band, a long train, and is sitting in a chair of purple velvet. Before her knees stands her niece Madame de Noailles, a child; at a distance a view of Versailles or St. Cyr, I could not distinguish which. We were shewn some rich reliquaires, and the corpo santo, that was sent to her by the pope. We were then carried into the public room of each class. In the first, the young ladies, who were playing at chess, were ordered to sing to us the chorusses of Athaliah; in another they danced minuets and country dances, while a nun, not quite so able as St. Cecilia, played on a violin. In the others they acted before us the proverbs or conversations written by Madame de Maintenon for their instruction; for she was not only their foundress but their saint, and their adoration of her memory has quite eclipsed the Virgin Mary. We saw their dormitory, and saw them at supper; and at last were carried to their archives, where they produced volumes of her letters, and where one of the nuns gave me a small piece of paper, with three

sentences in her hand-writing. I forgot to tell you, that this kind dame, who took to me extremely, asked me if we had many convents and many relics in England. I was much embarrassed for fear of destroying her good opinion of me, and so said we had but few now. Oh! we went too to the apothecairie, where they treated us with cordials, and where one of the ladies told me inoculation was a sin, as it was a voluntary detention from mass, and as voluntary a cause of eating *gras*. Our visit concluded in the garden, now grown very venerable, where the young ladies played at little games before us. After a stay of four hours we took our leave. I begged the abbess's blessing; she smiled, and said, she doubted I should not place much faith in it. She is a comely old gentlewoman, and very proud of having seen Madame de Maintenon. Well! was not I in the right to wish you with me? could you have passed a day more agreeably.

I will conclude my letter with a most charming trait of Madame de Mailly, which cannot be misplaced in such a chapter of royal concubines. Going to St. Sulpice, after she had lost the king's heart, a person present desired the crowd to make way for her. Some brutal young officers said, "comment! pour cette catin là!" She turned to them, and, with the most charming modesty, said, "Messieurs, puisque vous me connoissez, priez Dieu pour moi:" I am sure it will bring the tears into your eyes. Was not she the publican, and Maintenon the pharisee? Good night; I hope I am going to dream of all I have been seeing. As my impressions and my fancy, when I am pleased, are apt to be strong, my night, perhaps, may be still more productive of ideas than the day has been. It will be charming indeed, if Madame de Cambis is the ruling tint. Adieu!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER CCL.

Arlington-street, Oct. 13, 1769.

I ARRIVED last night at eleven o'clock, and found a letter from you, which gave me so much pleasure, that I must write you a line, though I am hurried to death. You cannot imagine how rejoiced I am that lord North[1] drags you to light again; it is a satisfaction I little expected. When do you come? I am impatient. I long to know your projects.

I had a dreadful passage of eight hours, was drowned, though not shipwrecked, and was sick to death. I have been six times at sea before, and never suffered the least, which makes the mortification the greater: but as Hercules was not more robust than I, though with an air so little Herculean, I have not so much as caught cold, though I was wet to the skin with the rain, had my lap full of waves, was washed from head to foot in the boat at ten o'clock at night, and stepped into the sea up to my knees. Qu' avois je à-faire dans cette galere? In truth, it is a little late to be seeking adventures. Adieu! I must finish, but I am excessively happy with what you have told me.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

[1] Lord North had appointed Mr. Montagu his private secretary.

LETTER CCLI.

Strawberry-hill, Oct. 16, 1769.

I ARRIVED at my own Louvre last Wednesday night, and am now at my Versailles. Your last letter reached me but two days before I left Paris, for I have been an age at Calais and upon the sea. I could execute no commission for you, and, in truth, you gave me no explicit one; but I have brought you a bit of china, and beg you will be content with a little present, instead of a bargain. Said china is, or will be soon, in the custom-house; but I shall have it, I fear, long before you come to London.

I am sorry those boys got at my tragedy. I beg you would keep it under lock and key; it is not at all food for the public; at least not till I am *food for worms, good Percy.* Nay, it is not an age to encourage any body, that has the least vanity, to step forth. There is a total extinction of all taste: our authors are vulgar, gross, illiberal: the theatre swarms with wretched translations, and ballad operas, and we have nothing new but improving abuse. I have blushed at Paris, when the papers came over crammed with ribaldry, or with Garrick's insufferable nonsense about Shakespeare. As that man's writings will be preserved by his name, who will believe that he was a tolerable actor? Cibber wrote as bad odes, but then Cibber wrote the Careless Husband and his own life, which both deserve immortality. Garrick's prologues and epilogues are as bad as his Pindarics and pantomimes.

I feel myself here like a swan, that after living six weeks in a nasty pool upon a common, is got back into its own Thames. I do nothing but plume and clean myself, and enjoy the verdure and silver waves. Neatness and greenth are so essential in my opinion to the country, that in France, where I see nothing but chalk and dirty peasants, I

seem in a terrestrial purgatory that is neither town nor country. The face of England is so beautiful, that I do not believe Tempe or Arcadia were half so rural; for both lying in hot climates, must have wanted the turf of our lawns. It is unfortunate to have so pastoral a taste, when I want a cane more than a crook. We are absurd creatures; at twenty I loved nothing but London.

Tell me when you shall be in town. I think of passing most of my time here till after Christmas. Adieu;

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER CCLII.

Arlington-street, Dec. 14, 1769.

I CANNOT be silent, when I feel for you. I doubt not but the loss of Mrs. Trevor is very sensible to you, and I am heartily sorry for you. One cannot live any time, and not perceive the world slip way, as it were, from under one's feet: one's friends, one's connections drop off, and indeed reconcile one to the same passage; but why repeat these things? I do not mean to write a fine consolation; all I intended was to tell you, that I cannot be indifferent to what concerns you.

I know as little how to amuse you; news there are none but politics, and politics there will be as long as we have a shilling left. They are no amusement to me, except in seeing two or three sets of people worry one another, for none of whom I care a straw.

Mr. Cumberland has produced a comedy called the Brothers. It acts well, but reads ill, though I can distinguish strokes of Mr. Bentley in it. Very few of the characters are marked, and the serious ones have little nature, and the comic ones are rather too much marked; however, the three middle acts diverted me very well.

I saw the bishop of Durham at Carlton-house, who told me he had given you a complete suit of armour. I hope you will have no occasion to lock yourself in it, though, between the fools and the knaves of the present time, I don't know but we may be reduced to defend our castles. If you retain any connections with Northampton, I should be much obliged to you if you could procure from thence a print of an alderman Backwell. It is valuable for nothing but its rarity, and is not to be met with but there. I would give eight or ten shillings rather than not have it. When shall you look towards us? how does your brother John? make my compliments to him. I need not say how much I am

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER CCLIII.

Arlington-street, March 31, 1770.

I SHALL be extremely obliged to you for alderman Backwell. A scarce print is a real present to me, who have a table of weights and measures in my head very different from that of the rich and covetous.

I am glad your journey was prosperous. The weather here has continued very sharp, but it has been making preparations for April to-day, and watered the streets with some soft showers. They will send me to Strawberry to-morrow, where I hope to find the lilacs beginning to put forth their little noses. Mr. Chute mends very slowly, but you know he has as much patience as gout.

I depend upon seeing you whenever you return this wayward. You will find the round chamber far advanced, though not finished, for my undertakings do not stride with the impetuosity of my youth. This single room has been half as long in completing as all the rest of the castle. My compliments to Mr. John, whom I hope to see at the same time.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER CCLIV.

Strawberry-hill, May 6, 1770.

If you are like me, you are fretting at the weather. We have not a leaf yet large enough to make an apron for a Miss Eve at two years old. Flowers and fruits, if they come at all this year, must meet together as they do in a Dutch picture; our lords and ladies however couple as if it were the real Gioventú dell'anno. Lord Albermarle, you know, has disappointed all his brothers and my niece; and lord Fitzwilliam is declared sposo to lâdy Charlotte Ponsonby. It is a pretty match, and makes lord Besborough as happy as possible.

Masquerades proceed in spite of church and king. The bishop of London persuaded that good soul the archbishop to remonstrate against them, but happily the age prefers silly follies to serious ones, and dominos, comme de raison, carry it against lawn sleeves.

There is a new institution that begins to make, and if it proceeds, will make a considerable noise. It is a club of both sexes to be erected at Almacs, on the mode of that of the men of Whites. Mrs. Fitzroy, lady Pembroke, Mrs. Meynel, lady Molyneux, Miss Pelham, and Miss Loyd, are the foundresses. I am ashamed to say I am of so young and fashionable a society; but as they are people I live with; I chuse to be idle rather than morose. I can go to a young supper, without forgetting how much sand is run out of the hour-glass. Yet I shall never pass a triste old age in turning the psalms into Latin or English verse. My plan is to pass away calmly; cheerfully if I can; sometimes to amuse myself with the rising generation, but to take care not to fatigue them, nor weary them with old stories, which will not interest them, as their adventures do not interest me. Age would indulge prejudices if it did not sometimes polish itself against younger acquaintance; but it must be the work of folly if one hopes to contract friendship with them, or desires it, or thinks one can become the same follies, or expect that they should do more than bear one for ones good humour. In short, they are a pleasant medicine, that one should take care not to grow fond of. Medicines hurt when habit has annihilated their force; but you see I am in no danger. I intend by degrees to decrease my opium, instead of augmenting the dose. Good night; you see I never let our long-lived friendship drop, though you give it so few opportunities of breathing.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER CCLV.

Strawberry-hill, June 11, 1770.

My company and I have wished for you very much to-day. The dutchess of Portland, Mrs. Delany, Mr. Bateman, and your cousin, Fred. Montagu, dined here. Lord Guildford was very obliging, and would have come if he dared have ventured. Mrs. Montagu was at Bill-hill with lady Gower. The day was tolerable, with sun enough for the house, though not for the garden. You, I suppose, never will come again, as I have not a team of horses large enough to draw you out of the clay of Oxfordshire.

I went yesterday to see my niece in her new principality of Ham. It delighted me and made me peevish. Close to the Thames, in the centre of all rich and verdant beauty, it is so blocked up and barricaded with walls, vast trees, and gates, that you think yourself an hundred miles off, and an hundred years back. The old furniture is so magnificently ancient, dreary, and decayed, that at every step ones spirits sink, and all my passion for antiquity could not keep them up. Every minute I expected to see ghosts sweeping by, ghosts I would not give sixpence to see, Lauderdales, Tollemaches, and Maitlands. There is an old brown gallery full of Vandycks and Lelys; charming miniatures, delightful Wouvermans, and Polenburghs, china, japan, bronzes, ivory cabinets, and silver dogs, pokers, bellows, &c. without end. One pair of bellows is of filigree. In this state of pomp and tatters my nephew intends it shall remain, and is so religious an observer of the venerable rites of his house, that because the iron gates never were opened by his father but once for the late lord Granville, you are locked out and locked in, and after journeying all round the house, as you do round an old French fortified town, you are at last admitted through the stable-yard

to creep along a dark passage by the housekeeper's room, and so by a back door into the great hall. He seems as much afraid of water as a cat; for though you might enjoy the Thames from every window of three sides of the house, you may tumble into it before you would guess it is there. In short, our ancestors had so little idea of taste and beauty, that I should not have been surprised if they had hung their pictures with the painted sides to the wall. Think of such a palace commanding all the reach of Richmond and Twickenham, with a domain from the foot of Richmond-hill to Kingston-bridge, and then imagine its being as dismal and prospectless as if it stood

On Shannon's wintry wild!

I don't see why a man should not be divorced from his prospect as well as from his wife, for not being able to enjoy it. Lady Dysart frets, but it is not the etiquette of the family to yield, and so she must content herself with her chateau of Tondertentronk as well as she can. She has another such ample prison in Suffolk, and may be glad to reside where she is. Strawberry, with all its painted glass and gloomth, looked as gay when I came home as Mrs. Cornelis's ball-room.

I am very busy about the last volume of my Painters, but have lost my index, and am forced again to turn over all my Vertues, forty volumes of miniature MSS.; so this will be the third time I shall have made an index to them. Don't say I am not persevering, and yet I thought I was grown idle. What pains one takes to be forgotten! Good night.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER CCLVI.

Strawberry-hill, June 29, 1770.

SINCE the sharp mountain will not come to the little hill, the little hill must go to the mountain. In short, what do you think of seeing me walk into your parlour a few hours after this epistle! I had not time to notify myself sooner. The case is, princess Amelia has insisted on my going with her to, that is, meeting her at Stowe on Monday, for a week. She mentioned it to me some time ago, and I thought I had parried it, but having been with her at Park-place these two or three days, she has commanded it so positively, that I could not refuse. Now, as it would be extremely inconvenient to my indolence to be dressed up in weepers and hatbands by six o'clock in the morning, and lest I should be taken for chief mourner going to Beckford's funeral, I trust you will be charitable enough to give me a bed at Adderbury for one night, whence I can arrive at Stowe in a decent time, and caparisoned as I ought to be, when I have lost a brother-in-law, and am to meet a princess. Don't take me for a Lausun, and think all this favour portends a *second* marriage between our family and the blood royal; not that my visit to Stowe implies my espousing Miss Wilkes. I think I shall die as I am, neither higher nor lower; and, above all things, no more politics. Yet I shall have many a private smile to myself, as I wander among all those consecrated and desecrated buildings, I think what company I am in, and of all that is past; but I must shorten my letter, or you will not have finished it when I arrive. Adieu!

Yours, a coming! a coming!

HOR WALPOLE.

LETTER CCLVII.

Adderbury, Sunday night, July 1, 1770.

You will be enough surprised to receive a letter from me dated from your own house, and may judge of my mortification at not finding you here; exactly as it happened two years ago. In short, here I am, and will tell you how I came here; in truth, not a little against my will. I have been at Park-place with princess Amelia, and she insisted on my meeting her at Stowe to-morrow. She had mentioned it before, and as I have no delight in a royal progress, and as little in the seigneur T——, I waved the honour and pleasure, and thought I should hear no more of it. However, the proposal was turned into a command, and every body told me I could not refuse. Well, I could not come so near, and not call upon you; besides, it is extremely *convenient to my lord Castlecomer*, for it would have been horrid to set out at seven o'clock in the morning, full dressed in my weepers, and to step out of my chaise into a drawing-room. I wrote to you on Friday, the soonest I could after this was settled, to notify myself to you, but find I am arrived before my letter. Mrs. White is all goodness; and being the first of July, and, consequently, the middle of winter, has given me a good fire and some excellent coffee and bread and butter, and I am as comfortable as possible, except in having missed you. She insists on acquainting you, which makes me write this to prevent your coming; for as I must depart at twelve o'clock to-morrow, it would be dragging you home before your time for only half an hour, and I have too much regard for lord Guildford to deprive him of your company. Don't therefore think of making this unnecessary compliment. I have treated your house like an inn, and it will not be friendly, if you do not make as free with me. I had much rather that you would take it for a visit that you ought to repay. Make my best compliments to your brother and

lord Guildford, and pity me for the six dreadful days I am going to pass. Rosette is fast asleep in your chair, or I am sure she would write a postscript. I cannot say she is either commanded or invited to be of this royal party; but have me, have my dog.

I must not forget to thank you for mentioning Mrs. Wetenhall, on whom I should certainly wait with great pleasure, but have no manner of intention of going into Cheshire. There is not a chair or stool in Cholmondeley, and my nephew, I believe, will pull it down. He has not a fortune to furnish or inhabit it; and if his uncle should leave him one he would choose a pleasanter country. Adieu! Don't be formal with me, and don't trouble your hand about

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER CCLVIII.

Strawberry-hill, Saturday night, July 7, 1770.

After making an inn of your house, it is but decent to thank you for my entertainment, and so acquaint you with the result of my journey. The party passed off much better than I expected. A princess at the head of a very small set for five days together did not promise well. However, she was very good-humoured, and easy, and dispensed with a large quantity of etiquette. Lady Temple is good-nature itself, my lord was very civil, lord Besborough is made to suit all sorts of people, lady Mary Coke respects royalty too much not to be very condescending, lady Anne Howard and Mrs. Middleton filled up the drawing-room, or rather made it out, and I was so determined to

carry it off as well as I could, and happened to be in such good spirits, and took such care to avoid politics, that we laughed a great deal, and had not one cloud the whole time.

We breakfasted at half an hour after nine; but the princess did not appear till it was finished; then we walked in the garden, or drove about in cabriolets, till it was time to dress: dined at three, which, though properly proportioned to the smallness of company to avoid ostentation, lasted a vast while, as the princess eats and talks a great deal; then again into the garden till past seven, when we came in, drank tea and coffee, and played at pharoah till ten, when the princess retired, and we went to supper, and before twelve to bed. You see, there was great sameness and little vivacity in all this. It was a little broken by fishing, and going round the park one of the mornings; but, in reality, the number of buildings and variety of scenes in the garden, made each day different from the rest, and my meditations on so historic a spot prevented my being tired. Every acre brings to one's mind some instance of the parts or pedantry, of the taste or want of taste, of the ambition, or love of fame, or greatness, or miscarriages of those, that have inhabited, decorated, planned, or visited the place. Pope, Congreve, Vanburgh, Kent, Gibbs, lord Cobham, lord Chesterfield, the mob of nephews, the Lyttletons, Granvilles, Wests, Leonidas Glover, and Wilkes, the late prince of Wales, the king of Denmark, princess Amelia, and the proud monuments of lord Chatham's services, now enshrined there, then anathematized there, and now again commanding there, with the temple of friendship like the temple of Janus, sometimes open to war, and sometimes shut up in factious cabals—all these images crowd upon one's memory, and add visionary personages to the charming scenes, that are so enriched with fanes and temples, that the real prospects are little less than visions themselves.

On Wednesday night a small Vauxhall was acted for us at the grotto in the Elysian fields, which was illuminated with lamps, as were the thicket and two little barks on the lake. With a little exaggeration I

could make you believe that nothing was so delightful. The idea was really pretty, but as my feelings have lost something of their romantic sensibility, I did not quite enjoy such an entertainment *al fresco* so much as I should have done twenty years ago. The evening was more than cool, and the destined spot anything but dry. There were not half lamps enough, and no music but an ancient militia man, who played cruelly on a squeaking tabor and pipe. As our procession descended the vast flight of steps into the garden, in which was assembled a crowd of people from Buckingham and the neighbouring villages to see the princess and the show, the moon shining very bright, I could not help laughing as I surveyed our troop, which, instead of tripping lightly to such an Arcadian entertainment, were hobbling down by the balustrades wrapped up in cloaks and great coats for fear of catching cold. The earl, you know, is bent double, the countess very lame, I am a miserable walker, and the princess, though as strong as a * * * * * * * * * lion, makes no figure in going down fifty stone stairs. Except lady Anne, and by courtesy lady Mary, we were none of us young enough for a pastoral. We supped in the grotto, which is as proper to this climate as a sea-coal fire would be in the dogs-days at Tivoli.

But the chief entertainment of the week, at least what was so to the princess, was an arch, which lord Temple has erected to her honour in the most enchanting of all picturesque scenes. It is inscribed on one side, Amelia Sophia Aug. and has a medallion of her on the other. It is placed on an eminence at the top of the Elysian fields, in a grove of orange trees. You come to it on a sudden, and are startled with delight on looking through it: you at once see through a glade, the river winding at bottom; from which a thicket arises, arched over with trees, but opened, and discovering a hillock full of hay-cocks, beyond which in front is the Palladian bridge, and again over that a larger hill crowned with the castle. It is a tall landscape framed by the arch and the overbowering trees, and comprehending more beauties of light, shade, and buildings, than any picture of Albano I ever saw.

Between the flattery and the prospect the princess was really in Elysium: she visited her arch four or five times every day, and could not satiate herself with it. The statues of Apollo and the muses stand on each side of the arch. One day she found in Apollo's hand the following lines, which I had written for her, and communicated to lord Temple:

T'other day, with a beautiful frown on her brow,
To the rest of the gods said the Venus of Stowe,
What a fuss is here made with that arch just erected!
How *our* temples are slighted, our altars neglected!
Since yon nymph has appeared, *we* are noticed no more,
All resort to *her* shrine, all *her* presence adore;
And what's more provoking, before all our faces,
Temple thither has drawn both the muses and graces.
Keep you temper, dear child, Phœbus cried with a smile,
Nor this happy, this amiable festival spoil.
Can your shrine any longer with garlands be drest?
When a true goddess reigns, all the false are supprest.

If you will keep my counsel, I will own to you, that originally the two last lines were much better, but I was forced to alter them out of decorum, not to be too pagan upon the occasion; in short, here they are as in the first sketch,—

Recollect, once before that our oracle ceased,
When a real divinity rose in the east.

So many heathen temples around had made me talk as a Roman poet would have done: but I corrected my verses, and have made them insipid enough to offend nobody. Good night. I am rejoiced to be once more in the gay solitude of my own little Tempe.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER CCLIX.

Strawberry-hill, July 14, 1770.

I SEE by the papers this morning that Mr. Jenkinson is dead. He had the reversion of my place, which would go away, if I should lose my brother. I have no pretensions to ask it, and you know it has long been my fixed resolution not to accept it. But as lord North is your particular friend, I think it right to tell you, that you may let him know what it is worth, that he may give it to one of his own sons, and not bestow it on somebody else, without being apprized of its value. I have seldom received less than fourteen hundred a year in money, and my brother, I think, has four more from it. There are besides many places in the gift of the office, and one or two very considerable. Do not mention this but to lord North, or lord Guildford. It is unnecessary I am sure for me to say to you, but I would wish them to be assured that in saying this, I am incapable of, and above any finesse, or view, to myself. I refused the reversion for myself several years ago, when lord Holland was secretary of state, and offered to obtain it for me. Lord Bute, I believe, would have been very glad to have given it to me, before he gave it to Jenkinson, but I say it very seriously, and you know me enough to be certain I am in earnest, that I would not accept it upon any account. Any favour lord North will do for you will give me all the satisfaction I desire. I am near fifty-three, I have neither ambition nor interest to gratify. I can live comfortably for the remainder of my life, though I should be poorer by fourteen hundred pounds a year; but I should have no comfort if, in the dregs of life, I did any thing that I would not do when I was twenty years younger. I will trust to you, therefore, to make use of this information in the friendly manner I mean it, and to prevent my being hurt by its being taken otherwise than as a design to serve those to whom you wish well. Adieu;

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER CCLX.

Strawberry-hill, Sunday.

I AM sorry I wrote to you last night, for I find it is Mrs. Jenkinson that is dead, and not Mr. and therefore I should be glad to have this arrive time enough to prevent your mentioning the contents of my letter. In that case I should not be concerned to have given you that mark of my constant good wishes, nor to have talked to you of my affairs, which are as well in your breast as my own. They never disturb me; for my mind has long taken its stamp, and as I shall leave nobody much younger than myself behind me, for whom I am solicitous, I have no desire beyond being easy for the rest of my life: I could not be so if I stooped to have obligations to any man beyond what it would ever be in my power to return. When I was in parliament, I had the additional reason of chusing to be entirely free; and my strongest reason of all is, that I will be at liberty to speak truth both living and dead. This outweighs all considerations of interest, and will convince you, though I believe you do not want that conviction, that my yesterday's letter was as sincere in its resolution as in its professions to you. Let the matter drop entirely, as it is now of no consequence. Adieu;

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER CCLXI.

Strawberry-hill, Oct. 3, 1770.

I AM going on in the sixth week of my fit, and having had a return this morning in my knee, I cannot flatter myself with any approaching prospect of recovery. The gate of painful age seems open to me, and I must travel through it as I may! If you have not written one word for another, I am at a loss to understand you. You say you have taken a house in London for a year, that you are gone to Waldeshare for *six months*, and then shall come for the winter. Either you mean six *weeks*, or differ with most people in reckoning April the beginning of winter. I hope your pen was in a hurry, rather than your calculation so uncommon; I certainly shall be glad of your residing in London. I have long wished to live nearer to you, but it was in happier days. I am now so dismayed by these returns of gout, that I can promise myself few comforts in any future scenes of my life. I am much obliged to lord Guildford and lord North, and was very sorry that the latter came to see Strawberry in so bad a day, and when I was so extremely ill, and full of pain, that I scarce knew he was here; and as my coachman was gone to London to fetch me bootikins, there was no carriage to offer him: but indeed, in the condition I then was, I was not capable of doing any of the honours of my house, suffering at once in my hand, knee, and both feet. I am still lifted out of bed by two servants; and by their help travel from my bedchamber down to the couch in my blue room; but I shall conclude, rather than tire you with so unpleasant a history. Adieu;

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER CCLXII.

Arlington-street, Oct. 16, 1770.

At last I have been able to remove to London; but though seven long weeks are gone and over since I was seized, I am only able to creep about upon a flat floor, but cannot go up and down stairs. However, I have patience, as I can at least fetch a book for myself, instead of having a servant bring me a wrong one.

I am much obliged to lord Guildford for his goodness to me, and beg my thanks to him. When you go to Canterbury, pray don't wake the black prince; Iam very unwarlike, and desire to live the rest of my time upon the stock of glory, I saved to my share out of the last war.

I know not more news than I did at Strawberry; there are not more people in town than I saw there, and I intend to return thither on Friday or Saturday. Adieu;

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

THE END.

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MENTIONED IN

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